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CHECKERED LIFE:

IN THE OLD AND NEW WORLD.

By REV. J. L. VER MEHR.

"Times lose no time; nor do they roll idly by: through our senses, they work strange operations on the mind."

—St. Augustine.

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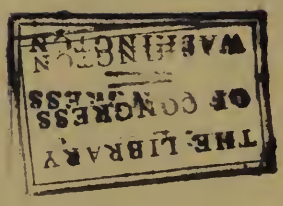

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DEDICATION.

TO ELEONORE AND ADELAIDE.

"Having performed my task, I could not help wishing to inscribe my simple narrative to some honored name; and many were those who presented themselves to my searching memory, under whose protecting shelter my unpretending volume might appear before that many-headed, many-hearted despot, the "Public." I mused long; and, in pensive mood, I rose to stroll among my humble flower-beds. I gathered flower after flower to form a fragrant bouquet, a remembrance of my finished task, and a token of affection to one whom I love.

"Culling and gathering, I was struck by the beauty and fragrance of the rose, which, white or red, is fullest and freshest and purest. In my fanciful humor, the white rose seemed to take a form; and Eleonore, with her modest virtue, arose before me, the sweet pupil of my youth, who first taught me to love and cherish the excellencies of human nature. And her sister, with the richly variegated colors, from lightest pink to darkest crimson, portrayed to me the treasures of the queenly Adelaide, my faithful companion in my pilgrimage over land and ocean.

"Thus it seemed to me; and I said, 'To them I will inscribe the record of a life made sweet by their affection; made sweet, indeed, notwithstanding the bitterness of grief and disappointment; made more than sweet, O partner of my toil!'

"Thus I said; and I thought of the four angels, who, in one week of agony, were called from us to the presence of Him who united us in bonds eternal; and their innocent

spirits seemed to hover around your names, and to add security to my confidence. None, I thought, will have any but words of peace and consolation for him, in whom, indeed, *times have lost no time.*"

These words I wrote fifteen years ago, when publishing the First Part of this, my "Checkered Life."

Years have passed of bliss and sorrow, of light and gloom, but your endearing love has never failed. May He, who is the source of love and truth, continue to strengthen and prepare us for eternal life.

July, 1877.

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CHECKERED LIFE.

PART I.

CHECKERED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY SCENES.

It was in 1813. The rain fell in torrents. I stood at the window, looking in wonder at the train of horsemen, wagons, and soldiers of every description, passing as in one uninterrupted stream. I see them yet, those old French cuirassiers, with their long horse-tails, their large cloaks, their weather-beaten features. I hear them yet, those half-suppressed imprecations; the "Halt!" succeeded by the far-off "Advance!" There was no end. Day after day they passed. "They are the remainders of the Great Army," was the answer to my questioning; and I remember having thought it must have been a great army indeed, of which the remainders were so endlessly long.

The next startling incident was of a more gloomy character. I heard the reports of cannon and muskets. The house seemed to shake. The doors were burst open; wounded men were carried in—French soldiers saved from slaughter. I remember a Spaniard, young and handsome, mortally

wounded. I see yet his kindly smile, when laid on a comfortable mattress; and he smiled once more, and breathed his last.

A few months later, I remember coming from school. Our house swarmed with Prussian hussars—some thirty of them at the dining-table; the wine-cellars burst open, and the peaceful family mansion a scene of dissoluteness and uproar. I was a boy of five. The novelty pleased me. I liked those fine men, with clashing sabres and clinking spurs, their loud and boisterous talk, their roaring laugh and careless manners. But, in the morning, I saw my sweet sister, a maiden of twelve, pale and haggard, trembling and shivering; and, approaching the reckless band, on her knees implored mercy for her mother, who lay at death's door, overcome with fear and anxiety. And, when I heard the taunting roar of laughter that burst upon her, there was in the boy of five a sudden revulsion. I hated the Prussian hussars; and even now, after the lapse of half a century, Prussia and any thing Prussian has little favor with me.

Oh, the misery of those days! During two months, one band of those uniformed tyrants succeeded another. During two months, they kept my father a prisoner in his own house, whilst they ransacked it, and turned it into a place of riot; for, in his wrath, he laid a heavy hand on the commander; and, asserting the rights of a freeman in his own domain, he incurred the vengeance of military despotism. At last they went, and for a

year my memories are of a quiet and peaceful character.

They bring me back to my sixth anniversary, a day of joy and pleasure; gifts bestowed with a bountiful liberality; parents' blessing, and a brother's and sister's affection; and the house thronged with guests, and the companions of my childhood surrounding the youngest heir with tokens of sympathy.

But in midsummer—it was in 1815—like far-distant thunder, I heard it roaring, sometimes in quick succession, sometimes with long intervals; and, when I asked, I was told, "It is the Emperor's battle." They did not know it was his last! It is now very nearly half a century; but the booming of Waterloo's cannon roars yet with funeral solemnity in my memory.

And with its dying echoes ends the bright vision of wealth and power as conceived in my childhood. Though not directly opposed to, yet not in favor of, the glorious meteor, which, from the siege of Toulon up to the brilliant sun of Austerlitz, had constantly ascended on the political horizon, my family had borne all the weight of despotism, and next all the crushing insolence of the Restoration. Its nearly princely wealth, exhausted by taxations and contributions, at last received its death-blow by the vandalism of those who came to restore. Of all the possessions, nothing remained but the ancestral home, still occupied by our family; and I remember well how, day after day, its appearance changed; strange faces were seen

haunting its halls and chambers, until I perceived that my liberty of rambling about was restrained. I felt a pang in my young heart. I felt mortified. I was glad when a coach stopped at the gate; and my brother and sister and myself took our seats. The carriage door was closed, and I never saw my ancestral home again.

Through the tedious hours of a sultry summer day the coach rolled on. It finally stopped at a small but pleasant dwelling on the banks of the picturesque Meuse, where we found our mother. There she often used to retire from the rumor and tumult of war, which for the last twenty years had resounded over our land. To remarkable beauty she joined the dignity of a queen. She received us as mothers in those times used to receive their children. There was love, but reserve; there was anxious care, but greater pride. And she pressed us one after another to her bosom, and made us sit down at the supper-table, and took herself a seat with all the dignity of former times. Ah! it was a sober repast. My brother, a noble boy of fifteen years, my sister, a growing maiden of thirteen, both felt that life had assumed a new and more severe aspect; and I, when nature's wants were satisfied, began to remember with longing heart one who that morning had given me a parting kiss. Tears filled my eyes, and tears filled the eyes of brother and sister; when at last I cried with sorrow and anguish, "*Where is papa?*"

CHAPTER II.

ENOUGH FOR A FORTNIGHT.

I AM of Austrian and Spanish lineage ; for my ancestor in the fifth degree was the grandson of Don Juan of Austria and Doña Maria de Mendoza, and married the granddaughter of Don Juan de Requesens, brother of the Spanish Governor of the Netherlands. During two centuries my family had occupied posts of trust under the then powerful government of the Batavian Republic. Mostly men of war, they had fought her battles against Louis XIV., and his successor, Louis XV. Through good management and rich inheritances, their wealth had steadily increased. Of an independent spirit, they never were favorable to the house of Orange ; nor were they inclined to humor the despotism of Napoleon. When the Netherlands were incorporated with the French Empire, my father, the only inheritor of the name and fortune, kept aloof from imperial influence.

After the battle of Leipsic, the oppressed provinces began to breathe. Men of influence formed various plans for the future. Some (and they were the majority) saw nothing better than to recall Orange to the head of affairs ; others, and my father among them, had a wider range. They thought of uniting the Netherlands, from France

to the Elbe, into one empire. I have yet in my possession the plans drawn up for that purpose. It was a magnificent project. It would have created a powerful State, a check on France, on England, and on Prussia. It does not matter what part my father took in this plan. He was deeply involved. He was a man in the meridian of life, thoroughly versed in the science of government; of great enterprise; and, above all, of unconquerable endurance and perseverance. Orange was recalled; Belgium and Holland united into one petty kingdom. The friends of my father mostly contrived to make their timely submission; but he remained stern and unbending. His patriotic heart would not submit to what afterwards appeared little better than egotistical Louis Phillippe. He became dangerous in a time when all was unsettled. He was *crushed*. He sent his family where they were comparatively safe. But the kiss which that morning he pressed on my brow was the last I knew of him during that dreary summer; and to my sobbing cry, "Where is papa?" I received no answer but the gloomy silence of my poverty-stricken family.

At last the autumnal leaves began to fall, and winter set in with unusual severity. It had covered the earth with its frosty mantle; and, in the dusk of approaching evening, we sat in silence, remembering more cheerful days; when the door opened, and our father stood before us.

He looked wearied and careworn. He came from the frontiers, where he had been shifting

from place to place. He was exhausted with fatigue: he was hungry. He was on his way to a place of safety, where he would be nearer his friends. He had to go that evening more than twelve miles. He would not stay with us. It might create suspicion, and disturb our repose.

Oh, how well I remember that sad, very sad evening! I see yet my father, erect though crushed, holding the hand of my mother. My brother and sister stood near him, half encircling him with their arms. Behind the group stood a dark, straight, military man, Colonel P., of the Swiss guards, a veteran of eighty years, a trusty friend of my father. He brought him "from his penury" a few dollars. It needs no effort of memory to recall the scene. Silent they stood in mutual grief, until my father said:

"Farewell, Catona! farewell! I have enough for a fortnight. Trust in God."

He left in the dark and snowy night. He left alone, to wander over a desolate heath; nor would he allow any one to accompany him. My parents never met again in this world.

"*Enough for a fortnight!*" and what after that? The words resounded strangely in my ears. There was a gloomy determination in those words which startled me, child as I was. From that moment I thought of nothing but of my father. His sudden appearance, his altered countenance, his silent departure, haunted me the whole night. "'Enough for a fortnight,'" said I to my mother on the following morning: "what did papa mean?"

And my mother gave me one of those glances which used to strike me dumb. There was no idea of repeating the question.

Why this glance? Was it reproof? No; but it was a determined will that the subject should no more be touched. My mother disapproved of my father's political course. She took a matter-of-fact view of the thing. Since the case could not be altered, it was better to give in. Proud as she was, she did not see the use of adhering to political creeds when they ruin a family. Perhaps she was not wrong. She thought that, with a little policy, the favor of the "powers that be" might be gained. My father could not bend. He thought of nothing but the dream and expectation of his whole life; my mother, of her family.

With the instinct of childhood, I abstained from further inquiry. But one evening a teamster made his appearance, and mysteriously asked if there was any errand to St. Anna.

I held already my mother's knees. I knew St. Anna.

"Oh! let me go," said I, "and bring your errand. Let me go, let me go!—let me go to papa!"

How it was I cannot now conceive; but my mother consented. I sprang into the wagon: the teamster took his seat, cracked the whip; and I actually was on my way to see him whom since that dismal evening I had not lost an hour out of sight, and to whom, from this time, I clung with feelings of even more than filial affection.

CHAPTER III.

ST. ANNA.

It was a hamlet on the frontier; its principal feature a respectable-looking inn, with a corpulent, good-natured landlord. There were many rooms and a large stable. Rooms and stable were always well filled. It was the head-quarters of the Douane. A dozen "horse-douaniers" were always at their post. Theirs was a hard and perilous service. All the inhabitants were smugglers. The landlord himself was a smuggler. Between him and his warlike guests it was a constant display of *ruses de guerre*. If there was a large convoy of contraband to pass, my landlord was ever ready with the bottle. But our douaniers were always on the alert. In the depth of night some were on their lonely posts; and, in the midst of drinking and boisterous laughter, you might see them disappear one after another, take to horse, and gallop to the menaced point. The smugglers were mostly armed. If they saw a chance, they would fight their way through; if not, they would flee, and leave their baggage, which then became the prize of the hardy douanier. But revenge soon followed such a defeat; and the life of the douanier who had successfully resisted this sort of brigandage was little worth. "When we are on our errand,"

said once a smuggler to my father, "*we are shrouded;* and woe to the douanier who steps between us and our right!"

There my father had found a refuge. A little room under the roof, and *enough for a fortnight*, was all that remained of wealth and position. In that little room I found him, when finally released from the confinement in the wagon; then I rushed into his arms, and, covering him with kisses, cried, "Papa, I have come!"

Oh, the happy, happy days of childhood! Misery, poverty—all is swallowed up in the joy of one moment! Oh, the happy night I spent on a hard couch, but with the certainty that at least *one day* I should be with him, see him, hear him, talk with him!

And so I did. Who has not in his life had some days of intense happiness, leaving a mark which the hand of Time cannot efface, because it was the soul, the inmost soul, which received the impression? Such a day was the first day at St. Anna, when my father took me about, and showed me the premises, the stables, the horses, the arms; and himself enjoyed the loving sympathy of the little son, who seemed to be the only one to take a heartfelt interest in his forlorn condition.

And when, that night, I lay down with the prospect of leaving the following morning, it was with a heavy heart; it was with the wish, with the hope, with the intention, nearly with the determination, of returning.

It was noon when I reached my mother's dwelling. I entered her room with tears. Displeased was my mother's eye, *almost* stern her words: "If thus you return, it were better not to go any more." I say, almost stern; for there was a mixture of grief and sorrow, which even then struck me with awe and reverence; for she loved me, and tenderly nursed me when very sick; and she taught me to pray. Strange how memories recur! I remember when first she taught me the Lord's Prayer; I remember how she made me kneel and follow her words; I remember how she would kiss me good-night; I remember it; but my heart yearned after my father.

A few days afterwards, I was with him. How this happened, I don't remember. I cannot recollect it; but I know I was there again, in the little upper room. I sat writing copies; and the copies I remember: "*Brutus and Cassius were the last of the Romans.*" Thus it was written at the head of the page; thus I copied. And I remember the story as it fell from my father's lips. When I think of this, and recollect how it molded my soul, how it formed my disposition, I cannot help saying to parents who may read these lines, "You have a godlike power over the mind of your children. They are, in your hands, like wax; whatever they become is your doing. Oh, what responsibility was laid on you when those children began to say 'father and mother'!"

I remember that, day after day, I had to re-

turn; day after day, there was something in the way; day after day, the tendrils of the vine clung with more strength around the tree. And I remember, how, one afternoon, my father said, "Would you rather stay with me?" And I answered, "Papa, I want to go anywhere with you." "But," said my father, "I am very poor, and have no place to go to. I must leave here. I have been told to leave." And I remember saying, "Papa, let me go with you."

It was so. Suspicious as all newly established governments are, a man of my father's mark could not be left alone. His party was powerful in rank and hereditary traditions. It had, in appearance, at least, submitted to the "powers that be"; but he whose aim was the public weal would not submit. His retreat was soon discovered; and the landlord, though under many obligations to my family, could not resist the outward pressure. One morning my father put a little bundle on my shoulders, took himself a larger one, and we set out.

It was a frosty, clear morning. I never felt happier, before nor after, than when I walked at my father's side, carrying my little bundle. We walked many a mile. Towards the middle of the day, we stopped at a house on the roadside. I needed rest. A middle-aged lady waited for us. I knew her: she was a tried friend of my mother. I loved her. I have never seen her since; but forty years thereafter, when she was eighty, I cor-

responded with her; and over land and ocean she sent me words of love and affection.

She addressed my father: "Sir," said she, "I know where you are going. I respect your opinions; but can you involve this poor innocent child in your misery? There is a mother to take care of him; there is a sister to love him. I beg you let him go with me; let me return him to the care of his mother."

My father smiled. "You are right, madam," said he, "but the little fellow *loves* me. Speak with him, and act accordingly." He left the room.

And now the good lady began a regular attack. I believe she left no argument untried: my mother, my sister, and the playmates and the pleasant village, and the beautiful Meuse, and my comforts, and my clothes, and what not—all were represented in glowing terms. Then came the contrast: my father's utter destitution; the place to which we were going—a castle with heavy walls and wide ditches; no playmates, no clothes, etc. I remember very well her long and earnest pleading; but "Brutus and Cassius" gained the mastery. She would have done wiser not to mention my father's destitution. For clothes I did not care; and all her arguments lost their edge against my repeated "I go with papa."

He re-entered the room. "Well," said he. "He wants to go with you," answered the lady. "It is well. Leno, take your bundle," said my

father. I obeyed, and we continued our journey.

I began to be very tired: twelve miles was much for a first trip. We arrived at a crossway. My father sat down. "Here let us rest," said he; "they will soon come."

We heard the rattling of a wagon. It stopped. An elderly gentleman alighted, and approached my father with a mixture of respect and familiarity. A silent pressure of the hand was all. My father lifted me into the wagon, took himself a seat; and, before the sun had reached the horizon, we saw its departing beams strike the turrets of Haret Castle. We soon entered its dark and stately avenue. The massive drawbridge fell; the carriage-wheels resounded over the courtyard. We stopped at the emblazoned gate; and Mrs. de Sturler, extending her hand, said to my father, "Welcome!"

CHAPTER IV.

HARET CASTLE.

The struggle between the Netherlands and Spain was protracted during the first half of the seventeenth century. The Belgian provinces did not succeed in shaking off the yoke of foreign dominion. It was in those days of cruel warfare and plunder that Haret Castle and several others were erected—strong enough to protect against a *coup de main*, but not capable of sustaining a regular siege. Its walls were about ten feet thick, its turrets just high enough to take a survey of the surrounding country; but it had nothing of the Gothic style, nothing of the dungeon-like appearance of the mediæval castles. A stately avenue of nearly two miles' length led to the village of Vierlinxbeek, on the banks of the river Meuse. The environs were partly covered with a dense forest of pine trees, partly with arable land; whilst to the south extended a dreary heath of more than fifteen miles.

We were soon established. My father occupied a large apartment, in size, at least, favorably contrasting with the small upper room at St. Anna. Its furniture was simple, recalling the memories of times past. It had been the banqueting-hall, where many a festival must have taken place.

The huge chimney, the old portraits, the high-backed chairs, the dark windows with their deep embrasures, are the principal features which I remember. These last were so deep indeed, that I used one of them as a very comfortable nook, where, at a little desk, I began my regular studies.

For my father was a man who, in more than common measure, joined practical knowledge to theoretical learning. Deeply imbued with classical studies, there was scarcely a European language which he had not thoroughly mastered. In law and philosophy he had exhausted all the resources of the learning of ages. Educated by an eminent English scholar, he had finished his studies at the University of Leiden. Then he began a brilliant career, partly in defending criminal cases, partly in acting as secretary to my grandfather, who, up to his sixty-third year, held a charge of great responsibility. The French Revolution broke out, when he died, and thus was spared the grief of foreign invasion, Jacobinic dominion, and Napoleonic absolutism. My father was then about twenty-four years old. Independent by character and circumstances, he watched with interest the progress of the "new ideas," and their final development into the most oppressive military despotism. With others, he saw in Bonaparte the only strong arm capable of saving France and part of Europe from chaotic destruction. But when the strong arm of Marengo's hero began to extend, with unrelenting grasp, over

Western Europe, when conscription and taxation and proscription and confiscation followed in the train of French prefects and military commanders, then, with others, he withdrew his unbounded admiration. His heart sunk within him when he met him at a private audience. I remember how, in stately court-dress, and flushed with expectation, he went; and I remember the look of sullen despair, wherewith, on his return, he answered a friend's inquiring, "What do you think of him?" —"*He has a hard skin!*" Nor could anything prevail upon him to show his allegiance by accepting any favor or public office. He devoted himself to the education of his children, and found relief in the faithful discharge of a private duty, since he could not assume any other.

Such was my father. Separated from his wife, from his eldest son, and from his daughter, he had, by providential direction, none left but me upon whom to concentrate all his affection and care; and he laid out a plan of study, to which he faithfully adhered during many years. Almost without *any* books, he made me study Latin, English, German, mathematics, and, strange enough, moral philosophy. Positive religion, or, rather, revealed religion, had no place in his system. The Bible he considered as a venerable record of antiquity. He caused me to read it daily; and it was, so to say, my favorite reading. The historical books of the Old Testament and the Gospels of the New—what can be more interesting even for a child?

What is called natural religion he taught me regularly, as before he had taught my brother. Every Sunday morning had its two hours set apart for instruction in the intricacies of man's destination, mental and moral powers, relations and duties.

And so I studied during the hours of the day. As I said before, without grammars, dictionaries, or text-books, he enabled me, when ten years old, to read and write understandingly French, German, and English; he carried me through plane geometry and the elements of mensuration; whilst in history I was almost as well at home as I ever have been since.

And, when the study-hours were past, he rambled with me through the woods and over the fields; and, whilst I gathered flowers, or chased the butterfly, he would sit down and read Tacitus or Seneca, his favorite classics, which followed him everywhere. I possess them yet, those venerable relics; and, whenever I open them, my father's image seems to take a form. O Memory! what art thou, and where art thou? Why does thy strength increase when other faculties decline? Art thou a faculty of the soul, or the soul itself? And, when the bodily faculties cease, shall the *whole* be memory? Shall the *whole* of our life, with all of its feelings, sensations and perceptions, be as one vivid stream of joyful recollection or woful remembrance?

Sometimes I had a holiday. Armed with bow and arrow, I would rove about, shooting my harm-

less weapons upon sparrows and crows, or foxes and hares. For miles around there was no nook or corner where I did not penetrate ; and, though I returned with an empty bag, it benefited my health, and made my constitution wiry and enduring.

But many clouds obscured those days of childish life. Though clinging with all my heart and soul to my father, yet did my thoughts often wander to my mother, brother and sister. I wrote them sometimes ; but the heart yearned after more. I knew their residence was twenty miles distant, on the same Meuse where I often went to angle ; and once my desire to see them became so strong, that I made up my mind to go, and, following the windings of the river, to walk until I should come to their village. I formed this plan during the morning studies, a secret for my father—the first, and truly the last, in my life. It was four o'clock in the afternoon when I left. As I approached the river, my heart became heavy. I was not accustomed to keep anything from my father. I sat down. A procession of pilgrims to the celebrated shrine of Kevelar was halting for the night—hundreds of men, women and children singing psalms and hymns. They knelt in prayer. It was a truly solemn pause. My feelings, excited by self-reproach and the consciousness of doing a foolish thing, overcame me entirely. I burst out in tears, and returned home ; hastening my step the more I approached, until, having passed

the draw-bridge, I rushed to my father's room, threw myself into his arms, weeping, and confessing my fault, my lack of confidence. I shall never forget the agony of self-reproach wherewith I clung to his faithful bosom.

My brother was a youth of sixteen, handsome, daring, and of noble disposition. A lieutenancy in the army was offered him ; but my father was inflexible in his refusal. Then some well-meaning friends of my mother offered him an advantageous position in one of the West-Indian colonies. The proud spirit of my brother could not bear his actual, uncertain situation. Strengthened by my mother's advice, he accepted. He went on board, and from there he wrote his farewell letter to my father. And what a letter! how full of tenderness! how full of repentance for having taken a step without his father's blessing! "I must unburden my heart," said he. "O God! how heavy it lies on my conscience to have left you thus! But circumstances forced me. O my father! write me soon, that I may know if you have forgiven me."

And, with this letter unfolded in his hand, I saw, one afternoon, my father returning from the village. It was the first tidings of a step which took from him his son, and sent him to a dangerous climate, in a position, which, though advantageous, he rightly considered as not desirable. All his feelings were wounded ; his parental authority slighted ; his son gone ; and that son repenting

when it was too late—yet gone, perhaps, forever. I remember how, bending down in grief, he took me in his arms, and said, "My only hope and consolation!"

The new government had become settled; yet the principal supporter of my father's views, a statesman who was at the head of affairs during the last years of the Republic, continued his correspondence. Many and many a letter had I fetched from the post-office; and I knew their importance by the manner in which my father read them, and studied their reply in a writing to me not intelligible; I knew it by expressions which now and then escaped him. All at once the answers failed to come. My father became restless.

On a beautiful summer evening we returned together from the village, and overtook a platoon of soldiers, who went to their assigned quarters in the neighborhood. When passing them, we heard the sergeant express, in forcible words, his regret at having left his meerschaum at the mill. "I am sorry," said he, "but too tired. Let it go! but I am very sorry!"

"There," said my father: "we can show a kindness. We are not so tired. Let us go to the mill and restore this man his pipe."

It was two miles' walk; but I was happy with the prospect of the man's joy at recovering so unexpectedly his property. We went; and towards dusk we arrived at the quarters. A strong exclam-

ation of joy greeted me when I handed the pipe. The sergeant wished to reward me; and, as this was declined, he accompanied us with continued expressions of gratitude.

"Comrade," said my father, "what may be your business in this part of the world? We don't see you often here."

"Indeed, sir," answered he, "our business is none of the most pleasing; and I wish they had left it to the gendarmes." And then, lowering his voice, he added, "We have to make an arrest in the castle."

"Indeed!" said my father. "But what if they draw the bridge up?"

"We shall surround the castle."

"But there are only a few of you."

"There is a company of one hundred men, under Captain R., behind the village."

"Well, comrade," said my father, after a pause, "I think you will succeed."

"Sir," replied the sergeant, "our order is to make the arrest *in* the castle. You have been very kind, sir; I wish I could render you some service."

"My good friend," rejoined my father, "I have a mind to save yourself and me some trouble. I am your prisoner."

Then I remember the man's rough but kindly face took a peculiar expression.

"And what is to become of this brave little fellow, sir? Will you have him go between the bayonets to Fort A.? Will you leave him here?"

"O papa!" cried I, "do not leave me!"

"Sir," continued the sergeant, "I have no right to arrest you. It is my commander who has the warrant, and will present himself to-morrow morning at Haret Castle. From here to the frontier river is only two miles, and you have a night to take your measures. May we be spared the shame of escorting so brave a gentleman with our bayonets otherwise than as a guard of honor!"

Thus saying, he left us. My father followed him with thoughtful eye, took my hand, and we walked silently through the dark avenue. It was night when we arrived. My father had immediately a long conversation with his host, Mr. de S. I went to bed, and fell asleep, dreaming of soldiers.

Early in the morning my father stood before me, ready to depart. I had again my little bundle to carry. I left with regret a place where I had lived some of my happiest days. All was yet silent when we passed the court-yard and crossed the draw-bridge. Leaving the avenue, we passed through the pine forest; and, avoiding the village, we arrived at the ferry just when the rising sun began to strike the turrets of Haret Castle. I gave it a last farewell, and entered the boat, which carried us soon to the other shore. For the first time that I can remember, I had a painful feeling of being *homeless* and *houseless;* which, however, if possible, seemed to increase the tenacity wherewith I clung to my father.

CHAPTER V.

NOTHING REMAINS BUT ETERNITY!

The country through which we took our journey was barren and lonely—a heath extending for more than thirty miles, with slight undulations, and here and there a bush. . Far on the horizon, I could discern the Forest of Cleves—a remnant of the forest which once covered the whole of Germany; but our path lay on the heath, following the windings of the Meuse.

It was historical ground. It was here that, in 1574, when a dismal gloom covered the destinies of the United Provinces, the brave Count Louis of Nassau, the brother of the great William of Orange, fell in the bloody battle of Mooker Heath. I had long known the story. But my father, to lighten the weariness of a long journey, told me, all over again, how the Count had sold all his estates to raise an army of six thousand lancers and three thousand footmen ; and how he was met, at the place we were crossing, by a superior force under the Spanish governor, Don Louis de Requesens ; and how they battled from sunrise till night, when, the Count being slain, his army was routed, whilst his body could never be found. And though the Spanish commander was my direct maternal ancestor, yet my heart was all for Count Louis ;

and in youthful fancy I beheld him, iron-clad, spurring his war-horse to the last charge, and cheering his followers to a last effort.

I have seen many battle-fields. I have often lingered on the fields of Waterloo ; often on the plains of Fontenoy ; often on the grounds of Morgarten, where Switzerland bought her freedom. But, on all these, the industrious hand of succeeding generations has effaced the gloomy remembrances of destructive war ; and waving cornfields, luxuriant vineyards, and smiling gardens, make it difficult to realize a scene of destruction and bloodshed. Not so on the heath of Mook. It was now as it was two hundred and fifty years ago—the same dreary, undulating plain, without thrifty vegetation, without birds, without life ; the same gentle-flowing Meuse on one side, the same dark forest on the other. We passed the same redoubts they had thrown up ; we found the same rusty iron bullets, which had lain there two centuries after having done their work of death ; we passed the same mounds which covered the bodies of the thousands who sleep there until the day of judgment.

All at once my father stopped on an eminence, and pointed toward the Meuse. I gazed with spell-bound attention ; for, on the opposite shore, I saw a village with its spire. A strange feeling came over me. I began to see it all. I knew that spire, and that dwelling on the high bank of the river. It was my mother's dwelling ! There

she was, with my sister! I know I trembled all over. Nearly two years had passed, and all came before my memory in silent sorrow; and there it lay, so beautifully reflected in the silvery river. I gazed, and looked up to my father. With glistening eye he stood, a little bent, as if sending over thoughts of love and affection. I stretched out my arms as high as I could reach, till my father caught me up and fondly kissed me. Then he said, "We must go, Leno: we must reach Mook before dark."

And so we did. It was evening when we knocked at the door of a large two-story house, situated on an eminence near the river shore. A middle-aged gentleman opened to us. Tall and stern, but not commanding, he was very polite, and seemed to receive my father as if he were expected. He immediately showed him to a large apartment with a sleeping-room. Welcome refreshments were set before us; and I soon thereafter fell asleep in a comfortable bed, leaving my father in deep conversation with our unprepossessing host.

He was a Frenchman; one of those plotters who try to make themselves available in political schemes, and, without aim or plan, delight in intrigue, because they prefer crooked paths and by-ways. To all the rapacity and harshness so common among borderers, he joined none of their redeeming traits. His family was large, all partaking of the same character—deceitful, vindictive and rapacious.

And here I passed another half-year of my boyhood, and, to me, not the less interesting; for therein I began to study Latin—the *ultima Thule* of my childish ambition. And I remember how my father procured me two small books—the one a little dictionary, the other a Latin Reader. And the first sentence I remember: *Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur*; or, as it may be said in English, "A friend in need is a friend indeed." And how my father explained to me the sense, and gave, as illustration, his own case; mentioning the friends who remained faithful to him, whose names I had often read on the address of letters carried by myself—friends who at that time occupied high positions. Sweet are these remembrances, and embalmed in the memories of my soul: for I listened to his words with the unsullied faith of childhood; and I learned, not only the forms of things, but the things themselves in their nature and bearing. And, that same year, I studied the Lives of Cornelius Nepos; and finding how Atticus, keeping aloof from political parties, lived unmolested to an old age, I remember saying, "Papa, *why* did not you do the same?" And my father, with his peculiar smile, said, *In magnis voluisse sat est* ("In great undertakings, even the will is praiseworthy.") Then I said, I would improve the sentence; and, having received permission, said, *In magnis noluisse melius* ("In great things, *not* to will is safer.") My father laughed, and said that I would become a poor scholar and a worse statesman. And thus,

in the midst of dreary privations of all sort, he faithfully pursued his plan of studies; never allowing a day to pass unimproved.

And the year 1819 began to draw to an end. The winter set in with more than common severity. It was the 5th of December—the Eve of St. Nicholas—in those countries a great day of rejoicing for children, but to me a day of never-to-be-forgotten agony and terror.

My father's correspondence had been more lively than usual; but his intercourse with Mr. Bular, our host, more reserved. For some reason or other, that day we had not gone down to our meals. I had perceived a Prussian gendarme loitering about the house, and was making sundry conjectures, when I heard my father in the adjoining room in deep and passionate conversation with Mr. Bular. On his side, it was all protestations of interest and devotedness; on my father's side, stern and rapidly succeeding questions, involving Mr. Bular in the unenviable part of being a common traitor. At last came the question direct, "What about that Prussian ruffian? What is his business here?" No answer. My father's anger, when roused, was terrible. I heard a scuffling movement, and my father's voice, with metallic distinctness, urging, "Confess, traitor! confess! Are there more coming? Confess, or I throw you a corpse on the floor!" And I heard the words deliberately dropping, "They must be near." "*Then nothing remains but eternity!*" roared my

father. I heard him throw the miserable man from him, leave the room, descend the stairs, and rush out of the house.

The truth flashed upon me. The villain had sold my father. Prussian gendarmes were near to carry him off to one of the fortresses. Woe to the political offender who enters their walls! "*Nothing remains but eternity!*" sounded like the wail of death in my ears. I was already down stairs, and out of the house. It was a dark and cold night, and the Meuse streamed with swollen waters. I did not see my father; but my instinct guided me.

At a little distance from the house was the remainder of a wharf. There I had often stood angling. There I had often rested with my father admiring the beauty of a quiet river scenery. There I hastened; and there I found him, standing with crossed arms *on the brink of self-destruction.* I came slowly up to him. "O papa! papa!" said I, in whispering agony, "where you go, I go!" He could not resist my endearing affection. "They chase me like a dog!" said he. "Listen!" I listened, and heard the horsemen taking successively their positions around the house.

I showed my father a small boat attached to the wharf. I went down first; he followed. I loosened the rope, and gave a hearty push. We had no oars; but a scoop helped us sufficiently to reach the opposite shore. We landed at no great distance from the village where my mother dwelt.

We passed through it. I saw the lights burning, and the streets full of happy children. As for me, I was hungry, cold, and fatigued. A little way from the village my father stopped at a lonely dwelling. Colonel P., the same venerable friend who was present at the last interview of my parents, received him silently, but affectionately. Whilst partaking of some needful refreshments, he explained to my father how his position had changed. The Baron de S., the chief supporter of his views, was no more. My father's friends had used all their influence to have his personal safety insured. "Go to Sanbeck," he said. "You will find at the house of Mr. de Leeuw everything prepared for your reception. Go, my worthy friend; and, for Heaven's sake, abstain from correspondence."

The village of Sanbeck was about seven miles distant. Oh, how well do I remember that night's walk!—the sharp cold, the frosty ground, my dear father's encouraging voice. And Mr. Bular, and the Prussian gendarmes, and the whole ugly concern of Mook—it was all left behind; and soon we should be safe and well.

And, about ten o'clock, we approached the dwelling of Mr. de L. We entered a pleasant family room, warm and cheerful. And there was Mrs. de L., smiling as the bright morning sun, and her blooming children, all happy on St. Nicholas Eve; and they received us like expected guests; and I had my seat near the warm stove, and my part in the St. Nicholas gifts; and I was *happy*, oh, how

happy ! until bed-time came, and we were shown up stairs ; and our kind hostess took me under her especial care—the first blessed woman's care I had received since nearly three years ; and our room was neat and cheerful, with tidy beds, and roomy writing-table, and various books ; and, when we were left alone, I encircled my dear father, and broke out in tears. That same evening, what revulsion in position and feelings ! What a difference between the death-wail, " Nothing remains but eternity ! " and the cheerful " Good-night " of our amiable hostess ! O God ! thou art a good God. I have known thy terrors from early youth, and " one deep has called to another : " yet I have seen an end of sorrow ; but of thy faithful kindness never did I find the end, nor even the beginning ; for truly our whole life is a continued manifestation of thy mercy.

CHAPTER VI.

PREPARING FOR THE UNIVERSITY.

The remembrance of Sanbeck is sunny all over, with one exception, soon to be mentioned. I there passed a happy winter, a delightful spring, and part of a cheerful summer. Political affairs seemed less to pre-occupy my father. There was less of letter-writing, less of anxiety. My studies were pushed with vigor. Yet my remembrances of that period are more of pleasant children's play than anything else. Oh the lasting influence of a cheerful housewife and mother! Mrs. de Leeuw, is always before me, bright and sunny, laughing and busy. She had four children, all daughters ; the eldest of my age, the youngest a lovely babe of two years. This one became my pet. I was unwearied in carrying her about, and playing with her ; unwearied in gratifying her little whims and caprices. And from that time I always loved children, sweet little children. The remembrance of little Louise de L. is, even now, like a fragrant balm of innocence ; and when, in later years, I inquired after her, my warm enthusiasm for the dear child was greeted with the broad smile of worldliness. She had grown to be a very fascinating young lady ! Alas ! I remembered only the sweet little Louise, the innocent companion of my early boyhood.

But when the month of April came, with its lovely days of spring, my father laid before me a letter, communicating the serious illness of my dear Valerio, my dear and only brother. And the letter was only an introduction to sadder news. For, a few days after, came an aged friend, who discreetly told the tale of sorrow—how he had died just at the point of reaching his eighteenth year, a victim of the yellow fever; how he had been attended by good and honorable friends; how he had died with sweet remembrance of his parents: yet he died far away, the noble first-born of my father! And I remember his grief; and how he walked forty miles in one day to receive some more information; and how he returned at evening, and, throwing his arms around me, sat down weeping bitter tears for his high-minded and generous boy.

And the loss of my brother cast a deep shadow over my early years. I could never believe that he was dead, really dead; and for years I thought of the possibility of his returning.

I was now eleven years old. The education thus far received had excited in me an intense admiration of antiquity, and an enthusiastic love of liberty. The models of Greece and Rome were constantly before me. To the question, what I wished to be, there was but one answer—*a soldier*. Even in fencing and horsemanship, my father had contrived to give me regular lessons, himself being an excellent fencer and horseman. And my youthful ambition was kindled beyond measure when

accidentally the works of Vauban came into my hands ; and I began to study with unrelenting zeal the art of fortifying, defending and attacking cities. Next I found the " Life and Deeds of that Heroic Prince, Eugene of Savoy;" an old German book, but which I studied with all the ardor of enthusiastic admiration. And in my Latin studies I proceeded with equal zeal ; my father promising me, on my twelfth birthday, the Commentaries of Cæsar, should I make sufficient progress to read them.

And now, in the beginning of summer, there came a company of military engineers into our neighborhood. I asked my father leave to follow them, and observe their instruments and operations. Among them was the son of one of my father's most faithful friends, himself in high position. I observed my father in frequent conversation with him. What was the subject, I do not know ; but, after a few days, our host, otherwise cheerful and kind, became reserved and cold. Mrs. de L. looked sad and careful. One morning, my father left with me. She accompanied us to the door. Tears were in her eyes. She looked long after us, till we were out of sight. We walked about six miles, until we came to a small village, where my father took an upper room, and seemed absorbed in thought. There he sat, writing and despatching letter after letter, and receiving many; and his mind seemed to be in a violent struggle.

As far as I can conceive by what followed, his

friends tried to persuade him to a course of submission, and to accept, under the present government, a position which might redeem his fortunes, and secure his family against want and humiliation. But my father's mind was unbending, even to stubbornness. Submit to necessity, he would; but as for accepting any favor, he disdained. His son was dead. His wife's fortunes he considered as separate from his own; since, of her own accord, she had taken a different view, and been the cause of my brother's departure and ensuing death. For himself and me he wished private employment.

In the mean time, I pursued my studies. I remember having finished there, in that dark little upper room, a treatise on mensuration, which I had begun at Haret Castle; and I remember the triumphant joy wherewith I handed my father the last sheet. Altogether, the recollection of the three months which we passed there is not unpleasant. It was harvest-time, and I enjoyed it very much. There were several pensioned officers in the same house; and I delighted hearing them relate their various campaigns.

At last there came a letter which seemed to decide my father. A position was offered him in the city of Woerden—the education of five sons belonging to three families. We left the country where we had been shifting about during more than four years; and on the 8th of September, 1820, we arrived in Woerden. I remember very

well the strange impression which the paved streets and high-story houses made upon my unsophisticated mind. It seemed all like a prison. And I missed sadly the sweet liberty of country life, and my solitary rambles through fields and forest. But the greater loss was my father's constant personal instruction. Advanced beyond all his scholars, I could only enjoy his supervision of my studies.

It was happy that he had laid so solid a foundation. I went on steadily and zealously; for my twelfth birthday approached, and Cæsar's Commentaries were to be the prize for my diligence. And when it came, and a beautiful copy, with cheerful, encouraging inscription, was put into my hands, I began to translate it into French and German—for thus my father made me study the modern languages; and I made extracts, and plans of Cæsar's campaigns, and Cæsar became my favorite author.

One of my father's pupils was the only son of the mayor of the city, formerly a captain of the engineers in the French army. He was a gentleman of thorough scientific acquirements, benevolent and exquisitely polite, but weak in health since he received a wound in the pillage of the town by the French, during their last struggle to retain the country. This excellent man took great interest in me. Under his direction, I began a regular course of fortification; and my progress in other branches allowed me to devote the most

part of my time to these, for me, so attractive studies. My table was constantly covered with maps and drawings; and, although my worthy instructor died within a few months, I continued with unrelenting perseverance.

The town of Woerden was a strong fortification, surrounded by all the necessary outworks. There was also the ancient castle, used as a military prison. What suggested the idea, I do not know; but, although just in my thirteenth year, I conceived the rather gigantic plan of measuring the whole, and making a map on a large scale.

I constructed my own chain and compass, and began with the principal rampart and bastions; next, the outworks; next, the whole town, with its public buildings; next, the surrounding country, to the distance of two miles. The whole took me a year; for none of my other studies I neglected, but gave them the lesser part of my time. Great was the astonishment of the people when seeing a slender boy walking and pacing and measuring sedulously from morning till night, and marking and delineating it all in his note-book. My earnest steadiness created respect, even among those who were inclined to mock; and, during that whole year, I do not remember having ever met with anything disagreeable. But when some friends and acquaintances came to visit us, and saw progressively delineated, on a large map of some five feet square, the whole of the town and walls, and the minute detail of outworks and en-

virons ; and when each found his house or garden or other localities—the wonder was great, and the thing was much talked of. I remember having hurried my work to finish it before my fourteenth birthday, because my father wished me to mark under my name : "Æt. xiii."

He was offered a place for me at the Military Academy for Cadets ; but this would oblige me to become an officer under the existing dominion, and he would not consent.

Nor did I care ; for, with wild enthusiasm, I looked beyond the limits of our country. Since two years, the war of independence had begun in Greece. With what attention did I read the successive accounts! Athens, Sparta, Corinth, Thebes, which until now had been the names of glories long departed, seemed to rise again to life. I remembered that one of my lineal ancestors had defeated the Turks in the battle of Lepanto. My whole heart was in the contest ; and all I wished was to be old enough to go there, and conquer fame. "When I am seventeen, will you let me go?" said I to my father. And he promised me I might. And I wrote down in short-hand all I could gather in the papers concerning the Greek war of independence. I did so for three years, intending to write its history.

I had not yet finished my map of the city, when my father said, "Leno, you are progressing well in Latin. I see you read Cicero. It is well. But there is one thing you need." "And what, papa?" "You, who love the Greeks so well—you don't

know a word of Greek!" It was a stroke of light. A few books were procured; and I remember having studied day after day, till I found my way in the grammar of this complete and magnificent language.

In the meantime, all but one of the parents had, on account of losses, been obliged to withdraw their sons; and, my father's income being much reduced, he made up by translating several English and German works. As I wrote a very distinct hand, I used to copy his translations for the press; and so I remember having, besides my map-drawing and studying, copied two volumes; one on the "Moral Improvement of Criminals," another on "Political Economy." My father was in this assisted by an old acquaintance, Prof. Tydeman, of the University of Leiden. Seeing my good writing, he sent some Latin courses, as they used to be dictated in the colleges of law and medicine. I copied them; and remember having risen regularly at four o'clock in the morning, not to lose all my study-time: yea, many a night I passed writing, when some copy had to be finished within a given time. And I see yet the first dollars, as from the loosened parcel they rolled on the table! What a peculiar sensation made by that first money of my own earning! Happy times, when in poverty I did not *feel* poor, and the privation of sleep, and often of a meal, did not affect me! Happy times, when the growing faculties of the mind seemed to defy external pressure, and the few years of my life offered nothing to regret, and little to repent!

CHAPTER VII.

THE MUSEUM.

And thus I studied and copied until the year 1823 drew to an end. I was now fourteen years of age, and it became necessary to decide upon my future career. For, if I was to be a civilian, I was ready for the university; if a soldier's life was my choice, something else had to be done. And Professor Tydeman sent one of his intimate friends, a most benevolent but shrewd gentleman, to probe me. With him I had an interview; and he urged the necessity of preparing for the university. To this I had no objection; but, in the meantime, I would not renounce the military glories. In vain he argued that the two could not go together. I came boldly forward with Cæsar and Agricola. At last I nonplussed the good old gentleman; he could not make anything of it; and, as I afterwards heard, he said that the youngster had such an unbounded ambition as to make all understanding impossible.

However, as my father's labors had become more and more literary, Professor T. advised him to remove to Leiden, where he would be in a more congenial sphere, and where it was supposed that the very atmosphere of "Minerva's sacred halls" might induce me to relinquish my strong inclination toward the more warlike Pallas.

And thus we came, on the 1st of January, 1824, to the ancient city of Leiden. Our first quarters were next to the University Building; and I must say that I was favorably impressed with the venerable antiquity of the cloister walls, where, in 1575, William the Taciturn inaugurated the seat of European learning; the portraits of the Rectors Magnifici, which decorated the hall; and the curiously carved cathedras, from which so many luminaries of the learned world had spoken their oracles.

And when, on the anniversary of the illustrious university, coinciding with my own fifteenth, I heard the Latin oration of the Rector Magnificus, and beheld the victorious competitors, in ancient costume, receiving the golden prizes, with commending speeches, under the more or less prolonged applause of their fellow-students, then I began to think that laurels could be gained at the university; and I resolved, if I became a student, once to be crowned with gold. And this favorable opinion was strengthened when I assisted at a promotion, as it is called, *more majorum*, "according to ancient usage," when the candidate, in gown and cape, during three days in succession, defends his dissertation and theses, the first day against any university professor, the second against any doctor, the last against any *civis academicus* or student. This severe trial, requiring for a youth considerable nerve, a wide range of learning, and

great fluency in the Latin tongue, seemed to me almost as glorious as a battle.

I became acquainted with many professors and students, and had plenty of copying work; and, as I made my copies with taste and intelligence, I was amply rewarded, increasing at the same time my stock of knowledge. The academical year beginning in September, I had several months to prepare myself. Meeting accidentally with an old copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost," I began to apprehend *what* an epic poem was. With unbridled ardor I studied the Greek "Iliad," the Latin "Æneid," the French "Henriade," the German "Messiad," comparing them with the English "Paradise Lost;" and I remember having come to the conclusion that, for invention and sublime simplicity of language, the Greek "Iliad," but for depth of thought and strength, as well as sweetness of expression, the English "Paradise Lost," is superior.

Immediately after the university celebration above mentioned, I wished to surprise my father on his birthday with a Latin dissertation; and I chose the Life of Scipio Africanus. I wished to show him my desire of uniting learning with warlike pursuits. It was the dream of my youth, too intellectually trained for the mere material of a soldier's life; too fiery of temper and too strained in ambition for the peaceful avocations of a literary man, even in the cathedras of L. And I presented him, on the 1st of March, with a neatly bound

volume, the writing as near like print as possible; and this little gift kept me from persevering in a by-way which might have made my career even less satisfactory than it has been.

The University of Leiden is celebrated for its Museum of Natural History. I do not know if there is anywhere one on a grander scale. I do not believe so. I often used to wander in its spacious galleries, and to admire the thousands of specimens of Nature's creation. The space, the order, the cleanliness, everything delighted me. Now, there was a position vacant as assistant conservator; and one of our acquaintances insisted that I should apply for the same. What induced my father or me to think of it, I cannot conceive; for the remuneration was small, the prospects moderate, and I never had studied natural history. Perhaps the novelty had something to do with it. At all events, my father went with me to the conservator, a very cold and formal man, and presented me as a fit subject for the place. The conservator seemed well pleased; but when my father, with pride excusable, though out of place, handed him the Latin dissertation, perhaps to show him that I was fit for better things, the man's feelings evidently changed. He did not wish so much learning; he objected, etc. However, the agreement was concluded; and on the following Monday I began my novel career.

Novel it was indeed. The sight of all these insects, spiders, bats, serpents, tigers, lions, and birds

of all description, was very beautiful; but their scientific names and classification I thought intolerable. However, if my principal had wished to attract me, and to introduce me by degrees into the mysteries of this science, so new to me, I have no doubt but I would have worked it out with my usual ardor; and perhaps one day I might have satisfied my desire after adventure in some exploring expedition. But the Latin dissertation came to my help. That little book had absolutely disgusted my chief. He evidently wished to disgust me. He gave me, the first day, some thirty pages to copy of a catalogue of insects; the next, some fifty bottles to seal and label; and so on every day. I came home about four o'clock, thoroughly saturated with the abominations of the spirit-smelling dead-house, as it now seemed to me; and, when Monday morning came, I said, in a rather decided tone, "Papa, I do not want to go back; I can never be a naturalist." My father smiled, I believe rather approvingly; and, though afterwards one of my best friends was the succeeding conservator of the museum, I never meddled with his investigations and collections.

Thus the month of September approached, and with it the first great epoch of my life. On the 20th of the month I was enrolled as a "citizen of the illustrious university of Leiden." I was decidedly the youngest of the six hundred; rather small and slender in stature, but full of hope and determination. And when, the following day, I

went to my first college, my father embraced me, and said, "This is an important day, my dear Leno: go with my blessing, and *remember!*"

This was my father's usual admonition. It was the epitome of, "Remember where you came from, and what you are to be—the past and the future: the past, a line of noble ancestors; the future, a fallen fortune to redeem."

Thus he used to speak to me in short sentences, which sunk deep in my heart, and even now seem to speak through the dim distance of times past.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE UNIVERSITY.

We are naturally disposed to love best what we know best, or what is connected with the remembrances of our youth. What gray-haired scholar does not prefer his *Alma Mater* to any other seat of learning? And so do I, through the dim haze of a checkered life, behold my *Alma Mater* with all the affection of filial devotion. I may, therefore, be considered a little partial; but what I know of university life in Germany and France does not answer the beau ideal which Leiden's antique halls have left me. Nowhere have I met with so much reality and simplicity, nowhere with the same untrammelled freedom, so utterly different from roughness and licentiousness.

But, although enrolled as a citizen of the university, my youthful pride soon received a terrible check; for there, as in most universities, the newcomer was considered as *green*, until it pleased one of the various associations of older students to recognize him as a *student*. During this time of probation he is subjected to an endless variety of vexations and humiliations. He has no right to wear cap, or shirt-collars, or whiskers, or anything which might feed the "spirit of pride." He is obliged to doff his hat to any older student he

meets. Implicit and unbounded obedience is his duty, day and night. Whatever task or labor is imposed upon him, he has to perform. No prank so foolish, no caper so absurd, but he has to do it at command. It is an old custom, and, as such, deep rooted; but it is decidedly a custom wherein the evil far exceeds the good it is intended to perform. The most plagued take their revenge the next year; and although I have seen the most confirmed dandies reduced to a state of pitiable humility, yet, as soon as the restraint was withdrawn, they returned to their old habits with an additional dose of peevishness and rancor. But, strange to say, during the ten years that I was a citizen of the *Alma Mater*, I never observed a case of revenge or continued hostility. The ceremony of reception seemed invariably to carry away all bad feelings.

After three months' intense suffering, my time came, and I was summoned to the Illustrious Senate *Intro ubique.* I was ushered into a small room, cold and dreary, where I was furnished with the subject of my Latin dissertation, which was to prove my fitness or unfitness to become a student. The subject was, "A Discussion between *Megalosomus* (large body) and *Micromorphus* (small form): which is to be preferred, a Large or a Small Stature?"

There I sat, without books or dictionary, the blank sheets of paper before me. As I was small, I soon decided to take the defence of my size;

and, as I was just attending a course on Plato's Dialogues, I began steadily and sedulously, in the style of Socrates' discourses, to discuss the argument. Three hours was the time allotted; and I had scarcely put the finishing stroke to my work, when I was summoned before the Illustrious Senate. After a few moments of abuse, my essay was put into my hands, and I had to read it. I was a mere stripling, and the "senators" were old students; and although it was their customary duty to injure and abuse me, yet I could perceive a growing interest in these gentlemen. And, when I had finished, the president arose, and, taking a cup of wine, he drank it to the health of the new student; and all congratulated me, and shook hands; and, having received my diploma, I left with feelings of more than common satisfaction. For I was aware that my earnest endeavor to do "the best I could" had conquered respect; and, during several weeks, my essay was in the hands of many.

And now I began to study with renewed zeal, and became a favorite with my professors. I was also introduced to the Chevalier Van Assen, professor of jurisprudence, who had been secretary to the Prince of the Netherlands; a man of eminent talents, great eloquence, and deep wisdom. He and Professor Tydeman became my chief protectors, and have ever since been my sincere and kind-hearted friends, not forgetting me, and, thirty-five years later, sending me written words of consolation and affectionate love.

And yet the friendship of these two good men has been the cause of a great failure in my career. Professor T. wished me to perform my studies rapidly, and then to seek in the eastern colony of Java a career which might have redeemed our fortunes in less than ten years. The chevalier, perceiving my decided talent for literature, wished me to become eminent therein, as well as in political sciences, with a view to the tutorship of the young princes of the Netherlands. And thus I was hesitating, and tried to combine what could not nor ought to be combined; and this laid the foundation, it is true, to wide and solid studies, but it broke the first ardor of impulse.

Yet Providence seemed to interfere, and to defeat at once the plan of Professor T. It was the month of November, 1825, and I had entered my second university year, attending the lectures on Roman law, together with those on ancient literature. One night I was studying, as was my custom, sitting opposite to my dear father, who employed himself in some literary work. It was midnight. All at once my father's features contracted, he sank back in his chair, he laid his hand on his heart, and with the exclamation "O God! what is this?" he remained motionless, and to all appearance, dead.

I called for help, and ran to two physicians in our neighborhood. They bled him. He revived, but remained speechless, and paralyzed on the left side.

Whoever has had the patience to read these memoirs, may imagine my terror, my grief, my sorrow. Since ten years my life had literally been wrapped up in his. I loved him, not only as a son ought to love his father, but even, if possible, more so. He had been all to me; he had given all to me; my whole existence seemed interwoven with his; and I wept bitter tears when I was told that this attack of apoplexy would probably return, and take him from me; and I watched day and night, without intermission, and did not sleep for fourteen nights, until exhausted nature gave way to the pressing instances of the chevalier.

It was a long and tedious bed of sickness. After four weeks he recovered his speech, and called me to his bedside, and said:

"Leno, I have done with this world. May your career be more useful and more prosperous than mine! I have been deceived, bitterly deceived. They ought not to have nourished expectations which could not be fulfilled. But now I have done."

And he ordered me to fetch him two bundles of papers. They were his secret correspondence, kept up to the very day of his illness. With the exception of three letters, he ordered me to burn it all, and with it to forget whatever unfavorable impressions I might have received.

And so I did; but I could not help lamenting so many years of anxiety and grief and useless struggle for a principle, which in the end had to be given up.

Four months elapsed before my father was able to leave his bed; and even then he was and remained paralyzed on the left side. During that time and after, I divided my time between his care, three or four colleges which I continued, and many private lessons which I gave to my fellow-students as a means of supplying our increased wants. For, through the influence of my professors, I made many acquaintances; and, as there were always many German and English students, I early acquired the habit of speaking their languages. And, in that time, I remember having once given a better proof of my enthusiastic love of liberty than of my prudence in political matters.

It was my turn publicly to answer various questions of examination in the historical lectures of the learned Prof. Perlkamp. There were some eighty students present. I sat at the end of the large hall. He reviewed the patriotic behavior of Timoleon, who, after having delivered his country from tyranny, retired to private life.

"Do you know, most worthy youth," said the professor, in his beautiful classical Latin, "with whom to compare Timoleon in modern history?"

He scarcely had ended his elegantly turned question, when, half rising from my seat, I roared at the top of my voice,

"*Cum Washingtone Americano!*"

The students were startled at my vehemence. The professor was a moment silent, and then said emphatically,

. "*Bene! valde bene! imo optime!*" ("Well! very well! yea, excellent!") thus indorsing, as it were, my sentiment; though my fellow-students had afterwards a better opinion of my smartness than of my prudence; for it would not do, in a newly constituted monarchy, to manifest such strong approbation of republicanism.

How little could I think, at that time, that, twenty years thereafter, I would seek an asylum in the country of Washington!

I was now in my eighteenth year; and the next year I had to take my chance in what is called the conscription. Should I draw a low number, I must enter the army for five years; our means being insufficient to procure a substitute. Let me be sincere, and confess that I secretly wished to be in the necessity of serving; so great remained my desire for military position, notwithstanding my two-years' university life, and my father's dependent state of health. I must confess it; and, besides the faculties of law and literature, I entered that of mathematics, so as to enable me to enter with advantage the artillery, should my number call me to the ranks.

And thus I studied hard and many things, and drew my lot, at any rate, without much concern. I drew so high a number, however, as to place me out of reach of conscription to all certainty. I remember the frantic despair of a young man who drew No. 4, and was, of course, bound to march immediately. I went home and laid my No. 434

before my poor old father, whose tears ran fast when he beheld me, his only support and stay. And I must confess it, O my God! my joy was not as great as it ought to have been; nor did I feel as thankful as I ought to have felt for the inestimable privilege of nursing him in his disabled condition.

For more than ten years my mother's fortunes had been entirely separate from those of my father. With her usual strength and independence of character, she had formed an institute for young ladies, and succeeded in establishing a well-deserved reputation. My sister was always with her, and took part in her labors. It was now eleven years since I had seen them. Our correspondence was languid, though regular; and I heard that both were staying some time with a family at the Hague, a city about ten miles distant from Leiden. I could not resist the wish of seeing them, and went; and I found her as noble and as beautiful as ever, and my sister sweet and amiable. One day I spent with them, and returned with my sister, who came to see her father. Sweet are these recollections, though not without a mixture of grief; for we remembered the time when we were all together, and my brother was the life of the family. Now he was dead, and buried in a far-distant country; and our parents seemed dead to each other, though messages of mutual esteem were exchanged.

My studies were as varied as well could be,

ranging through literature, jurisprudence, and the wide field of mathematical and physical sciences; and my time much employed in giving lessons, writing dissertations for those who had either no brains or no wish to do it themselves, reviewing books and translating others, yea, even indulging in the youthful presumption of writing a novel. Yet it became necessary to pass my examination as a candidate in the faculty of mathematical sciences; and, having done so, I began to think of competing for the golden prize by writing a dissertation on one of the prize-questions yearly proposed by the five faculties to all the academical citizens of the country.

I had just commenced to gather the materials, when the political horizon of Europe began to be portentous. In France, the July Revolution of 1830 drove the Bourbons from the throne; and, in Belgium, the long-gathering thunder-cloud burst suddenly. United to the Northern Provinces, they had most of the disadvantages and few of the advantages of this union. Differing in language, in religion, in national character, fifteen years had only embittered the feelings of the two nations; and what my father had often foretold me, as the natural consequence of misgovernment, finally did happen. The Dutch officials were expelled, the troops driven away, the authority of the Prince of Orange was rejected; although he tried very hard to espouse the cause of the rebelling provinces, and was, in consequence, obliged to go into voluntary exile to England.

Since the burning of his correspondence, my father had materially changed his views with regard to the Orange dynasty. High-minded and chivalrous, he did not stop half-way; but, in a political paper which he edited since two years, he very warmly supported the cause of Orange against Belgium. All the Northern Provinces were in a blaze. Volunteer companies were organized. The students of the various universities formed separate corps; and the University of Leiden was not behind the rest.

I shall never forget the scene. On the 13th of November, two hundred and fifty students, in marching costume, with blowing horns and flying colors, marched into the ancient Cathedral of St. Peter's. There the Venerable Academical Senate received them to give them a last farewell. At the word of command, they halted, and forming a crescent, with shouldered arms, listened to the heart-stirring words of the Rector Magnificus, the Chevalier V. A. "He praised their loyalty. He regretted their departure—the hope of many parents, the expectation of a country; but they went to avenge the cause of injured royalty, the cause of justice, the cause of Him who ruleth the battle. They would be remembered. They would live in the memory of their fellow-students; and, not least, in the memory of those who took their parents' place. The *Alma Mater* sent them forth with grief, but with the blessing of God."

Many were the eyes glistening with tears at

that truly solemn moment. It was solemn, because all was *real*. For months they had been drilled into perfect discipline by experienced army officers—their leaders. Their destination was a post of danger, where an invasion from the Belgian provinces was daily expected. They entered at once upon the duties of an active soldier's life; and when, leaving the church, they halted at the City Hall to receive the cartridges, paleness crept over the face of many a bystander. But, at the word of command, the company was in motion, and marched in silence in the direction of the frontier; leaving the pursuits of peaceful Minerva for the arduous and dangerous duties at the outposts of G.

And my heart followed them; but, in the midst of my prize-answer, I had been unwilling to give up the hope of being crowned. The horn which daily called the forming company to the drill had not disturbed me in my assiduous labor; and so I worked until it was too late of thinking to join my fellow-students. And, on the first day of November, I sent my dissertation to the Secretary of the University. Not wishing, in case of failure, to disappoint my father, I had kept it secret from him; but now, my hands being free, the thought of entering the army pre-occupied me unceasingly.

Professor T. urged my father's helpless condition. The Chevalier V. A. smiled at my idea, and advised me not to follow it. Why he smiled, I shall have occasion to explain hereafter; but when I consulted my father, he remained immova-

ble in his opinion, "*It was my duty to go.*" And so I went to the brave Major Van Dam, who was levying a free corps of chasseurs; and I offered my services. They were cheerfully accepted; and on the first of December, 1830, I embraced my dear father, and left for the frontier city of Tiel, where my corps was organizing.

It was the first time I had ever left him; and, notwithstanding the natural buoyancy of my spirits, I must confess that it was a severe trial. But I left with him the excellent Professor T., whose dwelling adjoined our quarters, and whose kind attention I knew. I left him; and his last "Remember!" sounded long in my ears.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARMY.

Do my readers know what is a student's life? It is essentially what Cicero calls the climax of happiness—*otium bene occupatum*, "leisure well employed." I was an early riser; perhaps, in this, an exception. At four o'clock I lighted my study lamp, and, until seven, went through my deepest studies. Then came a solitary breakfast; and from eight o'clock I visited the various lectures I had to attend. After noon, I had my private lessons. Towards three, I met my dear old father at a frugal dinner: then we had a pleasant chat. I took a walk with some fellow-student, paid a visit to one of the *Viri Clarissimi*, or took a cup of tea with some congenial friends; but at seven o'clock, like every *working* student, I was in my room, and *not at home*. This was the even tenor of our life, interrupted now and then by a Saturday's excursion or a supper at one of our learned professors'; and on Sunday, by the church-going bell, when each one found out his favorite preacher; and you might see, in the ancient churches once devoted to Catholic worship, hundreds of young men, listening with respectful attention to sermons of from one to two hours' duration.

And *I* went there; for a *difficulty* which I had

with one of my fellow-students led to a serious explanation with the chevalier, who, though a man of the court, and therefore of the world, was nevertheless a stanch advocate of Calvinism. And I began to see that, with my stoic philosophy, I was *out of the way;* for in that country, O reader! *to belong to no church* is considered synonymous with infidelity: and to be an infidel is considered not only a lack of judgment, but even a reproach. "How do you know," said the chevalier, in his vehement though polite manner—"how do you know *that* not to be true which you don't know? And what right have you, through your *ignorant* unbelief, to offend others who are better instructed?"

And I remember how I quailed before his piercing eye, and felt the truth of his reproof. I had read the Scriptures, but with the intention of seeing nothing in them but a venerable record of antiquity. And I had learned many things concerning the First Cause and man's creation and destiny; but of God's providence, and his relation to sinning creatures—of the *scheme* of Christianity, in one word—I was deeply ignorant.

I went to one of the theological lights of the time, and asked his advice. He recommended to me his work, "The Way of Salvation," in two volumes; and I left him discouraged; for he used many technical terms which I could not understand. My father smiled when I told him, and advised me to go to the French Walloon minister.

"There you belong," he said, "and there you will be understood." And so it was. With courtly politeness, I was received at once as a catechumen; and, during a whole year, I never failed to go to my weekly lesson. I went through a regular course, learned a great number of texts, passed a very creditable examination before the consistory, made my profession on the following Sunday, and partook of the Lord's Supper. I was moved to tears, and wrote very edifying letters to my mother and sister. Yet, O my God! I remained estranged from thee, my Beginning and my End. Those tears and those burning words were the emotions of the carnal mind; and therefore time dried them up and blunted them, until, years and years thereafter, thou openedst the fountain of thy goodness and mercy unto thy servant.

Yet I believed, and, like all converts, sought to convert whom best I loved. And I persuaded my father to read the Scriptures, and procured him a Geneva translation in large type. It was my parting gift; and little did I think that in my absence it would work in him what as yet I knew only by name—a slow but thorough conversion and reconciliation.

With these social habits and religious views, I arrived at Tiel, and took my quarters in the barracks. It was a startling transition. Instead of the quietness of Minerva's city, the bustling turmoil of a frontier place; instead of the companionship of congenial, gentlemanly students, the forced

society of rude volunteers from all classes and all quarters; instead of the dignified kindness of our learned professors, the rough and dictatorial harshness of sergeants and officers; instead of the delightful morning studies, the shrill *reveille* and morning roll-call; instead of the learned lectures and interesting experiments, the two hours' morning drill; instead of the simple but cheerful dinner with my old father, the onslaught, in companies of five, upon a pot of *radatouille*. Truly it was a great change. And when, on the second day, I had signed my name, and was thus enlisted as a soldier, to serve *as long* as the war should last, I felt as if I had done a rash thing, and wished the war to be of short duration. But my vexation increased when I perceived that I was not even considered as a volunteer. "What volunteer!" exclaimed an officer, who gave me a stern command, and whom I politely reminded of our being volunteers, "Here are no volunteers. You *were* a volunteer until you signed the articles; but since, you are a soldier, and must *obey*." The man's logic startled me and others at first; but, after all, he was not wrong.

Most of the corps being old soldiers, the organization took little time; and we were sent to reduce a frontier province into obedience, which had begun to sympathize with the Belgians. This was a hard and in many respects a dangerous service. We were often divided into small bands, and had strict orders to keep our carbines loaded, and never

to touch any food which had not previously been tasted by our hosts ! Fanatical and ignorant, bitter and treacherous, they considered all means as fair ; and many a chasseur was cut off and never heard of afterwards.

One night a small detachment was quartered in an extensive brewery. They were rich people, and considered as the most influential among the disaffected. It was a large and well-built house, with huge fire-places in the Flemish style. We were entertained with unbounded liberality ; and the daughter of our host, a real Brabançonne beauty, drew not a little of our attention. Stately and proudly she moved through the rough soldiery, her dark eye flashing fire ; nor did she heed the words of rude admiration. She sat down, and rested her beautiful head on her snow-white hand. Wine and beer were liberally given, and the men began to sing wild songs. The groups of inhabitants increased, and their sulky mien seemed threatening. There was something mysterious about the whole, which made me a keen observer of all that was going on.

I took my seat near the fascinating beauty, and heard her words of grief and wounded pride. The mother approached, a venerable, gray-haired lady, and, with a suppressed sigh, sat down, apparently exhausted with fatigue. My name was called; and, as I answered the interpellation, the mother, who had been looking at me with attention, was startled. She laid her hand on my shoulder, and

asked, with deep emotion, "Who is your father?" And, when I named him, she fell back in her chair, and exclaimed, "Blessed Virgin! it is he!" And she told me how this village had belonged to my ancestral patrimony, and how I had often been there when yet a little child; and she took my two hands, and, looking steadily in my face, exclaimed with the fondness of prolix old age, "Is it you indeed—you, the son of that good and generous man?"

At this moment the song of the chasseurs rose wild in the spacious halls; a shrill whistle pierced the outside darkness; and the daughter turned her proud head, and said in a tone of deep emotion and heartfelt pity, "Mother, if you *will* save him, do it *now*, or it will be *too late*."

I rushed to the commanding sergeant, and whispered impetuously into his ear, "Call the men off, or we are lost!" And, seizing the hornblower's horn, he ran to the door, already thronged with people, and blew the startling alarm-blast. In a moment the chasseurs, accustomed to sudden appeals, were on their feet, and, carbine in hand, fell into the ranks. The sergeant rapidly counted his men; and the small detachment marched, with blowing horn, to headquarters. If we were surprised, our lurking enemies were more so. Their treacherous attempt was defeated; for, if it was easy to surprise a few men whilst luxuriating in drink and good cheer, it was not so when in the open field and on their guard.

I need not say that I was deeply moved by the sudden occurrence. It was a hairbreadth escape. To all the questions of the sergeant I answered that I would myself report to the commander. His friendship I enjoyed; and some letters, imprudently sent by my father in a newspaper, having accidently come to his notice, he had been struck by the tone of love and confidence between father and son, and since treated me with marked distinction. I reported to him what I had seen and heard, without involving the owners of the house, but rather leaving the impression that we owed our safety to their warning.

One morning, in the month of January, I returned to the guard-house, having accomplished my two hours' duty as sentinel, the last two of the allotted twelve, when the sergeant remitted me two letters. The one was from my father. I tore it open. It began with words of joy and blessed happiness. His son had carried the golden prize. The chevalier and Professor T. had called upon him, and communicated the happy intelligence, which, like the latter rain upon a parched soil, came so unexpectedly, so refreshingly, to gladden his lonely old age.

And it was so. I opened the other letter. It was from the secretary of the faculty of mathematical and physical sciences, instructing me that: "To a prize-answer signed with the motto, *Quocunque oculos*, etc., the faculty had awarded the golden medal; and that, on opening the sealed

ticket, my name having been found, I was summoned to appear, on the seventh day of February, before the faculty, to give further proof of being the author, and, this being satisfactory, to receive, on the following day, the prize of my diligence." And I must say that my first thought was of my father and of his joy ; the next was that of gratified ambition. For once, I had succeeded in uniting military honor with the achievement of literary fame. A soldier in what was deemed the cause of loyalty, I should receive the academical palm.

And when, that same day, we had to march some twenty miles through heavy rains and muddy roads, and at the end of our toil, found only toward midnight our forlorn, miserable quarters, I felt very little fatigue, very little hunger; and, when I lay down on the scanty straw, I believe I dreamed of my father, of Leiden, of the prize-answer, and of the medal.

Yet there was a drawback in my felicity. We were in a hostile country, in active service. How could I expect to obtain leave of absence, even for a few days ? And my father, foreseeing the difficulty, expressed the opinion that I should not leave my corps unless the circumstances were entirely favorable. And it was not until the third of February, when we had just performed a wearisome march, that, towards midnight, I went up to the quarters of my commander, and exposed my dilemma.

"I give you leave," he said, "but under one condition; and that is, that you will receive the medal in your soldier's uniform."

I never promised anything more gladly. It was all I wished. And, on the following day, I set out, with knapsack and carbine; and arrived on the seventh in Leiden, in time to undergo the necessary examination, to rest from my journey, and to pass a happy, happy day with my father. It was the last day of my twenty-first year: the next would be my anniversary—the day of my coronation—the day of Pallas and Minerva!

CHAPTER X.

ACADEMIC HONORS.

Youth is generous, and, when not narrowed by the trammels of fashionable life, a liberal appreciator of merit and honor. When, on the eighth of February, I had donned, with more than usual care, my graceful chasseur's uniform, and, with my father's wishes and blessing, went to the antique University Hall, I met a crowd of hundreds of my fellow-students; and many were the cheerful congratulations whilst I passed into the senate-room. There I found half a dozen of noble young men, who, in court-dress, were waiting the signal for the procession; and one of Leiden's oldest students, who, like myself, in soldier's uniform, was about to receive his crown. And the beadles came with their stately staves, and with sonorous voice sang out, "*Hora est audita!*" And the Rector Magnificus took the lead, followed by the grave professors in their flowing robes; and next came we, the two soldiers, to whom the honor of precedence was given; whilst the other victors in the noble battle of mind and learning closed the train. And, whilst the rector ascended the highest cathedra, the professors took their seats on each side, the doctors behind them, and we on the first bench opposite the rector. The large hall was filled to

overflowing with students; and the high galleries, with ladies and other spectators. And my heart beat high, and I wished to have met my father's gaze and satisfied smile; but he was in his humble room, disabled and an invalid.

After a silence of reverent expectation, the rector began his discourse on "The Immoderate Strife after Liberty, the Cause of Europe's Calamities." In glowing language, with an eloquence and a Latinity worthy of Cicero, he depicted the miseries entailed on Europe by the hazardous attempts, in Poland, Italy, Spain, France, and Belgium, to overturn the existing dominions. The chevalier (for it was he) was an ardent champion of "the divine right of kings;" and he had, at that time, the majority in his favor. But the noble-hearted Professor T., though devoted to the reigning dynasty, was liberal at heart, and, unable to control his feelings, arose, and said with his own peculiar emphasis, "*Protesto!*" The audience respected the silver-haired Professor's independence; and the chevalier, with a smiling "*Licitum!*" proceeded, and was covered with a thundering applause; a tribute, I believe, more to his matchless eloquence than to the principles which he so ably defended.

Then the academic secretary arose, and read the detailed criticisms on each of the prize-answers sent; and, when he sat down, the rector called the first, who happened to be my fellow-soldier, and, in a graceful address, remitted to him the prize of

learning and diligence. Little did he think, when, the hand raised in military salute, he stood before the rector, that, as Governor-general of Netherlands' India, he would, for five years, have absolute dominion over fourteen millions of subjects, and return to his country loaded with wealth and honors!

When my own turn came I was paralyzed by contending feelings. The rector had to repeat three times his whispered invitation, "*Accede ad hanc cathedram;*" and, when I stood before him, the chevalier's eye was glistening with emotion (for he loved me truly and verily); and with a voice, which, from pathetic tenderness, rose gradually to the highest pitch of power, he said:

"I just now praised filial piety, which, of all virtues, I think the most amiable. How must I feel affected when beholding thee, O most beloved Leno! whom I wish to commend to all thy fellow-students as the true and express image of true filial piety? Thou art the only consolation, the only support, of an infirm father, old in age, and afflicted by adversity. The hours which others use to pass in pleasure, or relaxation of the mind, thou spendest in nursing and fostering and sustaining thy father. Receive, then, this prize of honor, O parent-nursing son! Such as I know thee toward thy father, such wilt thou be toward thy country. Of this hope, the prize which thou hast carried, and the military dress wherein thou appearest, seem to be a sure and double pledge."

Oh, the double crown which on that day I received! For, truly, the wreath which so great and good a man twined around my youthful head in words of eloquent approval was greater, far greater, crown to me than the golden prize which he put in my trembling hand.

And, staggering with emotion, I descended the steps, whilst a threefold applause burst from my fellow-students; a proof that they were generous sons, and that many of them would have done as well, or better, if placed in the same circumstances.

And for these circumstances I bless thee, O my God! the Fountain of my existence. For, if I had lived in wealth or moderate riches, the little good which was in me could not have been brought out; and the evil which was in me, thou knowest it, might have overgrown the good.

To thy honor, then, have I recorded these words of commendation; for to thee I owe the good, and to thee the occasion of growing in it; and, by thy will and dispensation, this man became the messenger of thy approval.

And having given my father the remainder of the day, and seen that all was right concerning his comforts, and recommended him to the care of the honest people where we had our rooms, I packed, on the following morning, my knapsack, and, arrayed in marching costume, stood before my father, whose tears ran fast with joy and sorrow, and truly received his blessing, and began my

long and wearisome march to the frontier. For I had spent much money in hastening to see him, but now I had to save ; and, with reluctant steps, I marched several days, till, on the thirteenth of February, I discovered the walls of Bois-le-Duc, where my corps was quartered.

It was nearly night, a frosty winter night, when I passed Fort Isabel. Its high walls and threatening cannon brought strange remembrances to my mind. For there my great-grandfather had commanded in the war with Louis XV ; wherein, at his own expense, he brought four companies in the field, and led them in the battle of Fontenoy, and cheered them, in the murderous charge, under grapeshot and grenades, with, "*Never mind the peas, my men! never mind!*" And the States, to reward his services, intrusted to him Fort Isabel, the key of Bois-le-Duc, itself the key to the Northern Provinces. Leaning on my carbine, I gazed at the massive walls, and thought how strangely our fortunes had fallen ; and I thought of my poor disabled father, in his scantily furnished room at Leiden, and of my mother, and of my sister, and of my brother, buried on the other side of the Atlantic, until the drum and fife and the long-drawn note of the chasseurs' horns awakened me from my reverie. It was the tattoo ; and I had to hasten my step to reach the gate in time.

The following morning, we marched from Bois-le-Duc to the frontier of Braband. There was, at

that time, an armistice concluded between the two belligerent parties. The Belgians had received a king. They organized their country, it must be said, with amazing rapidity. Yet it took some time before the *blouse*, that emblem of the July Revolution, was banished from their ranks. Their unruly bands used to make continual invasions in our territory. We were kept in perpetual alarm; and once a hundred volunteers were asked, I believe, to help in teaching them a lesson. They were soon mustered, and marched to the frontier line, and there encamped. Mutual transgressions over the line were of daily occurrence. There was an inn situate on the line, which ran through the bar-room; a black stripe on the floor marking the separation between the two hostile territories. And there the officers and soldiers used to repair, and, each keeping his ground, to empty many a glass to each other's success. One morning, it was known that a large body of marauders would pass the line. A detachment was sent in ambuscade; whilst the commanding officer went to the inn, where he was sure to find the Belgian chief. With friendly discourse, he kept his attention engaged until a few gunshots startled him.

"What is that?" cried he.

"Nothing, monsieur," said the officer, "but a few shots in honor of your soldiers, who have become our guests."

And thus we passed the spring, until we were directed to Tilburg; where soon the headquarters

were established, and the bulk of the army began to be concentrated. The Prince of Orange had returned from England, and assumed the supreme command. From all quarters troops began to arrive; and we heard that another division was organizing under the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, and a third under General Van Geen. An invasion of Belgium was at hand; and with cheerful expectation we waited for the order, "Forward!"

During all that time I read diligently the classics, which, in miniature form, I carried in my knapsack. I remember having read through Virgil and Horace, and still reverence the little books for the pleasure they afforded me during many an hour of solitary watch. And with my father I kept a regular correspondence. His letters were full of love and confidence. There was a work going on in him which then I could not understand. "The Bible," he said, "I gave him, was a treasure; it had become his daily morning bread." And soon he asked for the Holy Communion; and, leaning on the arm of a faithful servant, he came to the church publicly to confess the divinity of Him whom so long he had only reverenced as a human teacher. Thus didst thou, O God! visit his patient loneliness, and sweeten the last days of his troubled life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BATTLE OF LOUVAIN.

War has two sides—the preparation and the execution. If it were not for the bloody scenes and unspeakable miseries of the last, the first might be said to have its attractive beauties. Thousands of men in the freshness of youth, variously equipped, and skillfully banded together in companies and battalions, and regiments and brigades and divisions, moving and contracting and extending, like an immense body animated by one spirit and obeying one leader, with the rapidity and precision wherewith we are accustomed to move the mechanism of our body at the command of our mind—it is indeed a masterpiece of moral and physical power ; it is an exhibition of harmony which cannot but leave an impression of grandeur, until the horrors of a battle-field withdraw the curtain, and show the demon of war in its unutterable hideousness.

The Prince of Orange had arrived at the headquarters of Tilburg. He ordered a review of the first and second divisions—together about twenty-four thousand men strong. At daybreak, we marched to the place of rendezvous; and, about noon, we had formed our lines. The Prince passed in sweeping gallop, followed by a numerous staff ;

and then, taking his stand about the middle of the immense line, he gave words of command. The generals took up his order in long-drawn tones, and the colonels repeated it with stern distinctness; until, at the last emphatic syllable, one tremendous clash brought twenty thousand muskets to the shoulder. Another command was given, and in a few moments the immense lines were ranged in serried columns. Soon we heard another command still ringing over the extensive plain; and a rattling sound, like distant thunder, announced the approaching cavalry. It swept by in huge masses —two thousand cuirassiers with their glittering armor like a beam of light in the brilliant sunshine, and the hussars with their waving plumes and picturesque dolmans, and the lancers with their gay and variegated streamers. At the third command of "*Halt!*" repeated at intervals, the rushing mass stood motionless; and, for a few moments, there was a breathless silence. But soon command followed command, and with dashing speed the flying-artillery broke through between the cavalry and ourselves. Clouds of dust followed their passage; and it was scarcely allayed when we perceived that the defile had commenced. And when our turn had come, and we had vented our patriotism in a hearty "*Hurrah!*" we marched back to our quarters, where we arrived at night, with the prospect of one day's rest, and then "*Forward!*"

The Belgian Government relied for its security upon two armies—that of the Scheldt, in the west,

under the orders of General Tiecken, and that of the Meuse, in the east, under General Daine. The Prince of Orange marched straight between the two. We took Turnhout, the scene of the heroism of Prince Mauritius of Orange; and my fellow-students of L. fought a hard battle at Beringen, where two of the noble company fell, and several were wounded. When, at Gheel, the Prince had established his head-quarters, it needed all the confidence which he inspired; for we were inclosed between two powerful armies. But it was in vain that General Daine tried to effect a junction with the army of the Scheldt. Battle after battle was fought, city after city taken; and we entered Diest.

I shall never forget that morning's march. It was harvest-time, and the surrounding country seemed to exult in the endless variety of its surpassing beauty. All along the roadside, the peaceful dwellings of the humble peasants were empty and deserted; and in the distance we could see them fleeing with what they could carry off. It was, to me at least, a painful sight. Hardened indeed must be the man who can see a single human being suffering and not sympathize: what, then, if he is part of a force which spreads terror and desolation among the defenceless? Wagon after wagon passed, filled with mutilated soldiers; for it was a short but continuous struggle. For them I felt; but I knew that my turn might come. But the sight of mothers carrying their

babes, and of children fleeing with their scanty possessions, humbled me—pained and mortified me.

We encamped out of Diest; for our corps was in the vanguard, and it was my turn to be on watch. Far away and scattered were the outposts; and, when at night I stood sentinel, I could clearly see the enemy's videttes. I stood behind a cornfield, and kept wide awake; for it was rumored that Gen. Daine intended that night to make a last attempt to break through, and join the western army; and, in cases of sudden attack, the outposts are first to be silenced.

I saw a shadowy form moving in the waving stalks, and the faint glimmering of a bayonet; and, levelling my carbine, I cried, "*Werda!*" and, receiving no answer, I fired. Reloading immediately, I kept ready; when a sudden dash was made near the same place. I fired a second time; heard an exclamation; and was glad when a corporal and two men came at a running pace to my relief. The post was doubled. We heard many distant gunshots, but remained unmolested until daybreak; when, searching the spot, we found the traces of a hiding place and of blood.

The same day, Gen. Daine began to retreat. The Duke of Saxe-Weimar intercepting him, his flight soon became disastrous; and we had done with the army of the Meuse.

And now the Prince of Orange resolved to march upon Louvain. Long before daybreak we

were called to the ranks. There was no noise of drum or horn. In deepest silence our vanguard was dispatched to clear the way. For some time we followed the *chaussée;* then we turned to the left—a narrow path up hill. We had scarcely entered it when a gun was fired behind. It was a sentinel, who gave the alarm too late ; being surprised by our cautious march. Less awake than I had been on a similar occasion, he paid his drowsiness with death ; for he was shot whilst retreating. And when, some days thereafter, we passed the same road, we found him on the spot—a tall and handsome youth ; and the chasseur who shot him quietly took off his shoes, and put them on in exchange for his own, which had seen long and hard service.

We continued our ascent ; and, having reached the summit of the hill, extended *en tirailleurs* along a hedge. We were received with a well-sustained fire, obliged to rejoin our column, and pushed on. Extending again, we had the whole line of *tirailleurs* before us. Some of our men fell ; and the cry of "*Cavalry!*" threw a momentary panic among them. Retreating upon the chief column now advancing, we rallied, forming a separate body ; and became entangled in a hollow way, when a galling fire carried off half a dozen of our best men. A swarm of hostile chasseurs covered the hill above us, and our position became critical. We fortunately got out of the hollow road, and found refuge behind a low mud wall.

We were about fifteen left; and I observed that our lieutenant took a lengthy draught from his field-bottle. The enemy descended the hill, and we fired with indefatigable rapidity. We had the advantage of a good mark and a shelter. A heavy mist came to our help. We heard on the other side of the hill the cannons roaring. Suddenly the enemy, who had until now slowly descended, turned, and retreated in haste. Following the direction of the cannon, we soon emerged from our isolated position, and rejoined our corps, who had given us up for lost.

The battle had now fairly begun. Our grape-shot did terrible execution on two regiments occupying the center of the enemy's position. We were ordered to attack their left flank. They disputed the ground inch by inch. During more than two hours we advanced steadily, giving and receiving fire. This kind of fight often became personal. I remembered having followed the same chasseur, a huge and bearded fellow, for perhaps a quarter of an hour, exchanging more than six shots; until my bullet brought death to him, relief to me. And I remember the cool reflections of my companion—for *tirailleurs* go always two by two: "You will not hit him! Too high! Now take your chance!"

A cry was raised, "The Prince is killed!" It was a false alarm. He had a horse shot under him; but, immediately mounting another, we soon saw him in full gallop, followed by his staff. I

shall never forget the cheerful smile with which, waving his hand, he cried to us, "Well done, chasseurs! we shall soon be in Louvain!" On he rode, under a hail of cannon-balls plowing the earth, and raising dust enough to hide his white plume from our sight. But on he rode until he reached the Peltenberg, and thence, with his spy-glass, surveyed the enemy's position.

There lay the ancient city of Louvain before us. But, on the plain between, the enemy had concentrated all his forces; and a formidable array of artillery extended in front of the city. Our troops halted on the declivity of the hill. I suppose the Prince foresaw great loss of life, should he continue the attack; and he waited for the co-operation of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who, by a circuitous route, was to turn the city. But, as it was, it was a severe trial; for the enemy's artillery thundered unceasingly. There I saw the regiments of the Frisian militia standing immovable, with shouldered musket, under the most galling fire; there I saw the same cannon-ball taking off one man's feet, another's legs, and a third's head, according as they stood on the declivity. The same shot carried off the leg of the brave Col. Gaillere, and that of his son, both of the cuirassiers. But the whole army remained immovable, except the artillery; and the Prince stood with his staff, motionless, as if bidding defiance to their endeavors.

At last a flag of truce was seen advancing; and

the British *chargé d' affaires*, Sir Robert Adair, requested the Prince to grant an armistice ; adding the information that a French army of fifty thousand men had come to the rescue of Belgium. "I shall take Louvain," answered the Prince, "and see about the French." Another half-hour of firing ensued, when the distant thundering of heavy cannon announced Saxe-Weimar's approach. There was now a stir in the whole army, and we expected the order of "Forward !" when a second flag of truce appeared, and an officer was led blindfolded before the Prince. An armistice was conceded, under the condition that, the following day, our troops should enter Louvain with flying colors.

It was four o'clock. Fatigued, we took our positions for our bivouac. That night I slept well and soundly; but I know I never thought of Thee, my God, nor of Thy mercy in preserving me, nor of the work in which I had been engaged.

In the morning, when the roll was called, twenty-six were missing of the two hundred and fifty ; and there was a gloom over all, for many of these men were brave and good. The rest of the day was spent in repose, and in visiting the venerable city of Louvain. I did not go. I felt as if I could not enjoy the hard-bought, and, after all, useless triumph over a people who had been misguided, and galled into insurrection by misgovernment. I began to doubt the motives of this invasion ; for, at twelve miles' distance from the capital, we were

arrested just in point of time by a French army superior in numbers. The Prince of Orange, contented, it would seem, with having recovered his lost popularity, agreed to leave, the following day, with a victorious army, the fruit of a campaign masterly combined and strenuously achieved. "We leave to-morrow!" we said in astonishment: "we return the same road we came! Why not fight these Frenchmen? Why retire as if we were not in the territory of the lawful king?"

And, when the ranks were formed, the commander read an order of the day, wherein the Prince expressed his satisfaction, and gave reasons, plausible but not convincing, for our retreat. It was, I remember it well, received with sullen silence; and when the command was given, "Forward, march!" one of our spokesmen exclaimed, "Say, rather, '*Backward, march!*'"

We were quartered along the frontier, when I heard that my mother and sister were at the Hague; and my heart longed to see them. I obtained furlough for a week, and hastened to the Hague. I arrived the day before their departure; and thence I hastened to Leiden to my father. I found him well, though visibly affected by my long absence. Thin and shadowy, his corporeal frame seemed to be kept alive only by his vigorous, clear, and kindly spirit; for all the bitterness and rashness which sometimes used to overtake him was gone, and his heart seemed thoroughly filled with the consoling doctrine of his Redeemer. It was

evident that, during the absence of the son of his hope, he had sought and found the abundant riches of the Son of God. Thus, from evil, Thou knowest how to draw the highest good: for the rough and rude soldier's life was to me an evil; but to him the solitude was a blessing, wherein he sought and found the pearl of infinite price.

And though Thou withdrewest from me, or, rather, I from Thee, and many years elapsed, wherein in blindness I knew Thee not, and in wickedness I often denied Thee, yet Thou hadst marked the appointed time wherein the son should come to Thee, as the father did before. Truly Thou art merciful, and our life is hidden—hidden in Thee, the Fountain of all life!

The truce signed by the Prince of Orange was ratified by the king; and a voice went up through the length and breadth of the country, "Let the thousand sons of our universities, the flower of our nation, the hope of so many parents, return from the army. If necessary, they will be ready for action; but, until then, let them return to the noble strife of mind and talent."

The king decreed that all the students in the army should have an indefinite furlough. Great were the preparations made for the reception of these youthful bands; and I must confess, that when, myself in uniform, I went to meet my fellow-students, the sight of the two hundred and fifty chasseurs of Leiden, dusty and soiled and fatigued with the long march, and having passed a

year in the privations and hardships of warfare, and recently gone through a severe ordeal of fire—I must confess that it moved me.

They marched straight to the ancient St. Peter's Cathedral; and, when arrived in the middle of the spacious nave, they halted, and with a thunder-clap the muskets were brought down. There stood again the venerable Rector Magnificus with the Illustrious Senate; and a touching address welcomed them home to the *penates Palladis*. It recalled to my mind the imposing scene of their departure. Thus this youthful band began and ended their career in the house of God. But then the scene was saddening, though sublime: now it was gladsome and cheering. A band of youthful maidens, arrayed in white, advanced; and one of them, in the name of all, presented to each soldier a medal, bearing the simple inscription, "Grateful testimonial of the maidens of Leiden to the faithful defenders of their country's rights." Pleasing is the remembrance; and, though in my wanderings I have lost many tokens of affection or honor, the bronze medal, handed by the Virgins of Minerva's City, is still in my possession.

The remainder of the day was devoted to banqueting and joyful intercourse; whilst in the evening the illuminated streets and dwellings testified to the joy of all the inhabitants. But, when the morning came, the uniform and muskets were carefully laid aside, and Minerva's sons resumed the quiet tenor of a life devoted to study and learning.

CHAPTER XII.

TWO SISTERS.

I took up my studies with renewed zeal—all the lectures and lessons for the *doctoral* examination in mathematical sciences and natural philosophy; which being passed successfully, the candidate becomes a *doctorandus,* at any time entitled to gain the doctor's degree by the public defence of an approved dissertation, written in Latin, on an appropriate subject. These studies and lectures were many, and deeply interesting; and, when my father was taken with a repeated attack (as he had often been), I joined to them the duties of editing his paper. But, after two or three months, I found it difficult to combine studying and editing; and I requested him to resume the journal. I would not have done so years before; and, even now, bitterly do I regret it. For he was old and feeble, and unfit for the task; but I had become more selfish and less sacrificing. I remember it now with sorrow; and many things I do remember, which were the consequence of increased knowledge, self-importance and independence.

About that time the chevalier returned from the headquarters of the army, where he had been actively engaged as private secretary to the Prince

of the Netherlands. I went to see him, and plainly told him my disappointment at the result of our campaign.

"My dear friend," said he, with his usual smile, "I knew it before. The campaign, the French intervention, the subsequent agreement, the retreat—I knew it before you heard the command of 'Forward!' and nothing more was intended than what was obtained."

I remained silent. The thousands of lives lost; lives of brave militia-men, who had left their homes and families; lives of promising sons, who had loyally left their peaceful avocations; and the heaps of slain, as I passed them on the last day of battle; and the groans of mothers and widows—it all took shape and form in my youthful mind, naturally generous and compassionate. *All that* to re-establish the lost popularity of the king's heir! And I understood the chevalier's smile, when I spoke of leaving for the army, and his actual silence while turning the leaves of a "Plutarch" he was perusing; and my dream of military honor and glory was *gone—gone forever!*

"Amice," said the chevalier, "you are of military family; and, as I perceive, you have been honored by your commander. If you wish it, I have it in my power to procure you an officer's rank in the staff."

"Chevalier," said I, "I thank you. I have done my duty, and wish to remain with my aged father. I thank you."

And, when I had scarcely spoken these words, the Count George de C. was ushered in, himself once a soldier in the Leiden company, and now promoted to the stepping-stone to further honor. I took my hat, and went home to my dark back-room, where, pondering over my mathematics, I tried to forget my destroyed illusions. And I remember that my heart was soured, and that, for the first time, the reality of life commenced to dawn.

Then I began to be restless and dissatisfied, and sometimes harsh and unkind; and, when my father was taken so ill as to make me fear his end was approaching, my sister came to nurse him, and remained several days. Once I answered her in a thoughtless manner, and she broke out in tears; and, dissatisfied with myself, I did not know what to amend, nor how. For I did not know Thee, O God! the fountain of true love and charity; and all my learning and studies did not teach me anything, until it pleased Thee to draw me by the affection of sweet and innocent children. Thus, reviewing my life, it now appears to me; though at that time it seemed mere accident and chance.

Autumn came, and the leaves began to fall; and the chilly cold increased my mental depression. Seated before a table covered with mathematical papers, I was looking with listless apathy through the open window. There was nothing to cheer my eye—a brick-paved courtyard, surrounded by a high wall, and three or four tall poplars at the end, with some gooseberry-bushes between; and

there came a little girl, slender, and with fair and waving locks. She moved up and down, with paper and pencil in her tiny hand, and seemed to make an attempt at sketching; and, perceiving that I observed her, she drew nearer and nearer, as children are apt to do. I loved her sweet and gentle manner, and took her paper, and drew on it; and she copied, leaning against the window-sill. I asked her who she was. She said:

"My name is Eleonore; and I have a sister named Adelaide, two years younger; and we live with our mother in this house."

I asked her to come into my study; and, giving her a seat and model and sheet of paper, requested her to try, and directed her small and flexible fingers, and observed her intelligent, beautiful profile. She had evidently a genial disposition; and I promised to give her daily a lesson. When, the following day, she was gravely established at my writing-table, her younger sister made her appearance on some errand from her mother. If I had been struck by the transparent beauty of Eleonore, the fresh and modest face of Adelaide, with her large blue eyes incased in dark and silky lashes, seemed like the personification of childhood's holy innocence. In Eleonore, I could not but admire the transparency of refined intellect: in Adelaide, there was something more and deeper still. It was the transparency of an honest, truthful heart, with its hidden treasure of unconscious goodness and elastic cheerfulness.

Such were these children. I made the acquaint-

ance of their mother. Married at an early age, Mrs. de Ridder was left with two infant daughters, when her husband, a captain in the French Army, was ordered to Russia. He was reported among the slain; and his young and beautiful widow mourned his loss during three years: for he was a brave and handsome soldier, and a devoted husband. Nothing could induce her to give her hand away; and she continued to wear the external apparel of mourning, even as she mourned for him in the loneliness of her desolate heart.

One evening, toward dusk, she walked home, holding by each hand a little daughter. She slowly ascended the double flight of steps leading to the front door; when, on the other side, an unknown person, with heavy beard, and wrapped in furs and cloak, ascended; and both stood before the entrance. The mother, though herself startled at the sudden apparition, spoke quieting words to one of the frightened children. Then the unknown one, recognizing the well-beloved voice, and unable to contain his rapture, exclaimed, "*Bertha!*" and clasped his wife in his arms, and carried her fainting into the house.

It was himself indeed! Made a prisoner by the Cossacks, he had been transported to the wilds of Siberia; and, after many fruitless attempts, contrived to make his escape. After his return, and his re-union with his family, he served faithfully in the army of King William; and was just promoted to the rank of commander of a battalion, when he was taken ill at Tournay; and his iron

frame, which had never known illness, sank rapidly, leaving his widow with six children. Three of them were married ; an only son was in military service ; and, at the outbreak of the Belgian Revolution, she was forced to flee with her two little daughters, one of ten and one of eight years, and took up her abode in Leiden.

I see her yet, in her dignified widowhood, gently moving, and directing her two little girls ; the only treasures left of a life passed in the blessedness of a happy marriage. And I see yet her pleasant smile and glistening eye, when, reverently standing before her, I spoke words of praise and admiration, and asked leave to be the instructor of little Eleonore ; and she consented, and had confidence in me ; for I was serious and well-meaning.

I had given private lessons for years, but never liked it. The business of teaching seemed uncongenial with my natural disposition; and even the Professor's cathedra had not the slightest attraction for me. But when my intelligent Eleonore began to progress in drawing and German and history, and there was a true response of mind to mind, I became to her what my father had been to me. I gave her what I had and knew; and she looked up to me with the same unbounded confidence wherewith I used to look up to him. In my walks, she was my sweet companion ; and her questions and answers awakened in me a sense of the teacher's office in its "abstract" beauty. The educational works of Campe and Saltzman and De Genlis, I studied now with the ardor of real enthusiasm.

Thus a fresh impulse was given to my depressed spirit; and, when spring approached, I tore up the brick pavement of the courtyard, and laid out a cheerful garden with shrubs and flowers, and a bower on the sunny side, where, resting in an easy arm-chair, my dear old father sometimes enjoyed the semblance of nature. And the sweet Adelaide, his favorite of the two, used to stand near him; and her innocent, merry talk found an ever-ready response in his cheerful, childlike fondness.

Thus I passed 1832, studying, and, besides, performing literary labor. For, in that year, I translated the "Political Works" of Pölitz, and the "Letters from Paris" of Raumer; and, when the academical year was at an end, I passed my doctoral examination; and, henceforth free from lectures and colleges, I began to prepare my inaugural dissertation.

But, in the spring of the following year, we moved from the city to one of the suburbs; where, with Mrs. de Ridder and her two little daughters, we leased a most delightful garden. And my father gave up his journal, and indulged the oftener his fondness for instructing Adelaide; whilst I, in the midst of physical experiments, and heaps of books and papers, took more and more interest in the gradual development of Eleonore. A happier little household there could not be. It was to be the last year of my father's life; and it seemed that God had sent the fragrant holiness of childhood to smooth his pillow, and to soften his feelings more and more.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONFLICT AND SEPARATION.

The remembrance of happy days is sweet and painful; for the sweetness remains like a fragrance. But then they come to an end; and the end leaves a void, which even the sweetness of memory can not fill.

Day by day, I progressed in my dissertation; day by day, I could rejoice in the happy development of my eldest pupil, Eleonore. Besides the educational works which I have mentioned, I began to study Pestalozzi; and soon my youthful mind was in a blaze for the noble science of education. It was, at that time at least, sadly defective in the country which I inhabited. What I have said of the university did not apply to the primary and intermediate instruction. To train the mind as an immortal essence in its intellectual and moral capacity; to observe the intimate bonds of union between body and soul, and to develop the physical forces so as to steady the invisible structure; and last, but not least, to educate with a view to eternity, and to make knowledge and science subservient to our relations with God—all these things were little thought of. All these things began to occupy me with unceasing energy; and little did Eleonore and Adelaide know that

they exerted such a decided influence on my destinies.

Sweet and happy children! They enjoyed the sunny summer; and between their little studies, and the care for my aged father, and the dutiful observance of their excellent mother, and the many rambles we made together in the adjacent country, their affections twined around me with all the energy of love and innocence.

When the summer was nearly past, the chevalier wished to see me. With more than usual seriousness, he told me that the Baron de Gevers had applied to him for advice how to provide for the further education of his two sons, whom, thus far, he had carefully trained himself. Living in the royal residence, constantly engaged as an inspector of the king's domains, he was unable to do more. He sought a person in whom he could place entire confidence, and to whom he could intrust what himself, with more than usual care, had commenced.

"I thought of you," continued the chevalier; and, perceiving the frown wherewith his intimation was received, he hastened to add, "But I know your objections. I know your family pride and your ambition; but, what is better far, I know your love for your aged parent, and how hard it would be for you to leave him. But the family G. is powerful and influential; and the baron wishes to see, in him who will undertake so responsible a charge, nothing less than the friend of

his house. I do not mention the pecuniary advantages; they are great, but have no weight with you, though they ought to have. But consider the social advantages, the relations you can form; and let it be a stepping-stone to higher position."

I could not assent to his opinion. My family had never owed anything to favor or royal protection. But what the chevalier said of the baron's care and anxiety, and of his amiable character, interested me; and I consented to an interview.

At a few miles' distance from Leiden lies the ancient manor of Endegeest. There I was to meet the baron. It was a bright day in fall, when I gave, with heavy heart, a kiss to my dear little girls, and, after a pleasant walk, entered the sombre avenue. A carriage met me near the entrance. The baroness, a noble, handsome lady, saw at a glance who it was; and, smiling courteously, left an indelible impression upon my youthful imagination. I was ushered into the library; and soon the baron entered, and, sitting down, opened the subject with all the earnestness of a devoted father, and all the exquisite politeness of an accomplished courtier.

Educated from his twelfth year among the pages of the great Napoleon, he had followed the destinies of the emperor, even through the terrible campaign of Russia, until the treaty of Fontainbleau; when, yet very young, his career seemed broken. He married, against the wishes of his

ambitious father, the Baroness de Grovestins, of ancient Frisian nobility, but destitute of fortune. He was cautious and prudent, but generous and kind-hearted; charitable and reserved in his judgments; extremely simple in his tastes; and, I believe, the most perfect model of a husband and father I ever have encountered.

He repeated, in substance, what the chevalier had said, but with such amiable considerateness, with such earnest pleading for the welfare of his sons, that I confess that my objections seemed to crumble before his quiet eloquence; and when the baroness came in, and added sparingly but timely words of esteem and appreciation, I arose, and expressed my willingness to receive further written communication. Long thereafter, the baroness jestingly complained that, in this interview, I had neglected her, and exclusively given my attention to her husband. So true it is, that even woman may be deceived in the impression which she makes; for, if I turned apparently my chief attention to the baron, it was because I instinctively felt the pressure of her influence upon my unsophisticated heart.

And, when I walked down the avenue, I was sad. A feeling of heaviness oppressed me. The Moslem says, "What is to be, is." He calls it fate, or destiny; the Christian, providence. There is an irresistible power without ourselves. We think we are free in acting; we are less so than we imagine. Invisible agencies must have a

hand in shaping the course of our life; for often we do what we decidedly would not, and often we are restrained from doing what we would.

Eleonore and Adelaide stood waiting at the garden-gate, and, as soon as they saw me, they ran up to me, and clung to me, and their natural affection seemed to breathe *another sphere* than that which I just had left. When I came into my father's study, he smiled pleasingly, and asked the result of my interview. We were all silent; and I perceived that my father's eyes were moist. Yet there was nothing decided; and, resting on my arm, and supported on the other side by sweet Adelaide, he joined us in the dining-room at our humble meal.

And then, as always when things seem uncertain, I appreciated the more the present blessings. My conversations with my father were more frequent, my walks with the children were prolonged. My study seemed a very sanctuary, adorned by the constant presence of Eleonore and the occasional visits of Adelaide.

At last came the long-dreaded letter from Baron de Gevers. I unfolded it with deep emotion, and read his honorable proposal to become the guide of his sons, and the most valuable friend of his family, under conditions the most liberal and generous, expressed in delicate and considerate terms. It was a long and painful conflict—a conflict with my native feelings, a conflict with my deep-rooted attachment to my father, a conflict

with the new affections which had sprung up in my bosom; but, like all other conflicts, it had an end. I accepted; and, on the 6th of December, I was to leave for the Hague.

And then I began to write a treatise on Education, wherein I brought together in systematic order all that I had read and studied on the subject, with my own observations, personal experience, and reflections. I verily tried to "magnify my office." I sent it to the baron, and received commending thanks, with the assurance that, if the practice came up to the well-delineated theory, he should esteem himself the happiest of fathers. I had frequent conversations with my aged parent; and the project of once founding another "Hofweil," like that of Fellenberg, at Berne, arose in my "ambitious" mind—ambitious, indeed, but yet ambitious in a good and noble cause. And for for this I thank Thee, O my God! that Thou didst direct the flame of that burning volcano, and didst preserve me from utter worldliness and vanity.

My father at that time finished a treatise on the Christian religion; the third and concluding volume of a course of moral philosophy which he had begun when teaching my elder brother, and which he now completed as an humble disciple of the Redeemer. Thus we were engaged, mutually encouraging each other in the prospect of approaching separation; whilst the dear angels, who made our home so bright, began to count the days when I should have to leave.

At length came St. Nicholas Eve, the last I was to spend with them. The rain was pouring fast, and I was sad and gloomy. There they stood, the little things, with their hoods and cloaks, expecting Mr. Leno to take them to the illuminated stores. I went with them, but in silence; and I bought whatever they desired. Yet I was not cheerful, as children like to be; for my heart was weak, and wrapped up in grief. And, on the following day I left. It came harder to me than when I left for the army. Then there was the excitement of the time, and the possibility of speedy return. Now there was no excitement; the separation would perhaps outlast my father's life; and I left two sweet girls, of whom the older was, since two years, my pupil and constant companion, and the younger drew me with all the force of unsupported innocence.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WORLD WIDE OPEN.

The reception which I received, when late in the the evening I arrived at the baron's dwelling, was such as the most fastidious taste could desire. With courtly politeness, the two parents were waiting for me, and, with all the ease of perfect breeding, there was a tinge of emotion visible even on the polished surface, when each took one of my hands, and in simple but expressive words testified their inmost satisfaction. Then came the presentation of their sons—the one a boy of ten, stout and large, but with unprepossessing appearance; the other a noble-looking child of eight, the image of his mother. And whilst I held them by the hand, and tried to read their mind, and spoke words of affection, the image of Eleonore and Adelaide forced itself upon me, and their loneliness and their extreme loveliness awakened my regret; and, sitting down, I tried to hide my emotion.

But it would not do; and, taking courage from the honesty of my feelings, I at once explained the cause. And, when I proceeded in my narrative, the baron's eye was moist, for he had a generous and sympathizing heart; but the high, arched eyebrows of the baroness did not relax in

their stern and proud expression. For, until the Spirit of God had touched her heart, self was her idol: not in a narrow sense, however; for she was noble, and capable of deep affection, and she loved her sons with extreme maternal fondness; but all her affections were centered in her husband, her children, and a younger sister, the beautiful Baroness d'Ohsson.

The following day, having surveyed my new domain, I found everything arranged with taste and foresight. There was my own apartment and that of my two pupils, and a magnificent study with library, and a cheerful view on a pretty garden; and when we met at the breakfast-table, served in real English style, simple but cheerful, and, as it were, breathing a perfume of refined taste over the coming day, we discoursed pleasingly on the task which I had come to fulfill. Then the baron gave me, in the study, a precise account of the foundation he had laid. On examining the children, I found that Fénélon himself could not have wished a better structure to build upon. I laid out a plan of studies for the year to come; and thus the time was passed until we heard the summons of the dinner-bell.

My arrival had created a sensation among the numerous relatives and friends of the baron. But never shall I forget the considerate politeness wherewith he introduced me successively to all. That day, the beautiful Baroness Louise d'Ohsson was at the family table. Married when very

young to the ambassador of Sweden, a plain-looking but noble and generous man and devoted husband, she was as fascinating by the loveliness of her disposition and the refined culture of her well-informed mind as by the classical beauty of her features and the graceful sweetness of her manners. And, when she became my pupil in German, I must confess that the hours spent with her were equally delightful and profitable; for, with her unerring tact and delicate spirit of observation, she gave me many useful hints as to the ways of the world. Herself not blessed with children, she took the deepest interest in the education of her nephews.

And to them I now devoted myself with unrelenting assiduity. No maps that I could find were good enough for them: I constructed them others according to my views. No historical tables could be found to suit my taste. I made them myself. And, when the daily task was performed, I sat down and wrote in a diary the most minute details: their recitations, their readings, their relaxation, their occasional remarks, my own reflections on their disposition and character, suggestions, etc., all found their place in those pages, successively written for the daily inspection of the parents. I did so during many years; and each morning the mother read it with her sons, and praised or corrected as there was occasion or need. Thus the education of these boys became the main point of my thoughts; and when, in after-time,

I saw them advance and grow in extensive knowledge, and far excel their occasional companions, their parents honoring me as their greatest benefactor, I seemed to lose my personality in theirs: they were indeed the work of my hands; they had become the embodiment of my deepest thought and care.

But to return to the beginnings of this career, if career it may be called. With all this labor and zeal for my new pupils, I could not conquer my affectionate regret for those never-to-be-forgotten sweet children, who had unknowingly been the cause of the new direction my life had taken. Nor could I forget the privation of my father, who used to call me his "joy and consolation," and "the light of his eyes." And, when Christmas came, I stayed two days with them. Well do I remember the joy of those children, when at night I arrived, and the life which Mr. Leno seemed to have brought again into the little household. Then Eleonore showed me her work so carefully performed in my absence, and Adelaide seemed with renewed zeal to study with her aged protector; and himself I found cheerful, yet missing me in daily intercourse.

But I returned to my post; and the letters of Eleonore were many, and many were the answers. And once she came to see me, and enjoyed one evening in my study. The baroness entered, and addressed her with graceful kindness; but she was cold, and the child felt it; and two years thereaf-

ter the baroness confessed her selfish error, for then the dew of a more heavenly charity had begun to soften her otherwise noble heart.

And now I began to think of providing in the Hague a dwelling for my father and Mrs. de R. with her dear children. It served to occupy our minds with the prospect at least of sweet reunion; though it would have been incomplete, and perhaps a hindrance in my task. But, whilst we were seeking and corresponding, I received the tidings that my father was very ill.

Bravely he struggled during nine wearisome years against infirmity and straitened circumstances. On my last anniversary, he sent me "Droz on Moral Philosophy," with the touching and precious inscription: "To my only and tenderly beloved son. I invoke on him the blessing of the Most High. May His Spirit guide him mercifully through this pilgrimage to the goal of Jesus Christ, blessed by his fellow-pilgrims for the tears which he will have dried and the sufferings he will have relieved; desired by his friends, and, as such, first of all, by his father, who, by Divine Mercy, hopes to go before him into the abode of Grace."

I hastened to Leiden. It was Ascension Day, in the sweet month of May, when I arrived, and found him weaker than usual. The gleam of joy wherewith he welcomed me in silence—for he could scarcely speak—I shall never forget. "I thank you," came out in stammering words. "My

dissolution is near," followed long after. The Easter Day before, he had, for the last time, partaken of the Holy Communion; an exertion almost incredible; for he was lame on one side, and the distance was great. And that night, when we had brought him to bed, he slept little; but in the morning he said, "Do you hear that music?" And when I observed there had been none, he said, "Music of angels—of angels!"

We saw that his days were numbered; and the faithful physician, who during nine years attended him, said so: for his lungs were paralyzed, and life was ebbing slowly away. And on the last evening, when, kneeling down, I tried to catch the slightest sound, he said in the lowest whisper, and at long intervals, "You have been a faithful son to me—faithful to the last. God bless you, bless you, my hope and consolation!" And then he spoke no more, and remained quiet, breathing slower and slower. It was not until on the following day that he breathed his last, surrounded by Mrs. de Ridder, who seemed to lose a father; and by those weeping children, who loved him so tenderly; and by his faithful servant, who never left him for seven years. I closed his eyes reverently; and, leaving the room, went into the garden to give way to my deepest grief.

For now I remembered *all* from the beginning —his care and love, his sufferings, his long illness, and patience. And I remembered no more the good I had done, but my deficiencies; and although

he departed with blessing, yet, oh! what would I have given to receive one blessing more! And, whilst I was walking up and down the garden, Professor Tydeman came to mourn with me; and, shortly after, the chevalier added words of friendly consolation.

And Professor T., who never had approved of my educational career, whilst praising my devotedness to my father, said, "That now *the world was wide open* before me." These words, though at that time unheeded, yet afterwards returned with force to my remembrance, and caused me not a little disturbance; for, though enthusiastic in my present occupation, I could not deny that I risked the sacrifice of the future prospects of my own ambition.

On the fourth day thereafter, on the twelfth anniversary of my dear Eleonore, I buried my father; and, having given two or three days more to regret him with my sweetest girls—now, it seemed to me, twice orphans—I left the sad and mourning little family, to resume my task at the Hague.

I was gloomy and depressed; and though I conscientiously worked, yet there was a secret uneasiness, and desire for change. And when I heard that Gen. de Eerens had been appointed Governor-general of Netherlands' India, and would sail in a few months, I went to see him. He was my cousin by my mother's side, and had always shown us regard. "I can do all for you," said he, "when you are there, but nothing before."

I then began to think of taking my doctor's degree, not only in philosophy, but also in jurisprudence; and added to my educational labors the finishing strokes to my academical dissertation, together with the necessary preparations for examinations in law.

And in midsummer I made a journey to Leeuwarden, to see my mother and sister. On my return, I stopped at Leiden, and passed a few days with Mrs. de Ridder and the dear children. Those days I remember like yesterday. But what follows is strangely obscure. Mrs. de Ridder left Leiden; and, during six years, I never saw her nor Eleonore and Adelaide. Now and then, a letter from Eleonore showed signs of life. In loneliness, the noble mother devoted her days to her daughters, whom she trained with care and Christian faithfulness. How I could lose sight of her; how I could, as it were, forget the sweet companions of my father's last solitude—I do not know, I cannot conceive. It must be that the world began to grasp me, and that I became more selfish. I do not know. But one thing I know: I sometimes felt a pang, and afterwards a secret reproach, as if I had neglected a sacred duty, and even slighted the memory of him who loved them so well.

CHAPTER XV.

LADY MARIE.

The last time I saw those sweet children, I have a faint recollection that they were sick, very sick; and I came down to see and comfort them; but could not return, being taken ill myself. Long and tedious was my illness, and the fever would not leave me. And, during that time, the baroness, whom I shall henceforth call Lady Marie—a name more endeared to me—was my only nurse. She took care of the prescriptions and the room, and all the minute detail which make a sick man's safety when he is ill, and his comfort when convalescent. Her noble and devoted nature gave proof of real affection for the friend of her sons. It made a deep impression upon me, and bound my heart to her with more than ordinary admiration.

And when, at last, the disease began to yield, and, weary and tired, I had to wait for returning strength, I commenced reading the works of Goethe, that prince of poets and practical philosophers. I remember the succession wherein I read, and the impression made by his several works. It was not a happy one: it tore away the feeble remainder of positive belief, and made me restless. And I read the Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, the celebrated sculptor, and, lying

on my couch, began to translate it, nor ceased before I had finished it for publication; then the Memoirs of Lord Byron, and the dramas of Alfieri, and the works of Balzac, and those of the *romantic* school of France; and my mind, relieved of serious studies, began to wander in the fields of fiction and poetry and false philosophy.

Those were dreamy days, wherein I formed many fantastic plans of life; for now *the world was wide open before me.* I was free indeed; nothing to bind me—nothing, O short-sighted young man! but the *invisible web of circumstances;* nothing but "*what is to be, is!*" Soon I was again at work with my pupils. Contrary to my better judgment, and contrary to the method which I afterwards invariably followed, I began with Latin instead of Greek; and I was often interrupted in my lessons by a visit from Lady Marie, who never failed to bring me into acquaintance with her numerous friends.

Once she introduced me to a lady sweet and unassuming, yet with all the refinement and tact of high position. And, when she spoke the German tongue with musical cadence and harmonious fullness, I remember I was entranced; and, though perfectly at home in German, it seemed I had never heard the like before. It was the lovely Countess de Rossi, who, before she became the wife of the Sardinian ambassador, was simply Henriette Sontag, the glory of theater and opera. She was the embodiment of womanly virtue

and dignity. She unreservedly spoke of her first career, but bore her rank and title with perfect ease and gracefulness. I saw her often; but that morning's conversation left an impression of sweet respect. How little did I think, when listening to the fascinating sound of her kind and pleasing words, that, twenty years thereafter, I should be on the Pacific coast, and read in public print the solitary demise of Henriette Sontag, once more the *prima donna*, who died of cholera in one of the South American cities, and found a lonely burial-place in Cuba's populous capital!

Restless and full of youthful activity, my mind overstrained by reading and study and thought, I had nothing to work upon but my two pupils. It was impossible for one constituted as I was to be contented; and I sought in vain a soothing medicine in the pages of ancient philosophy. Lady Marie, with woman's unerring tact, perceived my disease (for such it was), and, measuring its extent, sought to apply the only remedy she knew. During a few days' absence at L., I had written her a letter, wherein, with morbid sensitiveness, I complained of having found in her neither a mother nor a sister. On my return, she summoned me to her boudoir; and when I stood before her like a culprit, conscious of having committed a folly, she made me sit down; and, leaning back in her arm-chair, she said in a tone of playful earnestness:

"My dear Mr. Leno, you must confess I am too young to be your mother; but I shall always be

to you a sister, and even more than that—a true and sincere *friend*."

Thus saying, she held out her hand, which I reverently touched with my lips; for she came nearest to my *beau ideal* of a woman's dignified goodness.

"And now," continued she, "let me use my rights—the rights of clear-sighted, unprejudiced friendship. You must go out; you must visit; you must no more retire so often from our drawing-rooms; you must not read so much, nor worry yourself about my sons. To live *for* the world, we must live *with* it; and, to live *with* the world, we must live *in* it."

And forthwith she drew out a list of visits to be paid, and engaged me to take dinner there and there at such and such a day; and made me promise that at least twice a week I should visit the opera. I followed her directions; and I remember how by degrees the channel of my thoughts was changed. I had occasion to observe the "fashionable" world in its fairest aspect. It was the circle of the court; it was the combination of beauty with polished education and refined taste. There was no occasional excitement: it was all natural, or, rather, second-nature. The conversations were light and trifling, it must be said: but now and then a serious thought was gladly taken up and followed; and, when a genial spirit appeared, he was welcomed, and found a willing audience. Literature was discussed, and art and sci-

ence ; yea, even philosophy. Tact and discretion, it is true, forbade to "exhaust" the subject ; but this prevented wearisome repetition, and gave every one occasion to contribute his mite to the general entertainment.

Court and high life have been disparaged ; but I must confess, that I have nowhere found the same observance of courteousness, the same *uniform* desire to please, the same delicacy of observation, and, in many instances, the same degree of generosity and sincere homage to genius and talent. And, although a certain amount of levity seemed to pervade the whole, I have known persons, truly devout, who were scrupulous observers of courtly etiquette.

As for the theater, its influences have always seemed to me more on the wrong than on the right side. The unavoidable excitement; the passionate nature of the drama ; the preferences, more or less enthusiastic, for actors and actresses ; the fascinating array of beauty in the richly decorated boxes—all this seems to create a world wherein imagination has more extensive play than is safe for sober morality. And what might be admired as a work of art, in harmonious performance, entrancing music and tasteful decorations, is absorbed, as it were, by the thrilling emotions caused by the *tout ensemble.*

Thus I passed the winter from 1834 to 1835 : and, when spring came, it was my turn to console and encourage Lady Marie ; for her sweet sister,

the Baroness d'Ohsson, followed her husband to Berlin, where he had been appointed Swedish ambassador. It was a grievous loss, and Lady Marie was sorely tried. Her visits in our study were more frequent; and often she would sit down with her work of tapestry, and listen with satisfaction to the recitations of her noble boys. Not all the turmoil of the winter season had diminished the enthusiastic ardor wherewith I pursued their studies. I had, as with Eleonore, found the right material; and, thus far, the workmanship justified the workman.

But, in the month of May, I was again laid up with fever; and Lady Marie was again at my bedside, with indefatigable perseverance ministering to my wants. The family was preparing to leave for the country; and I was weak and suffering, when I was wrapped up, and placed in the carriage; and, Lady Marie taking her seat at my side, we arrived, in the middle of a warm summer day, at Rivulet Mansion, the place of our destination.

It was a lovely spot—a spacious manor, sheltered from the cold sea winds by a range of picturesque hills; the grounds laid out in antique style, with large and massive avenues and noble parks; at six miles' distance from the capital, where the baron's duties called him often; and, a few miles from Leiden, it had an easy access to the ancient city of learning, and to the modern center of the *beau-monde*. There scarcely passed a day

without some equipages driving up, and the hospitable reception-rooms were often filled. I made there many an agreeable acquaintance ; for, in the country, even the etiquette of court gives way to more familiar intercourse, and the beauty of Nature suggests an inexhaustible source of conversation.

Whoever has read the first chapter of these sketches may remember that I had, from early childhood, and with very good reason, an aversion bordering on positive hatred to anything Prussian. Now it happened that one of the guests of the day was the minister of Prussia, with his wife ; and Lady Marie, who, I believe, knew my feelings, with characteristic decision introduced me at once.

With the Prussian aristocracy, family pride is proverbial. The noble count, after the first words of introduction, perceiving my hesitating reserve, increased by the flush of lingering fever, reached me his hand, and said with winning smile: " The Austrian double eagle, sir, can afford to be generous, and to forget the mistakes of the Prussian single bird." I took his hand and pressed it. It was impossible to say more in fewer words ; impossible to meet the case with more vigor ; impossible to acknowledge in nobler terms the last descendant of a princely line. From that moment the field was clear ; there was no reserve ; and our intercourse during the remainder of the day was pleasant and cheerful. Thus the strongest prejudice may be conquered by real courtesy.

As soon as I had recovered my strength I finished my academical dissertation, containing numerous experiments on a then newly discovered phenomenon, called *Endosmose* and *Exosmose;* and, after its approval by the Faculty, I had it printed. On the tenth day of June, I defended it, and received my diploma as Master of Mathematics and Doctor of Natural Philosophy. In these diplomas there is a threefold grade, according to the merits of the defence—either *simply*, or *with praise*, or *with great praise*. I succeeded in obtaining the highest honors.

But now the thought of "making a career" began again to occupy me with renewed force. I was deeply interested in the education of my two pupils; and a third brother, a lovely boy of six, began to claim my attention. I could not help myself, and took him in my study. I taught him to write and draw, and German and history. To teach him was no labor, but indeed a relaxation of the mind. With that he had a disposition so loving and thoughtful, an ingenuity so persevering, that, day by day, I felt the bond of attraction stronger. And, of his brothers, the younger one was *all* I could desire. It was impossible, with parents so refined and appreciating, not to feel that, a year later, a separation would be almost impossible.

And then the saying returned to my young and enterprising spirit, "*The world is wide open before you;*" and it seemed I had to make a choice between those boys and the wide field of the world.

Whilst my pupils made a fortnight's excursion with their father, I traveled to Leeuwarden to see my mother and sister; and there we deliberated on my various plans, and I finally came to the conclusion to seek my fortune in the East India colonies. Thence I wrote a letter to the baron, apprising him of my wish of being released from my engagement. Frankly I stated my reasons, in my opinion, such as he must approve himself. I knew too well the grief it would cause him; I knew the sorrow of Lady Marie; I knew the regret of the children. Bnt I thought I was right; and, with the feeling of having recovered my liberty, I journeyed home, yet not without forebodings of the coming struggle.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHAT IS TO BE, IS.

It was late in the evening when I rode up the long and dark avenue to Rivulet Mansion. I could see the light from far as it was burning in the large drawing-room, where I was sure to meet the baron and Lady Marie. I found it even worse than I had anticipated. The baron's emotion was deep ; and though accustomed to show a remarkable equanimity, I saw but too well that his inmost soul was grieved.

"Many," said he, "have been my disappointments in life, many the sorrows which I have suffered from my own father's injustice. All my joy and future expectation are concentrated in my sons. In you we had an able, faithful guardian of their youth. How shall we replace you ? How shall we repair the harm done by change in method, and, above all, in moral training ? Far better would it have been for us, for them, never to have known you, than, knowing you once, to lose you !"

"I never thought, Mr. Leno," said Lady Marie, "that you would have come to this. In the midst of a life of external comfort, you know we have our griefs and cares; but if for anything I blessed God, it was for your presence among us. Oh, how

can you seek for a better sphere of usefulness than here, where you can bestow so much good, and where you are, you must confess it, so thoroughly appreciated?"

If anything could move me, it was a mother's love for her sons, her tender care for their well-being; but when that mother was a noble lady, with all the gifts of fortune and beauty, and when her soul was shaken with apprehension, and all the happiness of her life seemed to hang upon a decision, I must confess it needed all my love of liberty, all my desire to restore the fallen fortunes of my house, to resist the strong appeals of her maternal affection.

I did resist, and remained firm in my resolution to leave about the time of Christmas. In the meanwhile, the children should remain ignorant of the impending separation; and I would do all I could to instruct my successor, as soon as found, in the plan of education I had laid out and followed thus far.

The oldest of my pupils was now twelve years of age. With wayward disposition, he needed tact and *love* to bring out the good that was in him, and to correct the evil, which seemed to strive for the mastery. His brother Charles was ten years old, and, as I said before, the image of his mother. Warm of heart and clear of head, he was to me *perfection*. He clung to me with all the fervor of appreciating instinct. Never loved I a boy so well. And his mother knew his excel-

lence ; and, though firm and severe, she knew the bond of sympathy between him and me, and trembled for the time when he should lose me. The youngest, Alfred, was a fair and lovely child of seven, as amiable and intelligent as fancy could wish him.

Such were these children whom I had molded and instructed, and, above all, loved, since nearly two years. Yet I loved them not for Thy sake, O Fountain of love! but only because they happened to please me. For, since four years, I had more and more forgotten Thee ; and when, in the absence of the faithful mother, I had to read to them Thy Word, I did it unwillingly and as a task. And when the mother, perceiving my unbelieving tendency, asked me many an evening to read her some eloquent pages of Thy faithful servants, I did it with reluctance, and thought it tedious and unprofitable.

And I remember that I was restless, as one who seeks a thing and does not know what he seeks. What brought me to this state I do not know. But the night I remember, when, lying down to sleep, I could not sleep ; and, tossing on my bed, I suffered a mental agony of which I try in vain to recall any detail. How long it lasted, I do not know ; but the clock struck three, when I exclaimed in these very words, " Oh, that there were one between God and me ! Oh, that *he* could pray ! "

And, when I try to remember how it was, it

seems to me there came a voice, not to my ear, but to my very soul, "*That is Jesus Christ, the Mediator!*" Thus it seems to me I heard it; and I know I sprang up, and, falling on my knees, burst out in tears. And what I prayed, or how long, I do not know. One thing I do know—that, since that night, there was a daybreak in my soul, which since was often overclouded, but never ceased to increase in light.

Whether this was to be called conversion, or regeneration, or new birth, I do not care. Twenty-five years have rolled by, and brought their joys and sorrows, their changes of opinion, of tenets, and of views; but my soul, when wearied with perplexities and the fallacy of human devices, darts, like a bird to its nest, to the night when the Fountain of love was opened to me. Yea, it even now turns to that night as to a pledge of faithfulness. What then was done, it seems as if it never could be undone. It seems to me like the hand of God interfering in the midst of my career, not to change it, but to give a new and better direction to my thoughts.

And I took my father's Bible, and began to read regularly every day the New Testament. It seemed a new book. Had I not read it from my childhood? Had I not studied it when preparing for confirmation? Yet I remember it seemed all new to me; and, when I read the Old Testament, strangely new seemed all the prophecies and types.

Thus I read and studied, and took counsel with no one; and I began to love the children with another love, and to feel more anxious for the eldest. When the mother perceived the change in my feelings, she was amazed; for she used to come frequently to my study, and to talk freely on many subjects: but, when she saw my ardor, she one evening said, with a mixture of jest and meaning:

"Indeed, Mr. Leno, I foresee that you will lose your senses."

Then I remember saying, with strong persuasion:

"Lady Marie, within three months you will think as I do now."

And so it was; for my convictions, burning with the ardor of "first love," awakened in her a *new sense.* Formal religion had left her cold, and unaware of her shortcomings.

"I bless God," thus wrote she once, "for having given me in you a friend who shows my soul a better course than that which thus far I have followed. I feel that religion, religion alone, can renovate the human heart."

And, with this new bond of union, our intercourse became more intimate, our conversations more useful, our interest in the children more deep and real, and my influence in the whole family stronger and stronger, the more the time approached for our separation.

The brother of the baron, now a minister of

state, a man of distinguished talents and solid academical education, took a deep interest in his nephews. He could fully appreciate the plan thus far pursued. One night, he entered my study, and left me a paper, which he requested me to peruse with attention. It was a letter, containing, in most forcible language, the reasons why I should give up my project. He urged me to finish at least the education of the two oldest sons. He urged the excellency of the younger one. He certainly made out what might be called a strong case, but failed to convince me. And from Berlin the Baroness Louise d'Ohsson, wrote to me:

"You are too much attached to them, not deeply to feel the involuntary grief you cause them. Had I been there, I would have tried to speak; but what to do at a distance? . . . I know this subject must be painful to you, and, by continual repetition, almost hateful; yet you could not hate me. Sometimes I hope that time, reflection, difficulties, but, more than that, the regrets of those parent friends and of that docile child, and the intimate affection wherewith you love them, may have shaken your resolution. I would be too rejoiced, too much so, to hope it reasonably; but we are not always reasonable."

What kept me up against so many influences, I do not know. It is true, *I worked hard.* Besides my constant labors with my pupils, I devoted, with all the ardor of a new convert (if thus I might call myself), much time to Bible study, and prepared my two examinations—one as candidate in

law, and the other as candidate in theoretical philosophy and literature; and, in the beginning of December, I passed them both satisfactorily.

At last, the gentleman who had to continue my task was introduced. He was a Swiss licentiate, unprepossessing in appearance, and of moderate attainments. He assumed with me a familiarity to which I was not accustomed. I took pains, however, to explain to him the method pursued, and gave my advice how best to proceed. He declared bluntly that he did not intend to trouble himself so much. I shall never forget that afternoon. Everything relating to my pupils was almost sacred to me. To see it slighted, I could not bear. But when I saw my boys, perceiving what was going on, perplexed and sorrowful; when I saw Charles, with flushed cheeks, taking hold of my hands, and, with trembling voice, asking *what* it was—I suffered an anguish which I cannct describe. But this was nothing when compared with Lady Marie's appearance. I cannot even now think of it without pain. Day by day, they all became more endeared to me. Day by day, it seemed that I *had* to be there, and nowhere else. And thus Christmas Eve approached; when, for the last time, we sat together around the large fire-place in the drawing-room. But, when the carriage drove up, the boys encircled me with tears; yea, even the elder one felt he lost a friend: and, with promises of mutual letters, I contrived to hide my deep emotion in the carriage, which took me once more to the *Alma Mater*.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE MARKET.

It was nearly midnight when I reached my lodgings in Leiden. Twelve years before I arrived there a growing youth, ready to enter the lists as a student. Now my father was no more, my mother and sister far off, Eleonore and Adelaide I had lost, and the relation binding me to a family which I had begun to consider as my own I had broken, after months of painful struggle.

I sat down, I must confess, with a heavy heart. My presence in Leiden recalled blessed and sorrowful memories; and, when I heard a passing company of students singing their merry "*Iö vivat!*" I felt that the years of a student's life were gone, and that the realities of active life had arrived, waiting for exertion and courage.

I laid out a plan of occupation so as to be busy from morning until night, and to forget, if possible, the strong affections of my heart. The early morning was given to religious reading and writing; for I had soon gathered some theological books, and, first of all, began to study Hebrew. Whatsoever the sudden revulsion in the life-stream of my thoughts might be called, I seemed to have *awaked*. What the rising sun does in the early morning—that first glimmering, that first illumi-

nation of the mountain-tops, that gentle increase of light on plain and valley—all that, I remember it now, took place literally in my thus far benighted soul. I was hungry after spiritual food, and thirsty after what is rightly called the "waters of life;" and, of all the books of Scripture, I have yet a lively remembrance of the deep impression made upon me when studying the first chapter of St. John's Gospel and the forty-second chapter of Isaiah.

The remainder of the morning was devoted to my studies in law, and the preparation of my academical essay; whilst, in the evening, I kept my correspondence, and now and then, but seldom, saw a friend. But, notwithstanding my incessant labor, I could not escape the constantly recurring remembrance of my pupils. Within a week after my departure I received from their noble mother the following lines:

"I must write you a few words, to thank you, from the depth of my soul, for the lively and deep-felt interest which you never ceased to show my sons, even during the last moments you were with them. Charles gave me your parting letter. We read it often and often, and not without deep emotion. The advice you give this well-deserving child will, I hope, also be followed by his mother, whose heart is more than broken. Adolphe gave me his letter only last night; when, sleepless like his mother, he called for me, and, with repentance

for past errors, asked me to pray with him. Do not forget your promise to pray daily for them. Could you have heard Charles's prayer at his awaking this morning, it would have touched you. Adieu! I remain your sincere pupil and friend,

MARIE."

And, a few days later, I received word that Charles was very ill, and wished ardently to see me. I found him on his bed, with burning fever, my letter in his hand.

"My dear sir, my dear sir," said he, "I am so glad to see you!"

I remained with him a day and tried to soothe his feelings; and promised to come and see them often, as often as I could. To be sure, I bought my liberty at a great price; for I saw that the boy's heart was sorely afflicted. And whilst I was thus studying, and learning to pray, and seek counsel at the Source of wisdom, there came to me a letter from the Baroness Louise d'O., so touching and so true, that I wish to embody part of it in these memoirs, though I can scarcely render the impressive, noble language of the original:

"And so, in this resolution, unhappily taken, painfully followed, cruelly achieved—in this resolution, I say, it was written that none of the parties should not suffer; for you, too—you suffer for having left, not a house of strangers, not individuals moderately affectionate, but a house which

begged to be yours, beings who clung to you by all the bonds of the human heart. You suffer, I am sure, for having yourself violently broken these bonds, for having filled with sadness the hearts to whom you were attached, for having interrupted a task so useful, for having abandoned a place where your presence was considered a blessing. And when, after that, I behold my good sister; when I see, when I feel, when I suffer, for her present grief, and think of the coming grief which may be the result—then my heart suffers much. I must confess it—and shall I say it?—this suffering, I believe it comes home to you."

And with this letter unfolded before me, and one from Charles, wherein he said, "I do as you have told me—I forget you; *but, whilst forgetting you, I think of you!*"—with these letters, I say, before me, a gentleman who wished to see me was announced.

He was polite and courtly. He opened his mission with circumspection. He was charged, he said, by the Baron de Zuylen, his uncle, to make proposals to me. He sought a tutor for his sons. He thought the position might be acceptable; I would be a friend in the house, etc.

"And who told your uncle," said I with undisguised indignation, "that I was '*in the market?*' Know this, my good sir, that not even the Prince of the Netherlands could have my private services."

The nephew left, perhaps astonished at my vehemence. I could not help it. And well do I remember how I leaned back in my chair, and, with a mixture of sorrow and indignation, exclaimed, "*In the market!*" Then it was time, indeed, that I should break off, and run another course. Thus spoke the natural heart, born and nurtured in pride; and, with renewed zeal, I took up my studies in law, and wrote to those of my friends who wished to give their help to hasten their measures. And I remember, that same day, to have written the first pages of my academical law-essay; and then I took the stage, and started for Leeuwarden, to see my mother once more before I should finally leave.

I was there a whole week, and even there continued to write and labor; and I took leave from my mother and sister as one who should not see them for a long, long time to come. But, when I arrived in my solitary study, I found a letter from the baron; and what a letter! In simple but forcible language, he expressed the disappointment of his best hopes. The Swiss licentiate proved to be unfit for his task in more than one respect.

"If you could see," said he, "the sorrow of my sons, and the deep affliction of their mother, you would, I know your heart, be grieved and perplexed. Judge of my feelings. You wish to be *free:* remain free. But return for the time you are here, and console those who suffer by your absence. Table and room will always be ready for

you; for as one of our own do we consider you: but live where you will and as you will; only return, and give joy and cheerfulness to those whom you love."

And I sat down, and wrote in serious language, according to the fullness of my heart:

"I wish to be free, and must be free. Well have you understood the first need of my inmost nature; but there is more. Many of my friends are kindly engaged in preparing my way. With regard to my future course, I am *not* free. And there is even more. Should I never go to India, then the whole bent of my mind, the whole force of my impulse, goes one way; and that is the improvement of public instruction, the Christianizing of education, the harmonizing of the various parts into one blessed result—the Christian citizen. If, therefore, I return, it is temporarily in every sense. It cannot be otherwise. I cannot be unfaithful to the dictates of my native feelings, nor to those of a higher influx, of which I am fully conscious; and, with these views, is it advisable to make a change? Is it advisable to resume a task, which, however sweet to my taste and feelings, must nevertheless be interrupted again, to renewed mutual grief?"

Thus I wrote, and continued my studies and labor; but, on the first of March, I received a letter approving of my honest frankness, yet insisting upon my immediate return.

"All," said he, "we need is your presence.

Your rooms are taken. They are cheerful, neat and near. Come, and restore happiness to those who love you so well; and if, in the plans suggested, I can be of any use, you may be sure that a grateful father's aid will not be lacking."

Thus he wrote, and thus he acted thereafter; for he was sincere and honest, and a man of word and honor, though a courtier and a man of the world. I was perplexed. "What is to be, is," recurred to my mind; and when, that evening, I took my place in the stage, I felt that some decided mark was made in the course of my life.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A ROYAL AUDIENCE.

The following morning I was startled by the sudden entrance of two most happy boys. Charles rushed up to me, and, throwing his arms around my neck, could say nothing but, "I am *so* glad you are come!" And even Adolphe, the older one, felt, with deep emotion, that he had a friend again. Both were so happy that I forgot my perplexity, and at once began to regulate their studies. It was an easy work; and, from the second day, we scarcely remembered the few months' interruption, and everything went on as if I had never been absent.

In those days it was that Lady Marie gave another proof of her devoted character, now exalted by the sweetness of Christian sympathy and love. Her faithful attendant, Rose, a handsome girl from quiet Iverdun, in Switzerland (who, during many years, had been a watchful guardian of her infant boys), was taken with the small-pox. Lady Marie immediately locked herself up, and was the only one to nurse her. During six long weeks Rose saw none but Lady Marie, who never left her sick room, and cheerfully submitted to a complete isolation. Stronger proof of Christian gratitude and love I have seldom, if ever, seen.

My friends advised me to go and seek an audience with the king, to present him my dissertation, and ask his royal favor in the furthering of my plans. I did so ; and, whilst waiting my turn in the royal ante-chamber, I met there Professor T., who observed that I ought to have appeared in my chasseur's uniform, which was a strong argument in my favor. Whilst appreciating the justness of his remark, a feeling of bitterness came over me, and I told my noble friend that I had better arguments than my military dress. There also I met Professor P., the same whose historical question I had, ten years before, answered with such republican ardor. He smiled, and, alluding to the incident, said, "I shall, when my turn comes, speak greatly in your favor ; but I think we had better keep silence about the Washington affair ! "

At last, the folding-door was thrown open, and a chamberlain calling my name, I entered the audience-room.

King William I. was at that time nearly seventy years of age. With little dignity, there was a quiet composure and a benevolent expression in his whole appearance which inspired confidence, and made him very popular. He was standing near a small writing-table, upon which he slightly leaned with his left hand, whilst the right hand was always ready to receive any request or document. I presented humbly my dissertation, "the modest fruits of my university studies." He

gracefully accepted it, perused the title, and, laying it on the table, said with a pleasing smile:

"What can I do for you?"

"Nothing, sire: I ask nothing. But allow me to express my gratification at having seen and addressed a sovereign whose persevering wisdom Europe has justly admired."

"No request?" asked the king, with a sort of astonishment, at the same time slightly inclining his head in acknowledgment of my courteous tribute.

"None, sire."

"I knew your father."

"I know it, sire."

"He is no more?"

"No more, sire."

"Sir, I shall remember you."

And, with this, a slight inclination was the signal of withdrawing from the royal presence. When thereafter I met Professor T., he said with his peculiar emphasis, "You are a strange solicitor indeed! You made no verbal request; you presented none in writing! It was happy I came after you, and made up for your deficiency. You are strange! Just like your father!"

I thanked him for his kindness; but I did not tell him why I had no request to make. For, whilst standing before the earthly king, it was like a gleam of light passing through my inmost soul, "as if I had stood in the presence of a higher King, and there, in the depth of a solitary night,

it had been decided what I should do or not do;" and, though I was alone, and had taken counsel with no earthly being, the heavenly Majesty which vouchsafed to dwell a moment, an imperceptible moment, in my torn and heaving bosom, outshone in power and luster and *goodness* the earthly and corruptible majesty of my fellow-creature. Was this fanaticism? I do not know. Thou knowest it, who hast made the souls of king and subject. It was not pride; for, at my father's command, I had buried the grievous remembrances of the past. It was not pride; for I sincerely honored the aged king, who had lost two-thirds of his domain, and bore his loss with Christian fortitude. What was it, then, O Source of thought! (I have often tried to find it out), except it be that the luster of Thy countenance outshone all other considerations, and even the benevolent smile of aged royalty?

And, when the summer days had come, we moved to Rivulet Mansion; but I took up my quarters in the village. For I felt my attachment growing so strong, that, should to this be added the daily intercourse of family life, a separation would almost become impossible. That summer is one of pleasant remembrance; for I was incessantly occupied. My academical law-essay was passing into print; my pupils were busily engaged; and what was left of time I devoted to intense study of Hebrew.

I had made the acquaintance of the pastor of the village—a young man of considerable talent

and learning, and who delivered his two sermons a Sunday, and these of more than an hour's length, without the semblance of failure or hesitation; for, in that country, to read a sermon is not allowed, and extemporaneous preaching unknown. It is all studied and written carefully, then learned by heart, and delivered with more or less ability. Our young pastor was not an ordinary man. Dignified, and beaming with benevolence, his discourses were beautiful and impressive. An excellent Hebrew scholar, he kindly volunteered his aid; and many a time I sat in his study, pondering over the intricacies of Hebrew grammar. Of the old *Masoretic* school, he stuck to vowel-points and accents, and gave me trouble enough. In after-time, I followed my own way, and fared the better for it; for I soon found that, of all grammars, the Hebrew is the simplest, because the oldest, and, I would say, the most approaching the divine pattern.

But, as a theologian, I found our zealous and eloquent pastor very little orthodox. As yet unacquainted with the endless variety of Protestant views, I drew my knowledge from the most simple Bible study. I had been unhappy, restless, and in the dark. I had *felt* the darkness; and, with the name of Jesus Christ, a light had suddenly arisen. He had at once taken form and shape as a Mediator between God and me. I saw all *in* Him, and nothing, not even my long-neglected Creator, *without* Him.

How was it, then, O Fountain of truth! that

this young man, Thy minister and messenger, denied Thy divinity and Thy mediatorship? How was it, then, that, when I opened my heart to him, he smiled at my conceit, and called it extravagance? How was it, that when, perhaps imprudently, I mentioned the blessed night wherein Thou calledst me, he laughed at my "conversion?" Yet he was honest, and preached Thee, and ministered Thy holy sacraments; and his prayers were powerful, and seemed to speed heavenward.

And then I began to study other books, and the great split in the Protestant world dawned upon my searching mind. *Reason* I found the guide of the one, *Faith* the watchword of the others. But even in neither of the two camps did I find a center of unity, though all seemed to appeal to the word of God. Then, O Fountain of light! Thou knowest it, I was perplexed; and in my perplexity I thought that, amongst Thy frail creatures, I might find what Thou alone possessest.

And one afternoon I went to the Roman Catholic church, and found the pastor walking up and down the aisle whilst catechising the little children. He had been explaining the commandments of the church, and asked:

"Why must you obey these commandments?"

"Because they are of the church."

"And why does the church give them?"

"Because they are according to the Bible, which is the word of God."

"And how do you know that the Bible is the word of God?"

"Because the church says so."

And the pastor commended the answer of these children. But I found that he had made a *circle*, beginning with the church and ending in the church; and it left me an unsatisfactory impression. For I verily sought Thee, the Fountain of truth; or, at least, I hoped to drink of the waters coming from Thee. Such were my inward troubles, which now cause me to smile, but then made me anxious and thoughtful.

And at last, my law dissertation being printed, I went to Leiden; and, having defended it with the "aplomb" of a doctor in philosophy, I received my diploma as a doctor in jurisprudence.

The chevalier never approved of my East India project. He knew my character, and did not believe that the more or less reckless, and often immoral, tendencies of Indian life would agree with my disposition. The excellent Professor T. was altogether favorable to my plans. "Never doubt, but believe," said he. And my late commander, the Baron Van Dam, worked zealously in my aid. In the month of June I received from him a letter, appointing the time of an interview with Captain L., of the engineers.

The long and often bloody war in Java had ended with the almost complete subjugation of the island. The government contemplated the erection of a series of fortifications, to secure this magnificent domain against external aggression and internal mutiny. To this end, an expedition

of military engineers was preparing; and I was offered a brevet as officer.

I well remember the vivid picture which Captain L. drew of the promising career—the double pay, the double years of service, the higher rank; and I remember, too, the strange feeling of indifference wherewith I listened to him. Yet I seemed to have attained the climax of my early ambition. Three faculties had honored me with their diplomas. Ten years' university life had stored my mind with an extensive range of learning. Of the world, I had seen enough to appreciate its good and evil. I had made numerous and influential friends. The very career which, in youthful ambition, I contemplated, was thrown open under flattering auspices, yet a mere stepping-stone to higher position; for the all-powerful governor-general was my relative, and, once in Java, the road to speedy promotion in civil employment was open—the road to wealth and honor.

I left the friendly captain with mutual feelings of esteem. Two months were granted to make my decision. But, when that night I rode home to my solitary quarters, I was singularly affected. It seemed to me as if I had heard those honorable proposals for another, and not for myself. Thus it seemed to me. But how it worked in my soul, and what I thought, I cannot recollect. One thing I know—the wish of "making a career, a mark, a fortune, a high position," *was no more active*, no more predominant in my mind. Another

thought pre-occupied me absolutely and entirely; and, as far as I can recollect, O my God and faithful Preserver, to whom our hearts are open! it was embodied in two lines, which I remember at that time to have written to my mother. I see them yet, clear and distinct, as I wrote them; but I do not recollect what preceded and followed: "*If I were a clergyman, I would go as a missionary to India.*"

And shall I now regret having yielded to that secret voice, and having neglected the bright and last occasion of redeeming the fallen fortunes of my house? How should I? for truly I took no counsel with flesh and blood: Thou knowest it. That very night, on my knees in my solitary room, having read Thy Word, I called with a loud voice on Thee, as was my custom. *How* Thou heardest me, I truly have forgotten; but *that* Thou heardest me is sure. And, after this, I performed my duties with my pupils; and I remember having progressed, that summer, in knowledge of self and sin; but of Captain L. and the engineers, and the going to India, and the prospects of wealth and honor, there remained nothing but a faint remembrance, as of a thing gone and past.

Thus the current of my life-thought was changed, and now began to run in a channel narrow, deep, and working its way through the difficulties of time and circumstances. The happy results of my educational endeavors, the favorable development of my three noble boys, the praise bestowed upon them

by all who saw them, the love and esteem so fully rewarding my faithful labors—all this drew my whole attention to the field of education ; and the natural turn of my mind to meditation and research, joined to a disposition loving and affectionate, made me drink deeper and deeper at the Fountain of Eternal Love. To serve him became an earnest wish ; to preach him would have been my highest aim. And I truly did what I could, and preached him to all around me. Nor did I lose my reward ; for I became, as it were, the center of a new life, not only in the family where I resided, but to many who visited them.

"Knowledge is power," it has been said ; but love is greater power. And I soon perceived that I had a lever of great force, and could, with the aid of God, apply it to great advantage. The *Christianizing* of the education of the higher classes became the subject of my constant meditation. To form citizens, who, by their influence and learning, could stay the current of increasing infidelity, and, moving in the highest sphere of social life, proclaim the virtue of their Redeemer —this seemed to me the noblest work I could desire.

Thus the year 1836 drew to an end. I was, one Sunday afternoon, engaged in pleasant discourse with the noble family. It was a frosty day, but the roomy parlor was cheerful with a blazing fire; and my pupils sat around me, listening with attention to the subject of our intimate conversation.

A carriage drove up to the gate, and a note was handed me. It was from the Rev. Mr. Secretan, the first pastor of the Walloon church in the Hague, requesting my immediate presence on matters of importance. I arose; and, whilst taking my hat and cloak, Lady Marie said with a moved voice, "Mr. Leno, I have a foreboding that this is going to take you from us."

"Lady Marie," said I, extending my hand, "*what is to be, is.* But it will never take your sons from me; for they are laid up in my heart."

CHAPTER XIX.

A PASTOR IN THE CAPITAL.

The carriage stopped at an humble dwelling near the Walloon church. A demure and stately servant-woman introduced me to the study, where I found Pastor Secretan ensconced in his arm-chair, and, pen in hand, perusing the most recent publications.

He was a native from picturesque Lausanne, in Switzerland. Short of stature, but robust, his features indicated serious meditation, with a mixture of sensual force sufficient to balance the intellectual capacity. His voice was deep and sonorous, like far-distant thunder. When, robed in the Geneva gown, with deliberate step he entered the church, and, after standing a few moments at the foot of the pulpit bent in silent prayer, ascended the steps with the thoughtful weight of one who was to speak of immortality; then, addressing the crowded and fashionable audience, said, in tones deep and guttural, which seemed to come from another world, "My brethren, let each one of us prostrate himself before the throne of God, and make an humble confession of his sins," —there was indeed a dignity, an impressiveness, which was not lost on the gayest of the noble throng.

But when, after a prayer which gushed, as it were, from a well overflowing with the Spirit of God, he opened the Scripture, and, having read his text, poured forth a stream of eloquence, sometimes pathetic and beseeching, sometimes severe and reproving, until his whole soul, burdened with study and knowledge, seemed to burn with the fire of inspiration, yet subdued and even trembling, as in the Divine Presence, then he seemed to me the personification of the true preacher.

And when the long communion-table was spread, and rows of hundreds sat down, and he stood in the middle distributing the elements to the nearest guests, pronouncing slowly the sacramental words, and, whilst all partook, uttering short sentences of humiliation and encouragement, sentences deep and stirring, reaching the heart of each, producing tears and holy resolutions—then, I must confess, he seemed to me the personification of the true pastor, reverently feeding the flock of the Sovereign Shepherd.

Such was Pastor Secretan, the leader, at that time, of a religious movement in the higher circles of the residence. For, with the growth of infidelity in Germany, the deadening influence of worldliness in France, and the cold formality of the Protestant religion in the Netherlands, God had raised a new spirit, strong enough to counteract the seeds of evil. A Christian gentleman from Scotland met a few congenial spirits in Geneva; and soon the names of Malan, Merle d'Aubigné,

Gaussen, Tronchin, and others, became prominent as leaders in the cause of Christ. From Switzerland it spread to Toulouse, in France, and Montauban; thence soon reached Paris; and the three brothers, Monod, and Vinet, and Grandpierre, were the centers of life-giving Christianity. In Germany, the light of true religion had never been extinguished: Neander and Tholuck, and the fervent Krummachers, and many others, by their writings and preaching, proclaimed the saving power of Christ.

And in the Netherlands, if I remember well, the movement began among the higher classes; afterwards it spread, through the instrumentality of a Leiden theologian, who boldly broke the bonds of formalism, all over the country, mostly among the poorer classes. But they adhered with obstinate perseverance to the letter of the so-called formularies, embodying the creed and practice of the "Fathers of the Synod of Dordrecht." The movement among the higher classes was more "evangelical," more in the spirit of an enlightened Christian brotherhood, and drew its life and tenets from the new Geneva school.

It was a strange thing to see chamberlains and courtiers, ladies of honor and the *élite* of aristocracy, assembling weekly at the dwelling of Pastor Secretan, and there, in solemn silence, listening for hours to his stirring and awakening exposition of Scripture; and while the hand of persecution was raised against the poor, and gatherings of

more than nineteen persons dispersed, and fines imposed, and scanty furniture sold to pay them, the aristocratical meetings in the residence were allowed!

Pastor Secretan received me in a friendly manner, as one whose serious disposition he knew; and at once opened the subject of my visit. In those days—it may be different now—public instruction in the Northern Netherlands was singularly defective. The only public schools, besides the primary schools for poorer classes, were the Latin gymnasiums, where, beside the ancient languages, little else was taught: so that a liberal education, including modern languages, sciences and arts, could not be obtained except in private institutions. In several cities, and, among others, in the residence, the city government had established schools to supply this deficiency. The director of the Industrial School in the Hague had resigned. His place was offered to me.

"The appointments are liberal," said Pastor S., "but the sphere of usefulness is greater than any I can think of. For it will be easy to give a better direction to the whole, and to Christianize, as it were, an institution where hundreds of the middle, and many of the higher class, who wish no university career, receive their education."

It *was* a large, and, in many respects, inviting, field of action. I could not but acknowledge it. Such an appointment would place me at once in an independent position, with the means at my

disposal to carry out my views. Thus it seemed to me; and, asking time for consideration, I left Pastor Secretan not without a feeling of relief when I was again rolling on the road. I always disliked "cliques," and the secret workings of party spirit. Was it because I felt something of the kind? I do not know. It was late when I returned to Rivulet Mansion, and found the baron and Lady Marie awaiting my arrival. The baron was astonished and thoughtful. Lady Marie's face expressed anxiety and apprehension.

"And our boys?" she asked.

There was a painful silence. I reached her my hand, and went to my room. I was perplexed, more than I can now conceive, yet believed, as I do still, in a special Providence. I had once rejected what was, as it were, laid at my door: I did it then, after prayer and supplication, because it seemed at war with my internal calling. But now, unasked and unsought, a position was offered, honorable and useful, and, as it were, the first step to what I had in view. Should I reject this also? Would it not be tempting Providence?

There was yet another consideration. The resigning director had a numerous boarding-school of young men of the best families. Being a particular friend of Pastor Secretan, he promised to manage it so that I could take the whole school off his hands; and when I objected my single estate as a serious hindrance to such an arrangement, Pastor Secretan said, "I have thought of that.

But you have a mother, whose authority and experience would be more than a compensation. She might, perhaps, be willing to remit her establishment to your sister, and to aid you in this useful work."

I doubted it. But I resolved to ask this as another sign from Providence, and wrote to my mother. With her usual promptness of decision, she answered by returning mail, "that she was ready!"

Then, in my perplexity, I wrote to the chevalier, and asked his advice. "It is not a government office," said he, "and therefore I would reject it. And, in your mother's co-operation, I foresee great difficulty. I know you both as highly sensitive."

He knew me truly, the worthy chevalier! And the event proved but too well that he had rightly judged.

Meanwhile, we returned to the residence. I saw Pastor Secretan oftener. I had an interview with the director. I saw his house and school. I was slower to decide than my mother; and in the month of December, having taken dinner with the baron and Lady Marie, I took his hand and said:

"Sir, I have decided. I refuse the offered position. I remain with your sons. The only thing I ask is your aid in forming an institution wherein they will be my first, my best, my always beloved pupils."

Tears came into his eyes (a father's grateful tears are a precious reward for any sacrifice); and, pressing my hand, he said, "Thank you! I thank God for it! From to-morrow I shall go to work!"

And so he faithfully did, with all the tact and discretion of a considerate, noble-hearted friend. I wrote a private circular, wherein I stated my views with regard to education in general, and a full, substantial instruction in particular. I limited my number to twelve sons of the noblest families. I took the position of conferring a benefit, rather than that of being benefited. If there was some pride in this, there was some truth also. For my present position afforded me far more than I needed, with perfect freedom of action, and that refinement of associations which is worth more than riches; and, in the position which I was ready to assume, I foresaw great care and labor, with increase of responsibility, whilst the possible pecuniary advantages weighed very little or nothing in the balance. Money and money matters I never liked; and I stood firm on the basis of my good and pure intentions, though sadly misunderstood by those who know that money governs the world. They could not conceive of one devoting his youth, time and talents to a task so laborious and uninviting, with nothing else to spur to action but *the work itself.*

Yet so it was. Thou knowest it, O Searcher of hearts! I was not covetous, nor was I ever ambi-

tious in the sense of the world. But Thy truth had found a home in my bosom; and, delighting in the sunshine of Thy favor, I wished to draw others around me, and mostly children, the sons of families whose influence and example might advance Thy kingdom.

And many, I must say, did understand me, and appreciated my purpose. The list of twelve was soon made up; and, strange to say, of these twelve there were five the *only* sons of as many ancient families. Bright and lovely boys they were, between the ages of eight and ten; and, what was best of all, they had been nurtured with pious care by godly mothers. To see them was to love them; and there only the teacher's seed can thrive where love, having opened the furrows of the heart, watches with constant care the growing bud.

CHAPTER XX.

WEST-END INSTITUTE.

The summer of 1837 would be the last we were to spend at Rivulet Mansion; and Lady Marie, with delicate attention, wished to have me near, without interfering with my cherished liberty. A few yards from the mansion stood a building by itself, called the "Orangerie;" which, with woman's refinement, she had arranged for my use. It was a roomy and cheerful dwelling for a student, and allowed me to be with the family as much as I pleased, without the trouble of walking far. Many an hour I passed there with my pupils, and many a one with Lady Marie, who also had become my pupil in English. Instead of the trifling literature of the day, she had begun a more solid course of reading; and she was willing to make any effort to keep pace with the rapid development of her sons. As a true mother, she felt a deep interest in their progress, and the need of furnishing a capacious mind, which the world was unable to fill.

Those were happy days, passed in study and recreation. My private studies were now exclusively bent upon theology. I read the Institutes of Calvin, and the ponderous volumes of Gomarus, and the learned works of the Leyden Professor

Witsius. But what made the deepest impression was the Abbé Bautain's "Philosophy of Christianity"—a correspondence between himself and three Israelitish students, who were converted and entered the Roman priesthood. Attending the abbé's lectures on Universal History, they had become attentive to the claims of the Christian religion. Before they knew it they were converts; before they knew it their eyes were opened; and, one after another, they addressed themselves by letters to the learned and pious professor. Their difficulties, their objections, dwindled successively away before the clear and forcible exposition of Christian doctrine as given in the abbé's answers. This correspondence, so natural, so intimate, led to their baptism, and finally to their receiving orders. The views of Bautain were, it is true, condemned by Rome; but they left a deep impression on my mind. For I was confirmed in the opinion, "that Christ can be preached by giving a *Christian* tendency to *secular* instruction; nay, that the Christian element is *necessary* to a full and true and complete knowledge."

And, towards the middle of July, the baron made, with his two eldest sons, a trip along the Rhine. Their well-informed mind, the fluency with which they spoke three modern languages, their spirit of observation, and their historical knowledge, so available in countries full of tradition and ancient monuments—all this commanded the admiration of their accidental traveling com-

panions; and their conscientious adherence to received religious instructions, their youthful hearts accustomed to prayer, and reading the Word of Life—all this found its way to their parent's heart. A letter from the baron, dated from picturesque Godesberg, contains so much interesting detail, so well shows the progressive influence of the Spirit of God, that I give part of it; thus honoring Thee, O my Preserver, the Fountain of all goodness! through Whom alone we can do good, and by Whom alone we may be encouraged to perseverance:

"We just now have returned from the ruins, where, in remotest antiquity, Woden, thereafter Mercury, and now the only true God, is adored. Truly, the history of one such mountain-castle might be called the type of that of the whole human race. The word 'type' yet sounds in my ears, from a long conversation with a learned Englishman, the author of a remarkable work on Bible history. His mind was ours. I say *ours:* for I wish to give you a hint that my mind approaches yours; and, though I seldom speak of it—for what is the use of talking?—I feel that my path converges more and more towards your own belief.

"Deep and strange was the impression which the children and myself received when visiting the ancient Cathedral of Cologne. It was Sunday evening. Notwithstanding the diversion of traveling—and I say this with a deep feeling of gratitude—the boys were devoutly disposed. The evening service filled the church with kneeling worshippers, incense, and heart-elevating song. They looked at me, then again around, and were amazed. Charles was deeply moved, Adolphe perplexed. It was truly imposing; and the solemn impression was, as it were by contrast, increased by the stolid incredulity of an Englishman, who, in answer to a question, said that he believed nothing! And there we saw, as the center of holiness, 'Kaspar,' 'Balthasar,' and another one, the Three Kings—at least their *skulls*—enshrined in three millions' worth of gold and jewels! Oh, what a contrast with *one* idea of those children, brought by you in the path of truth! Thanks for it—thanks! for never did I feel so deeply the blessing therein bestowed.

"These children are most amiable in our journey; and, could I fear false pride in you, I would not tell you, that, of all our fellow-travelers on board the steamer (and we had quite a choice company), there was not one who did not pay me a flattering compliment on their account. 'In what school,' they asked, 'are such young children thus educated?' However, do not think as if they had to make a show. There was no occasion for it; and, had there been, believe me, working in your spirit, I would have prevented it; but they took part in the conversation, were amiable, polite, obliging, occupied themselves, asked with interest, and were all to me that I could wish. Once more, thanks!

"It is with anxiety and fear that I look out for tidings from you. Confide!—I do it for you and for me, and for yours and for mine; and my prayers are with and for you. He who brought you on my path, or rather who made your path and mine to meet—He will make all things right. Whatever may happen, my grateful friendship is yours. Thereon I rely. For I know that now yourself, not less than I and my wife, are anxious to accomplish your work in the children committed to my responsibility."

Thus he wrote from Germany, after a day of fatiguing travel. And the letters of the boys, in purest German, breathed a spirit of thankful love; and, whilst appreciating all they saw, they spoke with joyful rapture of our approaching re-union at Rivulet Mansion. I was alone during that time; for Lady Marie and Alfred were absent also. And in those days of solitude I remember having approached nearer to Thee, O my God! and having received the deepest impression of *what is sin.* For truly Thou calledst me, and I saw Thy love and goodness; but *myself* I did not see, before the mirror of Thy face became bright enough. And then, in that light, I found the spots and stains of my soul—yet only few; and slowly, *very* slowly, Thy Spirit withdrew the curtain. And my own wit did not find them out; but, year after year, Thou

causedst circumstances and events, mistakes and errors, grief and disappointment, to show me the true state of that immortal being which Thou hadst ordained into Thine own image. And what was the cause of the baron's "fear and anxiety," of his "prayers for me and for him?" Why did he cheer me "to confide in Him who would make all right?"

Truly I do even now love him for that heartfelt sympathy with my exalted aim. For though he would lose the advantage of my exclusive attention to his sons, and of an entire home education, he had done all he could to make my plan succeed. The parents were awaiting the moment that they could place their sons under my especial care. There was Count V. D. Bosch, who had preceded General d'Eerens in the government of India; there was the Baroness Fagel, who confided to me the only descendant of a long line of statesmen; there was the Countess de Limburg Styrum, who was anxious to place in my charge her only son, whose father died an untimely death as general commander of the cavalry; and others, who were anxious to see a work begun in which they took the deepest interest.

Yet I could not begin; for I had to obtain the permission of the city authorities, and this was flatly refused. It was an appropriate revenge for my declining the directorship of the Industrial School. It was in the spirit of the times—bitter against the *new light* in religion. Then there re-

mained nothing but to address the royal majesty; and though Count V. D. Bosch was himself a minister of state, yet nothing could be obtained.

But the count, exasperated at difficulties, to which his Indian government had made him little accustomed, one morning said to me, in his usual tone of concentrated determination:

"Open the institute, sir, with or without permission: and, if they dare to meddle with it, we shall see who can prevent me from having my son educated where and by whom I will."

Thus matters stood when the baron returned, and Lady Marie and the children, and we were once more together at the Rivulet Mansion.

Though prudent and cautious, the baron agreed with the count's opinion. "Confide," said he; "go to work, and leave the result to God." And then I went to Leeuwarden to see my mother, and to take with her the necessary measures for her removal to the Hague. For she was ready to work with her son in the task before him; she was ready to give to my institution that tone of refinement, without which no education of boys can be complete; she was ready to give up her position, and to share the risks of my enterprise. And her noble appearance, her perfect control of youth, her long experience, could not but inspire confidence. I returned with her, and she passed some pleasant days at Rivulet Mansion. The boys admired her, and the baron thought her amiable; but Lady Marie reserved her judgment. With woman's tact, she foresaw the coming clouds.

A large and spacious house was building in what is called the West End, at the Hague, recalling by its name the aristocratic quarter of London. It was rented for four years' time, and the building modified so as to suit my peculiar views. With this and other arrangements, the month of November approached. The fifteenth was fixed for the day of opening; and, in the beginning of the month, we all took leave of sweet and picturesque Rivulet Mansion. For two days more I was a guest at the baron's house. And then came the moment of leaving. Our last year's intercourse had been so intimate, our feelings had become so harmonious, that to separate, as it were, my existence from theirs, seemed hard and painful.

I well remember how Lady Marie stood in the hall, and the children around. I well remember the deep emotion wherewith she extended to me her hand, and said, "Mr. Leno, your time of struggle has come; but you have true friends in us." I well remember how Charles looked serious, Adolphe perplexed, and Alfred smiled, when I said, "Adieu, dear boys! The love I have for you must henceforth extend to others besides yourselves. But love has no measure; and, if you can be no more my only pupils, you will always be, I am sure, my first and my best." I well remember how I left the hall, and heard the door closed after me, and went my way to my own house. And the thoughts which occupied my mind I remember—the new responsibility which I

was about to undertake, the high expectations of so many anxious parents, the new position wherein I stood with regard to a criticising public, the opposition I had to expect from certain quarters. Then, again, I was conscious of the purity of my motives. The smallest act would be an offering. These children I would love as I loved my three boys; and their love, which I was sure to gain, would be my recompense. These were, Thou knowest it, O God! my thoughts, when that night I walked silently to my new home, where, during four years' time, I should work much and suffer much and learn much.

And, that same night, I called the inmates of my house together, and, having read Thy Word, knelt down, and invoked Thy blessing upon the house, and the work therein to do, and its present and future inmates. And this was the first time that I knelt in prayer with my dear mother since the day that she taught me, when a little boy of six, the prayer of the Lord.

She arose in tears; and, giving me her hand, she said, "Thou hast prayed well: I could not do it so." And I felt humbled before my mother, and a nameless foreboding crossed my mind. But I embraced her as a son who, since his childhood, has been weaned of so great a blessing, and said, "A great, a good work is before us, mother; and God has kindly brought us together for its performance."

A sigh was all her answer.

The following day the parents came, conducting their precious deposits ; and the assistant teacher came from England ; and there was great bustle and moving and arranging until the school was in fair operation. A few days later, the minister of the interior department came to see the baron, and said, "It is all right ; the king has instructed the city authorities *to let West End alone.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

A CLOUD.

No institution was ever begun under more favorable auspices than that of the "West End." With the zeal of enthusiasm, strengthened by the powerful impulse of religious principle, I soon became for my new pupils what I had some four years been to the sons of the baron. I was always with them. From the time of morning prayers, where every living soul in the house assisted, to that of evening worship, when all were once more gathered, I was with them. In their studies, in their plays, I was with them. For soon I loved them; and love makes all things easy.

Oh, sweet remembrance of time usefully passed, when no minute was begrudged, and the work seemed pleasure, because it was a work of love, and I could say, "The more of it, the better!"

I had pupils of all ages, from eight to fourteen. Differing in temper and progress, I wished to unite them, and to create amongst them a certain *esprit de eorps.* And I adopted a plan, which, to this day, I esteem the best, where many boys are gathered. I contrived to make *them* ask my permission to form a little company of soldiers. They had their chief, their sergeants, their drummer. They had their chasseurs' uniform, and gun, and knap-

sack. They had their daily roll-call, drill, and reports. They had their days for shooting at the target; the younger ones with bow and arrow, the older ones with gun and shot. They had their punishment for breach of discipline, and their solemn court-martial for graver offences. Truly, the child is father to the man; and I have often, very often, admired the sense of justice and decorum manifested even by the youngest. And, to this day, I remember the deep impression made when once I disbanded the company. The little soldiers, with serious mien, knowing what was to come, donned their uniforms and knapsacks, and shouldered their guns. They fell in their ranks—the last and youngest a bright little fellow, with smiling face. Then I said seriously, without effort, for I *did* feel sorry, "Young gentlemen, there have been strife and discord amongst you: I feel obliged to disband you." And Adolphe, who was the chief, with characteristic energy commanded, "*Shoulder arms! present arms! right and left, fall out!*" And I shall never forget the sorrowful mien wherewith they stripped themselves of their uniform, and placed their muskets on the rack; nor the dreary quietness which pervaded the whole school during three days. They could stand it no longer. They signed a petition in due form, promising better things, and asking to be restored; and I gravely signed my consent, and from my study could hear the joyful shout with which it was received.

And, when the ice threw its glassy sheet over the thickening waters, each had his pair of swift-gliding skates; and off we went on long or short excursions. Or on the extensive ponds, in the magnificent "Wood Park," they used to show their expertness to the throng of aristocracy enjoying the gay and joyful scenery.

But the study-hours were many and long, yet never wearisome. Three hours began the morning work, devoted to Latin, Greek, and mathematics. Then came a slight repast, with two hours' play, or walk, or exercise. The next were two hours of lighter occupation, given to modern languages, to drawing after bust or model, the construction of geographical maps or tables of history, and to the sweet melody of vocal music; and when dinner was over, where pleasant conversation and the occasional presence of a guest prevented the sin and evil of greediness or surfeit, a little play at shuttlecock or a walk in the garden prepared for the evening studies. Then I gave my lessons of general interest on Bible history or universal grammar, and the art of composing, and bringing into written form, what the mind had first conceived. They all were wide awake: for children of all ages love the picture-gallery of God's holy Word; they all delight in the progressive development of their thoughts; they all enjoy the faculty of rightly expressing what their mind has fully grasped.

But the happiest hours were those of Friday evening. In the large parlor they all gathered

together, each bringing his portfolio and drawing materials; and at the extensive table they took their seats, and began to sketch and work with industry in deepest silence. For I sat at the head of the table, the Word of God before me, and read aloud the touching histories of patriarchal times and judges, kings and prophets; and now and then I explained, and asked a question; and sometimes I made a pause, and went round inspecting their designs, correcting and advising. But, at the appointed hour, the portfolios were closed, the household came in, the chapter of the evening was read, and explained to children's capacity; when all stood up, and sang one of the touching "*chants de Sion;*" then knelt, and in prayer I commended them to Thee, O my God! for at that time I had no bitterness, and I could easily give what I so abundantly received.

Thus we lived and studied: and if my life was one of constant care and occupation, if none but the few hours of sleep were hours of rest, and even those disturbed by severe cough, I did not feel it; for I soon loved all those boys as truly as I did my former pupils. They were bright and gentle; and my unreserved sacrifice to their welfare soon kindled in their unsophisticated hearts the soft, burning flame of true affection.

There was but one whose violence of temper for a long time baffled all my efforts. The only son of a noble countess, he inherited from his military father an indomitable spirit, which bade defiance

to all rule and discipline. He was the only child whom ever I have been obliged to *chastise* in the scriptural sense of the word. But I did it deliberately, and with unflinching severity, gathering strength from deep conviction of duty. When he saw my perseverance, and the grief and sorrow which struggled in my bosom; when, week after week, I had to go through the terrible ordeal—he perceived my extreme love in my extreme severity. And he loved me more than any pupil ever did; his heart clung to me with all the earnestness of gratitude; and when, six years thereafter, I departed for America, with heart-rending sorrow he hung on my neck, weeping bitter tears. On board the vessel I received his last farewell letter, wherein he said, "I cannot express my feelings when remembering all the blessings and all the care which I enjoyed during the long years passed with you; and sometimes I remember with gladness *that you never punished me but justly.* I have often thought of you, nor do I forget you in my prayers. But I feel I am yet far from God; for I do not love to pray, yet have I a secret desire of being converted. What must I do?" And what I answered him, or if I answered him, I do not know; for soon the swift-sailing vessel was steering to the West. But this I know, that my dear, dear William Trip, the boy whom I loved *best*, the countess's son, and godson of the king, is now an humble, faithful minister of Him whom then he sought.

And, whilst those children gave me a daily reward by their affection and progress, the parents did not less to encourage the man who, they felt, devoted heart and life to their dearest hopes and expectations. Their visits and those of their friends and relations were assiduous. Our class-rooms were seldom without these intelligent, appreciating witnesses; and our evening lessons were frequently enlivened by the presence of mothers, who fully entered into my plan of instruction. But the sweet Friday evenings were a chief center of attraction; and some made it a habit of coming regularly.

Thus I worked; and "West-End Institute," under especial royal protection, became the praise of many, and the stumbling-block of some; for where there is success, there is, by the natural impulse of the human heart, a sort of jealousy. We generally wish only well to that which is *our own*, or under our own direct or indirect protection—to that which is more or less identified with *ourselves*, even in remote degree. What is not so, we are disposed to treat with indifference, or, at the slightest occasion, with hostile feeling. Such is man, even in this showing the original of a divine pattern, but defaced. For Thou, O perfect Love! wishest well to *all* men, because they are *all* Thy workmanship, and are related to Thee, even the most erring, as creatures to their Creator.

And I myself—I loved this work, perhaps, too much, as my own. Perhaps the love of these

children, and the praise of the parents, and the esteem of men, made me too secure; and I gave less attention to the feelings of others, and courted less the approval of others, and thus made a breach of charity. Truly, O my God! thy Word has said, "The heart of man is deceitful in all its ways." Twenty years have passed, and humbling sorrow and affliction have chastened me; and, Thou knowest it, I have often tried to find out the secret workings of my heart; and I know it was then pure and true before Thee, as much as we can be before the only true and holy One; but I verily think I was *too secure;* and confiding in Thee, and in the honesty of my purpose, which was a virtue, I neglected my fellow-beings and their influence, which was an evil.

Pastor Secretan, who was ready to exert so great an influence in the "Industrial-School" affair, had little or none in "West-End Institute;" and the party of which he was the leader, and which included some of the most influential families, and, among others, the Baroness Fagel, whose son was one of my pupils, looked upon me as a natural "exponent" of their views.

I called Pastor Secretan the leader of that party. I was perhaps wrong. He was the spiritual director and adviser—the "oracle," so to say; but he who gave position and authority to the party, who brought it in connection with politics, was the Counselor of State, Baron Groen Van Prinsterer. He was a man of singular abilities, a most accom-

plished scholar, a sound and thoughtful writer, a strong adherent of the reigning dynasty, a thorough champion of the "divine right of kings," a deep and uncompromising Calvinist, and therefore a determined friend or foe.

But following the advice of the baron and of Lady Marie, and not less the dictates of my own rather independent spirit, I avoided the very semblance of party tendency. My happy Friday evenings took the place of the Friday "meetings" at Pastor S.'s : my whole arrangements were, perhaps, in opposition to some of their more "precise" views ; and, except the natural parochial relations, I gently repelled some endeavors to bring "West-End Institute" under the real or ostensible influence of Pastor S. Yet, with all this care, in two instances I accepted their advice and aid ; and, to this day, I must regret it.

My only help to assist me in the arduous task was an English gentleman. He came highly recommended by one in whom I placed unbounded confidence. He was able, but eccentric ; and what I sought first of all, what was so indispensable in conducting the work as I understood it—a heart wherein the Spirit of God was stirring—I did not find. It marred his influence, it destroyed his usefulness ; and, after three months' trial, I gave it up, and said, "Let us part in peace. The work we have before us requires another disposition. Let us part in peace." In this I acted with the advice of the counselor, who was peremptory

in all things. Reluctantly he went; and, whilst the counselor and Pastor S. took upon themselves to seek in Switzerland a proper aid, I remained alone, and worked beyond my strength.

For in instruction and general guidance my noble mother could not assist me. Her health was feeble, her nervous system highly irritable. She truly loved me, and had looked forward to her new position with all the joy of one who feels the need of "busy rest."

"My heart is lighter," thus wrote she once, "at the thought that, living with you, my soul will receive more life. I shall not always have to give—always to give: I, too, shall receive salutary impressions."

And in another letter, "Yes, my well-beloved son, I wish to devote to you those years of my life, wherein, whilst being useful to you, I may enjoy the happiness of daily intercourse. I am very decided upon that subject. Daily I pray the Lord to bring us together, and to bless your noble undertaking. I shall do all in my power to become identified with my new duties. I shall know how to learn; and the very thought of making your home more agreeable awakens my soul, and renews life to my senses."

Thus wrote my dear mother; and she meant all she said; for she was noble, and a lover of truth. For a time I was happy and proud: happy in having the society, experience and aid of one in whom there was so much to love and to admire; proud

in being enabled to maintain in my interior arrangements the spirit of refinement and decorum which made a home of my institute, and a Christian home, completely answering the dream of my life.

But often, when, after a day's heavy work, I sat down in the cheerful family room, and expressed my heartfelt satisfaction, my gladness, at unhoped success, I was answered with a sigh, a silent sigh, which checked the happy current of my feelings; and when friends came to see my mother, friends who had not approved her resolution, I perceived a cold restraint, a feeling of uneasiness.

And I have a sad, very sad remembrance of some days. But, on the day of my twenty-seventh anniversary, I made my customary walk with my pupils. It was a gray and gloomy afternoon. I remember each step, each barren tree, each snowy pathway; for my heart was heavy, and my oldest pupils walked by my side. And at dinner I sat down alone, as I had done two days before; and, when that night I went to bed, I was afraid and trembling.

But, in the early morning, I heard a carriage stopping at the gate. The coach-door was opened, and as soon closed again, and the coach drove off at a rapid pace. And, when I came down, I found that I was left alone.

CHAPTER XXII.

SUNSHINE.

Thus was the prediction of the chevalier fulfilled. The so newly erected building of my hope received a terrible shock. For those who were unfavorable to my enterprise drew the conclusion that a son who did not honor his mother could not rightly educate the sons of others; and those who were worldly-minded were glad to say that my religion was an external garb. Those were days of unutterable sorrow. My heart seemed one wound. But I went on with my work as well as I could, though I felt languid and amazed; for I was not yet accustomed to be the subject of public talk; and to defend myself seemed to bring on an accusation.

Then it was that the baron rendered me the service of a true and prudent friend. Wherever an accusing voice was uttered, he went in person, and spoke from personal knowledge: and thus, by degrees, he rectified public opinion. For, during four years, he knew me intimately, with all the good and evil there was in me. My sweet sister, also, whilst devoted to my mother, equally loved me, and did not fail to rectify erroneous judgments; and my own dear mother perceived, but too late, the harm she did, and wrote:

"My heart is sad, when thinking that I am far from my two children, whom I love. Oh, why did my health, affected by a life full of trials, prevent me from being for you what I so much desired? Had a change, so great at my age, not influenced my manner of seeing and appreciating things, perhaps I should yet be there. This I repeat to myself every moment. Oh! do not accuse yourself."

Thus she wrote in answer to my sorrowful letters, for she loved me truly; and six years thereafter, when sixty-four years of age, she crossed the ocean to live with me, and, after three years, departed in my arms, with blessing.

The storm passed, but left me weary and lonely. With an effort I resumed the daily routine, and with even more concentration of force than before. For now my pupils were my all; and though many well-meaning parents advised me to seek a companion, who might share my labors, and restore to me the sweetness of family life, all my thoughts, my energies, my efforts were bent upon one thing—the complete success of my institute, the realization of my theory of education and instruction.

And I did succeed. My former pupils, stimulated by the additional power of emulation, worked hard and well, and did me honor; and the younger ones, without exception, answered fully my endeavors. The only thing I needed was an aid, capable to enter into the spirit, not only of the

moral, but also of the intellectual and social training. And, through the endeavors of Pastor Secretan, there came a young man from Switzerland to assist me. But I soon found that he needed instruction himself; and I cheerfully gave it him, and treated him as a brother. He was simple, and of narrow capacity, but had an under-current of cunning shrewdness, which afterwards gave me much trouble.

At the counselor's recommendation, I received a matron, to be at the head of domestic affairs. She was a thorough housekeeper, but worldly-minded, and with a spirit of intrigue which I did not understand. For I was inclined to take people as they appeared, and had not learned the art of *governing;* which chiefly consists in "using the good qualities of men, and guarding against their evil ones."

I had now been obliged to increase the number of my pupils, and fifteen noble boys were gathered in my fold. When the month of June drew to an end, I appointed a day for examination, to which the parents and their numerous friends were invited. The thought of "preparing" for an examination never entered my mind; for my pupils had been "preparing" all the time. It was a review lesson, intended to show not only their individual progress, but the whole system of instruction.

Many were the noble ladies and friends who, on the last day of June, thronged the study hall;

and when my boys came in with all the confidence of "doing well," because they had implicit confidence in their guide, my heart, I must confess, beat high. I felt *one* with them, and as a superior link between them and their parents. Like every morning lesson, I opened this with prayer. Then came the review of our Bible reading; and the little son of Count Van den Bosch, a beautiful boy, narrating with lively precision the "wanderings of the Israelites in the desert," I took occasion to remark how this life is the desert through which we travel to gain a heavenly Canaan; and I heard the aged count repeating with deep conviction, "*True, very true!*"

Then, while the higher classes reviewed their mathematical and physical studies, the younger ones wrote a composition in French, which they handed to their parents, as a remembrance of the day. This took two hours. Now came an hour of rest and of great surprise. For, after a few moments, the drum was heard, and the word of command, and the clash of guns, and the little troop marched proudly and firmly to the play-ground; and, having shown their expertness in drill, knapsack and gun disappeared; and, in a moment, they were running the swinging-pole, balancing in the horizontal bars, climbing the ropes, and racing and jumping, until the drum recalled them to the ranks, and the study-bell to the hall.

Then an hour was given to review the younger

ones in German, and history, and geography; whilst the older class solved an algebraical problem, and made a German composition, which they handed to their parents. And the last hour was given to Greek and Latin, whilst the younger ones exercised their skill in rectilinear drawing. It was all natural, because they did what they were accustomed to do. It was a true exponent of their instruction and progress. It was a day of satisfaction for the parents, of pleasure for the pupils, and of honor for myself. It was a happy day.

After dinner, my delighted pupils made a long walk with me along the sea-shore, talking and laughing, and laying out plans for the six-weeks' vacation. And when, towards dark, we came home, we assembled for prayers; and, having blessed them, we separated, to meet again on the sixteenth of August.

But I began to prepare for a journey to Germany and Switzerland; for my health had suffered by continual exertion, and I wished to see the best establishments for education, and to learn by seeing and comparing. This had been a cherished plan, once slightly alluded to in a conversation with the Dowager Boreel, the grandmother of one of my pupils; and whilst one day I was regretting that perhaps I should have to give it up, as the expenses of a new establishment were great and many, a letter was laid on my table, containing five hundred dollars in bank-notes! But the letter

itself was of far more worth; for the venerable and noble lady pressed, in kind and sympathizing words, the necessity of a journey for the restoration of my health, and its usefulness for the extension of my knowledge and experience. She feared there might be an obstacle, which she was happy to be able to remove.

"Allow me, sir," thus she ended, "to beg of you to accept the inclosed bank-notes, as a mark of my esteem, and of the interest I take in an establishment, which, under God's blessing, must have such happy results for the precious children confided to your care. Is it necessary to add, that, amongst them, there is *one* who is *very dear* to me?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

GERMANY AND SWITZERLAND.

As soon as the steamer had carried me to the Prussian frontier, I took the stage to Bonn, where I had letters of recommendation. It is a cheerful city, with its shady walks, and pleasant vineyards, and its sociable inhabitants. I found the tone of the students far more refined than it is usually, and soon perceived that it was owing to their frequent intercourse with the many agreeable families residing in the place and neighborhood. Professor Nietsch was, at that time, the soul and life of the evangelical movement in Rhenish Prussia; a learned man, with childlike simplicity. He made me acquainted with Mr. Thormann, a Bernese patrician exiled from his country. With his accomplished wife, he had succeeded in establishing a most excellent institute for young ladies. Of all the institutions I have seen, this came nearest to my ideal of Christian home-life, joined to extensive solid instruction.

I spent there happy days. I found congeniality in aim and purpose; and their accomplished daughters charmed me with their unsophisticated simplicity. But soon the steamer carried me up the panorama of the Rhine to Coblentz, with its impregnable fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, in name

as forbidding as in aspect; and thence to "golden" Mentz, the pride of Germans. The much-praised Rhine I thought tedious, the many castles monotonous, the names harsh; and I was glad when I was rolling in a carriage along the pleasant road to rich and thriving Frankfort.

An elderly gentleman, a respectable merchant from Elberfeld, had offered himself as my companion through Germany to Schaffhausen. He bore the forbidding name of Wolf, but was better than his name; for a meeker Christian I never met; and though I prized independency above all things, not least when traveling, I accepted his proposal.

From Frankfort we journeyed over Darmstadt to Heidelberg. In Darmstadt we took our breakfast in a most delightful garden. I well remember the inscription over the entrance. It was characteristic of German feeling, and struck me by its touching simplicity: "The flower speaks: 'Oh! look at me, but do not cull me! For life so beautiful and short hast God, and not thou, given me.'"

The whole road was lined with apple and pear and walnut trees; and the wayfaring man was welcome to all. But here and there I observed a small bundle of straw suspended to the trunk. When I asked what it meant, the coachman said, "Those are a few trees which the owners reserve to their own use."

I was struck with the number of children which

I saw in the villages and towns. But their behavior astonished me more than their numbers; for I never saw them play boisterous games, but they mostly conversed peacefully together: or, toward evening, they were sitting in groups before their humble, but neat and tasteful, dwellings, and joined in sweetest choral harmony.

I lingered more than two hours among the interesting ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, which they began to build in 1300, and which was burnt in the last century. But what pleased me most was the delightful garden, with its magnificent cherries, whose fame is spread far and wide. The students here seemed less refined than those of Bonn. I was shown the house, on the other side of the gentle-streaming Neckar, where they daily met to fight their ruthless duels; and many were the handsome faces disfigured by an ugly sabre stroke.

From Heidelberg we went over sweet and flowery Heilbrunn to Stuttgart, with its broad and regular streets; and thence, through a country as picturesque as artist can desire, we arrived at Tübingen. The tone of the students here seemed even more rough than at Heidelberg. They avoided all intercourse with ladies, but in their studies were said to be superior. Allowing a perfect freedom in manner and method, the faculties observed an unflinching severity in examination and discipline.

And now we left what has been called the gar-

den of Germany, with its varied scenery, its many and populous villages, its thrifty, honest and refined inhabitants; a land of song and music, of social habits and pleasant intercourse. We took our journey through rough and mountainous Suabia, stepped over the Danube near its source, and reached ancient Schaffhausen, with its irregular streets, its numerous fountains and curious houses, painted with image of knight or saint. Here my worthy companion left me for St. Gallen, on the beautiful Lake of Constance; and I went in an opposite direction, on the road to Zurich.

Everything assumed a smaller scale, except the works of God. No more domains of princes and dukes; no more castles with long-sounding names, the cradles of many a sovereign house; but the scanty soil divided among many, and those the hard-working, sturdy mountaineers. The lordly parks dwindled away into modest farms and humble sheepfolds, the stately mansions into thatched cottages and solitary *chalets*. But in the distance loomed the bold and rugged outline of the Berner Oberland; and far above in the deep azure, here and there, some sharp and pointed cloudlike spots attracted my attention. They did not move or change. "What *can* it be?" said I to the coachman, whose seat I occupied. "Are they clouds? What are they?" And, pointing with his whip, the sturdy Swiss, in broad and guttural tones, gave me the full benefit of his knowledge: "The Jungfrau, the Wedderhorn, the Finster Aarhorn, the Schreckhorn," etc.

And I remember that I was filled with awe. They stood at more than a hundred miles of distance, the silent witnesses of the Power which heaved them up from the bosom of a convulsed globe. In their needle-shaped form and ghastly hue, they appeared to me as gigantic hieroglyphics impressed on the dark-blue sky.

In Zurich I had a pressing letter of commendation to the Baron Meyer de Knonau, a type of Swiss aristocracy. Highly educated, refined, and obliging, he received me with kindness. He introduced me to the Reading Cabinet, a beautiful locality; "but only for the *nobility*," as he remarked with stately reserve. It sounded strange to me in republican Switzerland.

Then he took me to the Institute for the Deaf and Dumb, combined with that for the Blind. We found the director engaged in teaching one of the first. He was from Wurtemberg; a handsome man of about thirty, whose countenance beamed with affectionate goodness and intelligent benevolence. They used no finger-language: all communications were made by the distinct inflection of mouth and lips. Most wonderful to see them speak together without a sound, but moving their lips as if speaking with particular distinctness! I spoke thus to some, not uttering a voice, but merely moving my lips as if speaking in an "earnest" whisper. They answered me readily and well.

The director showed me the *ninth* volume of a

diary kept by one of those deaf and dumb (then fifteen years of age), most beautifully written, and admirably composed. I find in my notes of that day, "How very, very glad I should be to see the oldest of my pupils perform such a work!"

In another locality were the blind, both boys and girls. I heard them sing a piece composed by one of them, and set to music by another; and, whilst I was yet entranced by the impressive melody, they began a chorus which drew tears from not only me, but even from those who were their daily attendants. The musical talent of some was wonderful: they could immediately name all the sounds of a piano-accord of five, six, and seven notes.

I left this institute, more than ever convinced of the little I did myself, and almost ashamed of having undertaken that little.

It would be difficult to surpass the Baron Meyer in kind regard toward a stranger; and others, to whom I had letters of introduction, showed me like attention. But soon I was on the road to Berne, the nominal capital of the Helvetian Republic; a beautiful city, round which the Aar streams with rapid course, with high and well-built houses, an endless number of balconies, and handsome-arched sidewalks. I thought the Bernese costume very pretty, the women handsome, but the language harsh and disagreeable.

An introduction to Baron de Frieshing opened to me not only his own hospitable house, but all

that I could wish to see. My chief desire was to be at Hofwyl, the institute of the celebrated Fellenberg. Himself of noble family, the enthusiasm of philanthropy had sustained him in his long and strenuous efforts to improve the public education of all classes. I found him a venerable gray-haired man, erect and dignified, yet with a mixture of benevolent humor. Evidently pleased to meet a man, who, in the task of education, saw more than a matter of business, he charged his son with the care of showing me through the establishment.

It was a little village by itself. There was the institute for the *higher* classes; a noble, spacious building of three stories, with about sixty pupils. The arrangements for studies, bathing, swimming, gymnastics, etc., were most complete. At a distance was the building for the *middle* classes, with some hundred and fifty pupils; and, farther off, the institute for the *poor*, with its various shops of carpenters, blacksmiths, etc. Some were educated as agriculturists, and the extensive grounds were intrusted to their care.

There was not a teacher or usher who had not been educated at Hofwyl. The whole was like a vast machine, one part supporting the other; yet I could perceive the traces of decay. And I thought that the cause was the absence of positive truth; that it was more the embodiment of one man's individual idea than the spontaneous growth of a life-giving principle.

For when I returned to the venerable originator of this vast undertaking, I found him full of enthusiasm with "eternal ideas;" but an humble reliance on revealed truth I did not find. He showed me the Oratory, where, every Sunday, he lectured to his pupils; and, when I asked him what were mostly his subjects, he answered with the glow of enthusiasm, "The eternal ideas which are implanted in our nature!"

I left Hofwyl with thanks for received attention, but also with a deep feeling of disappointed expectation.

From Berne, the stage took me over a pleasantly varied road to Fribourg, with its magnificent suspension-bridge. There all spoke French, and I was glad; for the Swiss sounds harsh and rough. It was midnight when I arrived at Lausanne, where I had several letters of introduction of the more "spiritual" sort.

The following day was Sunday; and I went to the Church of St. François, where I heard a very good discourse on the touching scene of Rebecca's departure, and arrival in the tents of Isaac. The subject struck me; for I must confess that my thoughts wandered often in the fields of imagination. And I left the church with the unanswered question, "*Is there a Rebecca for me?*" This text in after time recurring to my mind, like Professor Tydeman's *the world wide open*, caused me trouble and vexation.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IS IT REBECCA?

When, the following day, I was on board the steamer, crossing the lake to pleasant and cheerful Geneva, my attention was fully taken up by the widow of a Moravian minister. She was more than handsome—she was interesting; and a cherub-like little son of five increased the attraction. Her conversation had the sweetness of Christian refinement; and it was with regret that I took leave of her when the steamer stopped at Nyon, where she resided.

Did I think of Rebecca? I do not remember. But the little fellow's sixth birthday was to be on the seventh of December. I marked it carefully in my note-book, for there I see it yet. It is on account of this little memorandum that I mention the incident; for the thoughts which busied me when penciling that line have been swept away by the rapid course of twenty years, and that lovely widow I never more beheld. But my soul, when recalling the memories of the past, must confess that it became entangled, as it were, in the dangers of a fixed idea, *as if I had to seek a Rebecca far off;* and I called *faith* what was indeed a lack of faith, seeking instead of waiting, and thus weaving a net of difficulties and sorrows

where my path might have been smooth and pleasant. For not willingly, O my God! dost Thou afflict the children of men, and Thy hand lies seldom heavily on them; but, resisting or forestalling Thy providence, they make their own troubles. And when truly *Thine* own hand strikes, they feel the difference; for, with the blow, Thou sendest the spirit of consolation.

My first visit in Geneva was to the venerable Merle d'Aubigné, to whom I was strongly recommended by several friends in the Hague. A son of the Baron Van Hemert, who had already placed two sons at West-End Institute, received his first education in d'Aubigné's family. As he was to become my pupil, his parents requested me to take him in charge on my return. I found him an amiable, intelligent boy of thirteen, who proved an agreeable companion.

Merle d'Aubigné was a man in the strength of manhood, of large proportions, very dark complexion, severe aspect; but, under the dark and heavy eyebrow, there flashed a light of Christian fortitude and meekness. I truly loved him, and I could perceive that he took in me a more than common interest. His wife, a lady of commanding beauty, was a native of Portugal, who, touched by the light of gospel truth, fled country and kindred, and became a faithful pastor's wife, and the mother of a most charming family. When, a year thereafter, I saw her again, I found her mourning with a mother's sorrow: for one after another they

had been gathered into paradise; and through her tears she spoke with touching simplicity, "Truly, it has shaken my faith; for I begged so hard for the *last* one!"

And through d'Aubigné I became acquainted with the learned and amiable Gaussen, the enthusiastic author of the "Theopneusty;" and with Pilet Joly, eloquent through the simplicity of his faith; and with full-souled Laharpe, and others of the "Ecole Théologique," at that time the true exponent of the great and wholesome movement in Geneva.

But my heart yearned after the author of the "Songs of Zion." To him I had an introduction from his son, whom I met at Tübingen. I had none other: for already then he stood alone—alone in his excellency, alone in his faults, alone in his security; and, perceiving this, my heart, itself too secure, sought him out with a strange and unaccountable eagerness.

About half a mile from the suburbs of Geneva there was a charming spot, not improperly called "Pré Béni," or "Blessed Meadow.' It was an extensive garden, with an enclosure of fragrant hawthorn, jessamine, and lilac. Laid out in simple style, the undulating grounds presented the most pleasing variety of flower-beds, terraces, and groves of chestnut, lime, and rose trees. The dwelling was like the surrounding garden, in its style combining Swiss simplicity and English comfort; and near by stood, ensconced between the

graceful trees and shrubbery, a neat and cheerful-looking chapel, with its belfry always ready to call to prayer: it was the "Church of the Witness."

For there the venerable pastor had borne witness to the truth of God for more than twenty years, in a time of reproach and persecution, in a time when the divinity of his Savior was openly denied in the pulpits of Geneva. Endowed with all the gifts of body and mind, he refused the applause of an unbelieving multitude, and, descending from national pulpit and professor's chair, became for Switzerland what Wesley and Whitefield had been for England.

He received me as one whom he had long since expected. I was struck by his appearance. His snow-white hair, waving in graceful locks over his broad and well-built shoulders, his clear and piercing eye, his almost faultless face and winning smile—it all took me by surprise. Soon we were in deep and searching conversation; and I left him, with the promise of an evening visit, to make the acquaintance of the family.

That afternoon, towards dusk, I went to the Chapel of the Witness. It was rapidly filling with sober and serious looking men and women. The "songs of Zion," so sweet and solemn; the fervent prayer of the pastor; the pathetic and heart-searching exhortation—it all struck me by its natural expression of deep-felt piety. It was different from what I had seen or heard before.

From the chapel, I accompanied the pastor to his dwelling. And they sat down at the long supper table, the venerable parents at the end; nine maidens, young men and children between them. Three were absent—one a missionary in India, another a student in Tübingen, and a third (a daughter) on a visit to Nyon. The pastor was the same in his family circle as in the pulpit—wide awake and glowing with Christian affection. And at last the whole family, rising, sang one of the "chants de Sion;" after which, all kneeling, he poured forth a fervent prayer for his family and for the absent ones, and did not forget the stranger and his work.

When, on the following day, I mentioned my unbounded admiration to the noble-hearted d'Aubigné, I perceived a shade of thoughtfulness settling on his brow. What he said I do not remember; but it became clear to me that, even among the "brethren" in Geneva, there was diversity of opinion. And I believe that if I had followed his advice "to be on my guard," I should have saved myself a great amount of trouble; for the excellent pastor of the Witness was extreme in his views, and my ardent mind was but too susceptible.

Having visited the numerous establishments of education in and near the city, the time of my departure approached. It was Saturday; when a son of the family of Pré Béni knocked at the door, and kindly inquired after my health. It is

true, I had not been there since my second visit. I had not answered the pastor's friendly invitation to come and go like one of the family. I had followed the advice of wisdom; I had avoided the fascinating influence exerted by the vivid expression of heartfelt but *exclusive* piety; by the magic of wonderful talent, but subservient to a *one-sided view;* by the loveliness of family life, devoted to to the service of God, but only practicable in the *seclusion* of Pré Béni. And in this I had followed an instinctive dread, a mysterious warning. But, when the amiable young man pressed an invitation to dinner, I did accept.

And again I entered the precincts of the "Blessed Meadow." I remembered the first meeting with the venerable pastor, and the evening song. The spot seemed to possess a mysterious charm, increased by my protracted absence. I felt as if I came to *my own.* Thus said my heart, whilst my reason kept silence. And, when we were seated at the long and neat but frugal table, my eye, wandering along the line of lovely children, discovered the third daughter of the family, who had just returned from her trip to Nyon. Unlike her elder sisters, Melinda was dark-eyed, and her raven locks almost hid her beautiful features from observation. She spoke little, and her whole attention seemed to be given to her younger sisters. As soon as dinner was concluded, she arose, and, taking a small basket, went out to visit some poor and sick in the neighborhood.

The pastor and myself went into the garden, and sat down in the shade of a beautiful lime-tree. He spoke about my work and prospects; and I opened my inmost soul to him, as a son would to his father. Perceiving the need which I *felt*, but did *not* express, of a companion to share my cares and prayers and hopes and sorrows, he pressed me in his arms with tender affection, and said with solemn emphasis, "My brother, on the mount of the Lord it shall be provided;" and I left him with the promise of passing with him the following evening, the last of my sojourn in Geneva.

That evening, after supper, the *dessert* was brought. It was a plate filled with slips of paper, on each of which was written a sentence from Scripture; and, as it passed round, each one took his slip, the guests as well as the smallest children; and, in turn, those who were able said some words of explanation, or answered some questions. It was amusing, interesting and instructive; chiefly so by the inimitable manner of the pastor. Melinda read her sentence: "The Lord is thy shield and buckler." They were the first words I heard her speak; and I thought her voice was sweet and melodious.

After this, a tiny box was presented by one of the little girls. "This box," said the pastor, "goes around every Sunday evening, and each one is expected to give something. What is thus collected is employed to redeem a slave from the market of Cairo, and to give her a Christian education. We

have already redeemed one, who is now receiving education."

Thus the evening passed in sweet and useful conversation; and, towards ten o'clock, they all arose and sung, on account of me, the touching "chant du départ." The pastor blessed me with encouraging and consoling words; and as, one by one, I took leave of all, my eyes for the first time met those of Melinda. "*Dieu vous bénisse!*" said she in sweet and silvery tones, whilst reaching me the hand; and her eyes seemed to me beaming with Christian affection.

The following day I left Geneva with thankful feelings for all the kindness I had received. We traveled over Lausanne and Neufchatel and Fribourg to Berne. From there we went to Thun and Interlachen; thence through all the sublime and sometimes "awful" beauties of the Berner Oberland. We crossed the picturesque, but sometimes dangerous, Walstatter Sea; and, over Lucerne, came to Schaffhausen. There we took a carriage to cross the south of Wurtemburg, and the gloomy yet interesting region of the Black Forest.

At last we came to Coblentz, where we waited the arrival of Mrs. Fauve, an elderly lady from Neufchatel. Strongly recommended by Mr. d'Aubigné, I had engaged her as matron in my institute. Her age, her experience and piety, made him think that she would be a desirable person to fill the place. Though he was, in some measure,

deceived, and I with him, yet she was kind and good. We continued our journey pleasantly, descending once more the picturesque Rhine, until, at the appointed date, we reached the field of our labors. But during all the traveling, on Alp and glacier, on lake and road, in steamer and in swift-rolling carriage, the question returned with unceasing assiduity, *Is it Rebecca?*

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DEMAND.

I CAME home with all the vivid remembrances of rapid and varied traveling, and with the fragrance, so to say, of Christian life, as seen in more than one household of Geneva. But when I entered the large and roomy institute, there was no congenial soul to bid me welcome. It seemed all cold and dreary. I deeply felt that I had no *home.* I had perceived it before, but it never struck me as now; when, thoughtful, I sat down in my study, a novice in the arts of intrigue and calumny, and wondering at the wickedness of men.

For the matron, who, by the arrival of Mrs. Fauve, perceived that her rule was at an end, exerted all her art and smoothness of tongue to give me blame. Those, too, who had placed her with me, took a more or less hostile position; and the time which she remained, under color of initiating the new matron in her duties, she employed in perverting the young Swiss whom I had received as an assistant.

Inexperienced, and with little learning, he had come from the Helvetian mountains, and in the royal residence was little at ease; but seeing his studious disposition, and aptness to learn, as well as a conscientious strictness in the discharge of his

duties, I had tried to make the best of the case. As a brother I treated him, and taught him, and provided for him; and, for the little service he could render, I gave him an honorable salary. When I returned from his native country, I felt still more for him, for I understood him better; and I looked to him, if not as to an efficient help, at least as to a friendly companion, in whom I could place confidence.

When he saw me on my return, he was glad, as one who wishes to escape a temptation. But, after a few days, he became gloomy and reserved; and, when I kindly pressed him for an explanation, he became overbearing, and went often to Pastor Secretan and the counselor, and finally made his stay with me dependent upon suchexcessive demands, that, in conscience, I could not accede.

It was nearly midnight when he claimed "settlement," and declared his intention to leave the next morning. I gave *all* he demanded; and, wishing him a better mind, turned to my eldest pupil, saying, "What next?"

He was a youth of seventeen, affectionate, and nearly idolizing me; and he answered, "Pastor S. is very wrong."

From that time I knew that Pastor S. and Counselor G. V. P. were *not* among my best friends. There was a great rumor in the city about those successive departures; and I could *not* apply to myself the text, "Woe unto you if all men shall speak well of you!"

But the institute went on steadily and prosperously: for I worked hard, and without ceasing; and, leaving some branches to other teachers, I kept the most important in my own hands.

Then Lady Marie gave proof of devoted friendship; for my Swiss matron, though zealous and attentive, was insufficient for the task of directing and governing such a household in a country not her own. And, month after month, Lady Marie came daily to the "West End" to instruct her and guide her. Oh woman's friendship! when true, so very true, so very devoted, so indefatigable! Why I did not open my heart to her, I do not know. Why in this I made a breach of friendship, I do not know; unless it be that she had been for many years my "beau ideal" of woman's excellency, and that I was averse to showing her the glimpse of anything approaching her in my estimation.

Whatever it was, I did not speak; and the less I spoke, the more the distant ideal grew in brightness, the more my silent yearning took the form of real need. With the pastor of the Witness I had kept up a regular correspondence; for my heart was knit to his, and with none I ever felt such perfect congeniality. In answer to one of my letters, he wrote, the ninth of November:

"On your account, O well-beloved! we have no manner of anxiety. Your heart is firm in Jesus, and himself will show his deliverance in the day of need. He will be your counselor,

and, if need be, your comforter, with regard to the subject your letter touches. If he wishes your *solitude* to cease, himself will direct you to her who has to be your companion in this life. If, at that time, there had been occasion for your good friend of Geneva to hear all you had to tell him, he would have done so, when, under the shading garden tree, you opened him your heart. But he felt, as he feels at this moment, that *then* he could not do it; and he directed you to the Lord. To leave Him our future is our true security. Thus I do. I wait. You perceive this is a hurried letter. But, if to-day I answer you so rapidly, do not think that your remembrance is superficial in my family. *It is quite the contrary*, my well-beloved; and your name is never pronounced under my roof but with thanksgiving and blessing.

"It is, therefore, in the life and peace which we *all* have in Jesus, that I send you all my love, and that of *ours*."

And then I wrote him a letter, wherein I opened the inmost wishes of my heart; and, pleading with the earnestness of enthusiasm and the peremptory decision of religious persuasion, I said, "O my father!" (for thus I was accustomed to address him,) "give me your third daughter, Melinda."

Thus much I remember having written; but the answer, which I have before me, I know better:

"What a letter, well-beloved! and what a demand! What prayers needed on both sides, and what wisdom, in such circumstances! You wait for an answer. It is your conscientious advice which I come to ask. Tell me, what would you do in the place of a father, who, having seen two well-beloved daughters leaving his happy home, was called upon to separate from a third one, *indispensably* needed for the education of four younger sisters? What would you do, if this daughter declares that she cannot leave her family; that she dreads expatriation; that she knows, of him who asks her in marriage, nothing but what is honorable, yet not enough to appreciate his character, views and habits? What would you do, if the father himself was in the dark, in many respects, concerning the health and resources of him who asks him *such a gift?*

"Do you think, my well-beloved, that, with all the esteem and Christian affection the father had for the friend, he could, as a *father*, say *yes*, even against the wish of his child? Not as if there were aversion—far from it—but because there might be other thoughts.

"Judge yourself, and be sincere; for I ask your advice with the same frankness wherewith you have written me. Both you and I are before God."

To this letter I did not answer rightly; for I was under the influence of a "fixed idea." Thus

it seems now to me. Ten days thereafter I received the following:

"Well-beloved, what a sadness in that poor half-sheet, written in haste, and with bitterness! I had consulted you in all sincerity; and when asking you, 'What would you do in my place?' I expected the cordial and detailed answer of your affection. In its stead I receive a deep lamentation; and you see nothing but a refusal, where, in truth, was nothing but a doubt, an uncertainty, in which I appealed to your own prudence.

"If Rebecca was consulted when it was proposed to her to be the wife of Isaac, and if it was *she* who had to answer, '*I will go*,' what could the father of this dear and precious daughter do, when you said, 'Give her to me'? What could he do but say to her, 'Wilt thou leave us to unite thyself to this friend?'

"And what if my daughter answers, 'I have the greatest esteem for him by what you say of him; but I do not know him: I have never spoken to him. I am ignorant of his character and habits; and I am *so happy* with you, that it will be very difficult for me to exchange this happy fate for any other. But if he comes again to Geneva, and visits our family, then he will be known more fully; and then, also, the Lord will show if his request must be acceded to.'

"If such is the answer of my daughter (a wise and scriptural answer), what shall her father do?

What can he do but explain the position to his friend, and say, '*What do you think of it?*' I am sure, then, well-beloved, that you have misunderstood my letter. I hold me still before the Lord. I wait his decision. Weigh these things; and do not say that there is a refusal, when there is only ignorance of the will of our heavenly Father."

Thus he wrote in sweet and affectionate language, and my heart was at ease. With renewed vigor, I attended to the increasing numbers of my pupils. And on the fourth day of February, 1839, I held a second examination, which was more largely attended than the first, and brought me more honor and credit: for my older classes readily wrote a Latin composition, and were well advanced in their mathematical studies; and my younger classes, after a half-year's study in Greek, astonished learned men there present by reading and translating the Greek Testament. The praise and encouragement which I received stimulated me to greater exertion. My occupation was incessant; and living, as I did, *with* my pupils, I did not find the time for recruiting. Many were the warnings given me by kind and affectionate friendship; but I heeded them not, feeling altogether "too secure" in my honest intention. But in the latter days of March, a season harsh and inclement, I felt my strength diminishing; yet I heeded it not; and, after the usual morning lessons, I made a long walk by the seashore. On

my return, I sat down, surrounded by my eldest pupils, and explained to them (I remember it well) a lesson in Euripides; when all at once my eyes grew dim, and, sinking from my chair, exhausted nature gave way.

During many days a raging fever consumed me. My wandering mind dwelt constantly upon my pupils, and Charles was first in my imagination; next came William Trip; next, others in succession. But all my ravings, strange to say, I remember yet. And my pupils' anxious inquiries, and the parents' sorrowful visits, the doubts expressed by physicians, I confusedly remember, as well as the workings of my own spirit, seemingly fluttering on the confines of eternity.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FLIGHT TO TARSHISH.

When the crisis was passed, and reason returned, Lady Marie was at my bedside. There she had been from the beginning, watching and attending to my wants, and, in my extensive household, directing and governing, so that each one should do his duty; for my Swiss matron, though good and kind, was inefficient.

Twenty years have rolled by, and Lady Marie will never read these lines; but, if she does, they cannot convey to her the hundredth part of what I feel when remembering those days of languor, in which I behold her like a guardian angel moving and stirring about, and, with characteristic energy, encouraging my amazed soul. For when the fever had left me, I began to realize my position; and, with the ardor of youth and mental force, I called together my pupils, and opened the school with prayer, as was my custom.

But I sank down in utter prostration; and though weeping with impatience, I must confess it, I had to resign myself to the sick-room. And then, having regained strength sufficient, I went with a faithful servant to the pleasant environs of Z., where the Moravian brethren have a large community.

It was in the first days of the beautiful month of May, when, in those climes, the leaves begin to sprout, and nature presents the image of a true, a blessed resurrection. Frequently, towards dusk, I walked slowly to the Moravian church, and enjoyed their simple worship, their short but Heaven-speeding prayers.

And once, on my return, I met, at a distance, the Swiss assistant who so ill repaid my care and kindness. His heart smote him when he saw my feeble state; for he turned aside. But the same evening he called on me; and then he confessed his wrong, and, as I knew before, brought it home to the evil influence exerted upon him by the former matron. I forgave him freely, and rejoiced to see him occupy an honorable position in one of the Moravian schools.

During a fortnight, I gathered strength, and then returned to the Hague with the hope of being able to resume my labors. But, the very first morning, I had to give it up; and the physician now interfered, and said that further attempts would endanger my life, and that forty days at least of rest were necessary to recover from utter prostration.

The summer vacation of six weeks was advanced; and on the first day of June, I was on the steamer to Bonn: for there I would rest, and find medical advice and kindly friends.

An entire change of air and scenery restored my energies much sooner than was anticipated;

and in Bonn I found my excellent friends the Thormanns, and passed many pleasant days with them. But my heart was restless; for to no one had I breathed the indirect obligation I was under of going to Switzerland; and, at first, the state of my health seemed to make such a voyage impossible: so that it was with difficulty that I obtained the physician's consent to go to Frankfort, where I had an appointment with a German teacher recommended to me by the Thormanns. I engaged him, and was on my way to take my passage in the stage, which in four days and nights would take me to Basel.

What was it, then, which made me doubt? for I returned, and passed the night in suspense. Did I not ask her? Was I not told to come and see? My heart's impulse, stimulated by the feverish activity of an overworked brain, drove me to go on, backed, as it were, by a religious enthusiasm which I mistook for faith. My reason, strong enough when left alone, blew the bubbles of my imagination to nothing, and showed me the folly of persevering in what seemed, after all, the mere impression of a moment, nourished and strengthened by the illusions of distance.

Thus it seems now to me. Or is it that the human mind has a mysterious power of foreboding evil? Or is it that there are guardian spirits who give us warning, and kindly influence us to abstain from what may do us harm?

I really do not know; but well do I remember

the secret anguish of my foolish heart, and how it was a battle-field of conflicting powers, the one urging on, the other warning back. The first, for a time, gained the victory; and from Frankfort I took the stage to Mentz, and thence the steamer to Manheim. But there, in the sober thoughts of night, a dread came over me; and, the following morning, I returned to Mentz. On the steamer, surrounded by gay companions, who little knew what conflict was battling in my bosom, I poured out my doubts and fears, my wishes and hesitations, in a letter to the pastor of the Witness. This letter I mailed at Mentz, and continued my downward course to Bonn.

And to this letter the pastor answered:

"Yes, O man of little faith! you have feared to know what God wishes of you and for you, and you 'have fled to Tarshish.' Your letter is full of trouble; and yet how deeply it has touched me! You suffer, and even much: is not this enough to make me suffer too? Could I write at large (which my trembling and nervous hand forbids), I would tell you how inconsistent you are with your own desire. For how *will you live*, if this state of uncertainty is prolonged? and how can it cease, if you prevent its ending? Absent, you remain unknown; and, *unknown*, you can neither be refused, which might be unjust, and contrary to the will of God; nor can you be accepted, which might be imprudent and hazardous. Judge, then, of your course.

"And judge also of my position. On one side, it is your friend, your good friend, who sees your weakness, and is obliged to say, 'Why not know *decidedly* what is the will of God? Why fear this interview? Whatever may be the issue, it must be his good pleasure.'

"On the other side, it is a father, and a father who respects the feelings of his child, and will not and ought not to presume, nor to provoke any determination. This father, however, believes to have shown enough what his own heart thinks, nay, what it *wishes;* for this father looks to Christ, and not to earthly treasures. This letter is hurried. Yours came yesterday. When will this one reach you?"

It reached me many, many weeks thereafter, when I came home; for on the *same day* that he penned those pressing lines, so full of heart and sense, I had taken my passage on the stage *through* from Bonn to Lausanne. And there I arrived after six day's travel night and day. I rested one day; for my mind and body were fatigued. I engaged another assistant, who was recommended to me by the venerable d'Aubigné.

The following day, I was on the steamboat to Geneva, where I arrived in the afternoon, and directed my steps once more to Pré Béni; and, when I met the venerable pastor, like a father he embraced me with the affection of Christian love.

"Have you received my letter?" was the first thing he said.

When he understood I had not, he was glad. He took me into his *hermitage*, which was his study, a cheerful little building in a remote corner of the garden. There, kneeling down he prayed with me, as was his custom; and his prayer I remember, because he spoke to Him as present, not far off. Then he arose, and folding me in his arms, he said, "I am glad;" and holding me at a distance, his beaming eye fixed on mine, he said, "You look tired and care-worn. Go to our neighbor, the excellent Miss C.; rest yourself, and speak to her as you would to us. I go to fetch my wife, who is on a visit to her parents. Then come and partake of our supper."

I found in Miss C. an elderly lady, fondly attached to the pastor's family, and combining with great loveliness of disposition a sound and practical sense.

"Melinda," she said, "has always evinced a great aversion to marriage. Four times she has been asked by parties honorable and acceptable in every sense; but four times she has refused. Home is her all; Switzerland is her all. But she gives better reasons than these. Her two elder sisters are married far off, one in Scotland, one in France. Her younger sisters look up to her for guidance and instruction; and, with her mother's feeble state of health, she verily thinks her place to be at home. This is against you. But in your

favor is the desire of her mother, who seems to love you as one who might be her son; and the wish of her father, who considers you as a son, whether you marry his daughter or not. Truly, you have more advantages than any of your predecessors; for you left a favorable impression during your last visit. And, if you gain this prize I shall be glad for you, and not less for her whom I really do love; for my opinion of you is founded not only upon excellent reports, but also upon pleasant personal acquaintance."

Thus she dismissed me with kind and encouraging words; for the time of my visit to Pré Béni approached. And, commending my case to her friendly protection, I left, and entered the gate of the "Blessed Meadow."

The venerable mother received me with the simplicity of Christian love; with the dignity of a mother who has a treasure to bestow, she received me. The moments were few; but the words were full and pregnant. I remember them all; but best when she said, "*If you become our son.*" This made a mark which, to this day, is not effaced, for, truly, I am their son, through the love of Him who lives in them and me.

When the folding-door was opened, Melinda stood surrounded by a throng of sisters. Lovely children they were; as it seemed to me, from the age of eight to sixteen; and with worshipful love they looked up to Melinda, since the departure of the two eldest, their guide and instructress.

Some of the younger sisters are now married, and have crossed the ocean to follow their "ministering" husbands. What we both said, I remember; for in both of us the same spirit was alive: it was a spirit of reverence, a dread of presuming and forestalling the providence of God.

When the evening song was finished, and the pastor had commended all, and not least the stranger and his desire, in a prayer warm and glowing with love, he said, "Leno," (and I remember the tremor which passed through me when hearing myself thus addressed)—"Leno, during the shades of night you cannot stay with us; but when the sun returns, come to the 'Blessed Meadow,' and pray with us, and remain with us, as if you were at home."

That night the moon was nearly full, and its soft light oversilvered the beautiful Leman. From my window in the Hotel des Bergues, I saw the water balancing in the cooling night-breeze, and rocking the graceful crafts and sailing-boats to and fro; and, far in the distance, the vine-clad shores were sparkling with hundreds of lights in as many scattered and peaceful dwellings; and above me the sky was blue as the waters of the lake, seemingly transparent like a crystalline vault; and around me I heard the subdued buzzing of the many voices of a populous city. It was a scene of quiet, *domestic* grandeur. My thoughts went back to the North—to the stately residence, to the West-End, to the Institute, to the class-room;

and shutting the window, and preparing for much-needed repose, I thought, "A beautiful home! and such a family! such a father, such a mother, such lovely sisters! Truly, the will of God shall be done."

During three days I had been the familiar guest in the pastor's family; and many had been our conversations, and sweet and instructive the intercourse with the pastor; and my views on many points took a more decided, a *too* decided color. But on the fourth day, in the morning, *she* sat down in the shade of a beautiful chestnut grove, and said with a smile of satisfaction, "I have good news for you: *you may hope.*"

What I thought or said or did, I very well remember; but as then I reverenced her, so do I now.

"My friends," she said, "wish me to decide this week; but I think it worthier of you, and of me, and more regardful of God, that, having said thus much, I should wait at least four weeks for my decision."

"You are a lucky wight," said Miss C., when I stormed into her room to carry the joyful tidings. "I knew it all. You certainly did not lose your time!"

After that, I tarried four days longer; and having made my peace with the sisters, who grieved at their impending loss, I went the last morning to take my leave. For each one I had a little present to remember me; for Melinda I had none.

But I dropped a few pieces of gold in her purse for the poor: this was my gift. She was free to thank me for it; and so she did.

Then the pastor summoned us to the hermitage, where we found the venerable mother; and with pious words the parents confirmed their gift, should Melinda's decision agree. Then, kneeling down, he commended me to the care of Him who brought me there; and when I had taken leave from the daughter, and received the mother's blessing, he accompanied me to the gate. With fond affection he pressed me to his heart, and said in his playful manner, "Though you rob me, I send you away with my blessing;" and his beaming eye followed me long on the road to the steamer.

It carried me down to Lausanne. From there I took the stage to Basel, the old and venerable theater of Erasmus's learning; and the rest of the journey home was made by steamer, swiftly gliding down the Rhine, until at Rotterdam I landed; and, within a few hours' time, I was at West-End Institute.

CHAPTER XXVII.

DECISION.

The evening of my arrival I sat in my beautiful garden-room. It was, as it were, the *family* room, where we gathered morning and evening; where my pupils were *at home;* where visitors entered freely; where I could see the boys playing, sauntering and running, in the playgrounds. My good old matron sat opposite, at a small tea-table. It was the only semblance of family life which I could muster; but, as it was, I remember it with pleasure. I was tired of traveling, but did not feel fatigue; for I spoke to her of Geneva and the "Blessed Meadow," and my happy prospects.

As I said before, she was good and kind, and loved me with motherly affection; and she listened with pleasure to the overruning fullness of my heart. The first who with joyful steps sprang into the room and on my knees, and hung on my neck, was William Trip, the one whom I loved best, because, through the severity of the chastening rod, he had found the well-spring of my heart. He was amazed at my appearance, so strong and healthy, so flushed with hopeful energy. Alas, dear boy! he did not know that for *me* had come the time of severe correction—the time wherein *I* had to learn to love through the clouds of doubt and grief.

Soon the house began to fill; and my newly engaged teachers arrived, both men of solid learning, and the institute assumed a form of completeness and thoroughness which made it a pleasure to teach; and, by the increasing numbers, it would seem a pleasure to be taught. But when, after the first morning lessons, I entered my study, my eye glanced over the writing-desk, hoping to discover among the many letters which the mail had brought the peculiar form and stamp of Geneva tidings; for the time approached wherein my heart would be fully set at rest in a matter which now pre-occupied me with impetuous desire.

But as, in the calm of a summer day, a few small clouds prognosticate the coming storm; so, from time to time, a letter from the pastor, or one from an intimate friend of Melinda, foreboded coming disappointment; and, on the fourteenth of August, the pastor wrote me from Tübingen:

"Well-beloved, I have received the letter, wherein you express your fear, and in the same time your resignation to the will of God. Is there a better peace than this? Were he not our stay and guide, how could we, without constant agony, pass through life? I suffer with you, for your pain is great; and with you I wait for that which God, yea, God himself, will order. For listen: I left Geneva on the fifth; and on the city bridge I met the carrier of the mail, who put in my hands a letter, which on the road I opened. It is from

a young minister of God, a friend of our family, *who asks me the hand of Melinda.*

"I have kept this from her and from her mother. I shall do so until I know what God decides concerning my daughter. Not as if I thought that she would accept this proposal: I believe the contrary. But we must leave to God all his right; and as you, well-beloved, would not have a wife whom God himself did not give, so do I fear lest my daughter's decision be affected one way or the other, should I reveal to her this new demand. But you can judge of my position, and how *entirely* I must depend upon God, assured that he will dispense to me, to you, to all, that which tends to our real peace, and to his glory in the midst of his children. I have no other expectation, no other right.

"And such is yours. With the Almighty you have to do. He is your Father: what should you fear? Peace, then, and prayer, until the issue. I await it; and so do you, whilst our adorable Savior teaches you patience."

Thus wrote the pious father of that God-fearing maiden, who in prayer and anxiety sought for love sufficiently strong to break the bonds of home and parents' care and sisters' affection, and to follow the stranger in the North, and there with him to labor.

"None she loves as well as you:" thus wrote her friend, the lovely Loïse. "Your pious tenderness and affectionate regard have made a deep

impression on her appreciating heart. But her parents and sisters draw her affections; and, never inclined to marriage, she desires, however, to do the will of God. Do not press a decision at the appointed time; for I fear it might be unfavorable: wait and be patient."

But I, with impetuous desire, and unable to bear up against longer suspense, wrote to Melinda words of urging tenderness, with passionate appeal to the past, and foreshadowing my dreary future. And to this she answered, humbling herself if there was any fault of hers, and deeply lamenting the pain she caused, but confessing, that, after prayer and supplication, she did not hear a voice strong enough to go, whilst so many duties and sacred affections told her to stay.

And though, after this, Loïse wrote that Melinda had refused the French minister, and advised me to hope and wait; and though the venerable mother, with pious tenderness loving me, and perceiving the depth of my affection, suggested, long thereafter, the feasibility of removing my institute to Switzerland,—from the day that my eye gazed long and steadily at this letter of the pious maiden, I saw and felt that God had decided.

To this day, Melinda is with her aged parents, a monument of filial piety; and in my heart she is enshrined as one whom once I loved more than I ought, till, knowing the will of God, the stormy waves of my affection, which flooded my heart,

were made to run in the deep and purer channel of Christian charity.

Thus I have, O Source of my life! remembered her whom Thou allowest me to meet and know, yet not to call my own. Why Thou didst so, I have often inquired: for, in that time, a cloudy mist seemed to cover the canopy of heaven; and, in the agony of my soul, I could not discern the brightness of the sun, but only saw the glimmerings of light,—enough to know that Thou wast present. Still, why Thou shouldst thus allow thy servant to be afflicted, I wished to know. Why didst Thou allow me to meet her and to love her? and when loving her, why didst Thou forbid me to love? Thou knowest, I asked Thee often in those times. But Thou didst not answer me; and forsooth, I would not have understood Thee; but since thy Holy Spirit has taught me, when length of time, and course of circumstances, made it clear.

I had loved others before, but none like her. I had loved others for their beauty, their loveliness, their talents, their worth, approaching more or less to my ideal of woman's excellency. I had loved them; and loved them less, or ceased to love, when I found them deficient. But I never loved one as a child of God, whom I could receive from him as *a gift for all eternity.* Thus I loved her. And, when the gift was denied, I suffered for the time: for the wound was deep; and, even when it ceased bleeding, there remained a painful gap. But no one could fill it but a child of God;

no one but whom I could ask and receive from him as *a gift for all eternity.* And thus, for several years, I was kept from seeking a less excellent one; and, in the midst of many occasions, I was enabled to wait until He who made the wound applied "the balm of Gilead." Thus it now seems to me.

And my heart, opened for a time to all the bewitching influences of chaste and pure affection, was throbbing with delight, and loved Thee in the gift expected; but, when the gift was withheld, it shrank with terrible revulsion. Yet love it must; and, after the first bitterness of that medicine, it sought relief in the very Source of love. I then began to dive deeper into that ocean of Thy wonders, as revealed in Thy holy Word; and the study of theology and the gospel ministry became the subjects of my constant meditation.

But from my intimacy with the pastor of the Witness, I had, with the enthusiasm of youthful ardor and sincere belief, imbibed a tendency *too exclusive* for the time and place wherein my lot was cast. His motto was, "Separation from the world, without compromise." He carried it out to its full extent; and with his numerous family, and many admirers in all quarters of the globe, he had stood erect, notwithstanding the dreary loneliness which by degrees had formed itself around him. To separate from the world was to separate from Pastor Secretan and the Counselor

and the whole aristocratic circle of believers; for they all, and wisely, remained within the pale of the national church. It was an unwise step; for it caused me to be blamed by all, by the devout as well as by the worldly-minded.

And I am astonished that the prosperity of the institute was not affected by this measure, unnecessary and premature. It was not. The confidence of men remained unshaken, notwithstanding the rumors caused by envy and malice. It must be, that the honesty of my purpose created respect, and took partly away the "savor of bitterness" which follows all separation,—the well-deserved wages of "heresy and schism." For it is not by "separating from the world" that the children of Truth will better preserve the truth "which worketh by love;" but it is by "living in" the world and "bearing" with it and "sympathizing with" it, that they must "take up the cross," and follow Him who was "in the world, yet not of the world."

But this I did not understand; and, with the best intentions and the purest motive, I erred grievously.

When the Christmas-days approached, one morning the mail brought me a letter with superscription in a to me unknown writing. *It was from Adelaide!* The very name sent a thrill through my heart. It replaced me at once in the lovely garden at Leiden with my father and Mrs. de Ridder and those sweet affectionate children. It seemed as if the fragrance of their innocence sur-

rounded me again; and the charm of their natural unselfish love soothed the more or less bitter feelings awakened by six years' contact with the world. I stood entranced,—my eye resting on the name, and glistening with emotion.

"Her mother was ill, very ill; beyond recovery. For many, many weeks, she had been watching her; and, if I could come and see her, it would be a consolation."

Folding the letter, I took my hat and cloak, and with hurried steps went to the stage-office. I was just in time. The passengers were taking their seats; and, having penciled on my card a line to Mrs. Fauve to inform her of my departure and probable absence for a few days, I was soon on my way to Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ADELAIDE.

It was dark when I entered the populous metropolis, with its long and busy streets, its gas-lit stores, its throng of public and private carriages hastening to balls or concerts and theaters; and I wound my way through many a street, until I reached the dwelling of the venerable Mrs. de Ridder.

At once I walked up stairs; and, in the front room, a maiden stood mixing a relieving draught. Tall and graceful, the silky hair waving in long ringlets over her shoulders, the eye-lash shading two orbs full of devoted love, but dim with sorrow and anxious care, whilst the bloom of health seemed struggling on her feverish cheeks—thus she stood in the silence of night, a very picture of holy innocence, watching the call of her mother. And I heard the faintest whisper proceeding from the couch of sickness; and the maiden went in with the cup of relief.

I stood amazed. Was this the child of ten years, whom so often I had fondled and petted and reproved? Whilst I was recalling the sweet memories of times past, she returned, and beheld me wrapped in my cloak; and, her eyes beaming with pleasure, she exclaimed, "Mr. Leno!" and,

throwing her arms around my neck, she wept tears of joy and sadness.

What I felt, I cannot say, because I do not know. It was the sweet recollection of my early youth, with children's play and fondness, and my aged father's humble contentment; and now the playful, sometimes wayward child had grown to a blooming maiden, fragrant with the perfume of chastity and innocence. She loved me as the friend of her chilhood, she reverenced me as the protector of her sweet and talented sister; and my heart, which had seen so much excellence in woman's nature, which had for years admired in respectful silence the golden virtues of Lady Marie, and for a season revelled, as it were, in the affection of Melinda—my heart, warm and glowing with the fire of sympathy, opened, and, in its quivering folds, received the lovely Adelaide.

Thus it was. For I have sought, O Source of my life! the beginnings of that deep affection which I conceived for her whom thou gavest me *for all eternity.* I have asked whether it was the sweet remembrance of blooming childhood, or the loveliness of chaste and pure virginity; but I have not found the answer there. Thou hadst prepared her for me; but I knew it not. For until Thou hadst manifested Thyself to her, and, through her, hadst sent me words of hope and love, I could not think she was the one whom Thou hadst destined to be my help and aid in this earthly life, and my sweetest companion in the realms of eternity.

Having given our tribute to the memories of the past, and to the sad occasion which brought us again together, she led me to the sick bed of her mother, which was to be her dying bed. Thin and feeble with slow-consuming fever, she reached me her hand, and spoke of the pleasure my visit gave, and of the hope she humbly entertained of being soon released of this earthly life. Yet her two youngest daughters, so sweet and lovely, but so young, gave her a deep concern. The elder, once my favored pupil, was safe in an honorable and useful position; but the younger, gifted above many, was near her heart; and she commended her with anxious care to my protection.

Two days I passed there; and I saw Eleonore, and wondered how God had made the seeds to prosper, which, in early days, with tender care, I had deposited in her favored mind. The two sisters clung with the affection of old to the friend of their childhood; but Eleonore was soon recalled to her duties in another city, and Adelaide remained alone with the sweet but heavy burden of attending her venerable mother. Sixteen weeks she stayed with her, night and day—sixteen weeks of hope and anguish, of grief and consolation; until, in the month of March, she closed her mother's eyes, and was an orphan.

She was not without protection in the great metropolis; for an uncle of her mother, a wealthy merchant, became her guardian. He was kind to her, though uncongenial in taste and habits; for

he was worldly, as were those around him ; and I was anxious, perhaps beyond necessity. The Countess Dowager V. Limburg Styrum, the mother of my dear William Trip, loved the maiden by what she knew of her ; and, with her uncle's leave, she went to her, and stayed, like a daughter with her mother, loving and beloved. But, towards the end of the year, she went to France, where, at the Protestant Normal Institute at Lille, she enjoyed the privilege of an extensive Christian instruction. Thus Thou didst, O merciful God ! prepare Thy gift. And I knew it not ; for though her letters to the countess were frequent, and full of affection, yet what Thou wast performing by degrees in her truth-loving heart, I did not know until the appointed time.

During the first part of 1840, the Institute grew in name and solidity. If it seems strange to say this so often, it must be remembered that things go *slowly* in that country. Confidence is not easily gained, but, once acquired, is not easily lost ; and to nothing I look back with more satisfaction than to the honorable appreciation thus gained by degrees, and, during years, preserved, notwithstanding obloquy, malice and envy.

Towards the end of June, a third examination proved to parents and friends that my theory of simultaneous instruction in ancient and modern languages, in all the branches of mathematical and physical sciences, in the arts of music and design, was more than a vain speculation ; and that the

whole was pervaded with a Christian tendency, at once elevating and truly refining. My work was *complete;* and with satisfaction I behold, even now, the programme of the seven hours' examination, as held on the twenty-fifth of June. None of my pupils then was older than sixteen years ; but in mathematics, they stood a *thorough* examination in conical sections and higher equations ; they translated the Greek of Demosthenes, Homer, and Euripides, into Latin ; and, in Latin, they readily explained Livy, Cicero, Virgil and Horace ; whilst, in the presence of all, they wrote compositions in Latin, German, French and English, on subjects given by the audience.

During the vacation, I made a journey through Belgium, with an especial regard to the paintings wherewith its churches abound. I saw many places where my ancestors had lived and worked ; and I was amazed at the rapid development of industry visible in all the parts of the Belgian kingdom since the separation from the uncongenial dominion of Holland. The whole country was covered with a network of railroads, of which the safety and rapidity are unsurpassed. Cities, populous and picturesque, were spread everywhere at short distances. I saw agriculture brought to perfection, and the whole kingdom presenting the appearance of a well-cultivated garden, with pleasant variety of meadows, cornfields, orchards, woods and forests, and, near the Meuse and Moselle, extensive vineyards. The country was dotted over,

as it were, with ancient seats and castles of illustrious families. The population was honest and industrious, attached to the religion of their forefathers. The Walloon provinces were especially remarkable for urbanity of manners and sociable politeness. Three universities were in prosperity, famed for their literary and scientific celebrities. Public instruction was cared for by a paternal government, and schools of industry, arts and design established everywhere. There was a general enthusiasm for music, and scarcely a town or city without its harmonic society. Annual competitions, and games of various kinds, reminded one of classic Greece. All these things struck me, for I was an attentive observer. I ceased to wonder that the fair provinces of Belgium were considered a jewel in the mighty Emperor Charles's crown; and the convulsive grasp of William to retain these dominions, I could appreciate.

Through the Forest of the Ardenes I traveled to Spa, once the rendezvous of European diplomacy, where many sovereigns, from Peter the Great to Philip of Orleans, left traces of their sojourn. And there I made the acquaintance of the Viscount d'Arlincourt, that celebrated novelist of France, who, even in his tales of fiction, dreamed of Bourbon legitimacy and the divine right of kings. He was an invalid, and seemed to avoid all human intercourse; living as a hermit near the Gironstère, one of the most beneficent fountains.

Directed by my physician to the same source

of health, I succeeded in approaching the eccentric man of letters. But a better acquaintance I made there: for, accidentally, I found the volumes of Fénélon's Correspondence; and I remember that they exerted a great influence upon my tendencies. The sweet and learned Fénélon, with his deep and spiritual views, became not only my favorite author, but strengthened the secret wish of becoming a preacher of the gospel, a comforter of wearied souls. He opened to my view the inmost springs of human nature; he showed me a wider field of usefulness than school or college or university. Day after day, I read these volumes in the sweet retreats of the Gironstère; and I began to say, "If I cannot preach as Fénélon, I can feel as he, and advise and console, and dispense the 'balm of Gilead.'"

With these impressions, I returned to the Hague, and once more opened lessons at the Institute. My time was divided between scholastic duties and theological studies; for to be a minister of the gospel had become my aim. To the pastor of the Witness I had written; and, with his sound and positive sense, he said:

"Your work is a *mission;* for to spread the gospel among the 'mighty,' is it not a mission? What work can be more useful and more acceptable? And your house is a *temple;* for there you minister to the wants of those who may become heads of families. What service can be more to the honor of God? But if your heart desires the

ministry, study; and, having studied, go to Scotland, and receive the imposition of hands, and act as a minister of God."

Thus he wrote, and thus I labored; when, on the second day of December, I received notice from high authority *to close the Institute!*

For, on that day, King William solemnly abdicated in favor of his son, once the chivalrous Prince of Orange; and with him I lost the royal protection. The long-compressed enmity of worldly-minded, power-loving magistrates could not wait *one day;* and with retiring royalty, West-End Institute had to fall.

But the anxiety of parents was great: and, on *their* account, with soured heart, I went to the director of police; for there I had to bring the sacred cause of Christian education. To him I went, and asked for time until I had addressed the royal majesty. He was a man of honor, who esteemed me and my work; and, though his instructions were peremptory, he took upon himself the responsibility of delaying extreme measures. And I went farther. I humbled myself even to go to the city authorities, and there to ask the boon of existence until the king's will should decide. With the bitter smile of victory, it was conceded; and forthwith I penned a request, of which I have the copy before me.

With the consciousness of birth and high attainments, I approached his majesty, and laid before him my four years' successful work, the approval

of so many noble families, but most that of his own illustrious father. "Accomplish," I said, "the work begun by him, and allow me, by decree, permission to continue my Institute here, or in any other place of your dominions. Protect with your especial authority an establishment which always, but more so in these times, deserves your attention—an establishment wherein the sons of nobility are trained in the wide range of science, civil and political; wherein loyal affection for your illustrious dynasty is fostered, and the principles of enlightened Christianity are inculcated, teaching to 'love God above all things,' and to 'honor the king.'"

This document was placed in the hands of the chief-chamberlain, Count V. Limburg Styrum. But day followed day, and week succeeded week, without a royal response; for the days of the venerable William were gone, and royalty was no more approachable.

CHAPTER XXIX.

REBECCA.

Thus I passed the winter from 1840 to 1841 in suspense and humbling uncertainty; waiting in vain for the favorable decision of a monarch whose profligacy I detested, and whom personally to approach I would have disdained. The work for which I had sacrificed the prospects of youth, and the first energies of undeceived enthusiasm, the work which had assumed a solid form and comely appearance, began to be tinged with the withering influence of uncertainty. The Institute, where nobility was trained in the highest branches of science and carefully nurtured in the fear of God, was dependent for its existence on the whim and caprice of paltry city authorities. And each day might see the scandal of its doors being closed by the police, as those of a public nuisance; whilst each night, in which, after prayers, my pupils retired with a blessing, might be the last in which they would be allowed to remain under my protection.

Bitterness entered my soul, I confess it, O Source of charity! when Thy servants sided against me, and the children of Truth kept silence because I did not follow their views. Not all did so; but those whose influence might have stemmed the tide, which now began to run against me.

For the families who had confided to me their sons remained unshaken in their opinion, and the love of their children was unimpaired; but the uncertain state of things, being noised abroad, intimidated others, and cast a veil of doubt over the rectitude of my intentions.

And old griefs buried in the course of time, and traditions of family, which seemed absorbed in the novel career I had opened to my youthful ambition, chastened by the impulse of religion, began to stir again. What, after all, was Holland to me? —what the reigning dynasty? Whatever I owed had I not paid it back with usury? Had I not risked my life in battle against the Belgian provinces? Had I not devoted my whole heart and all my talents to the education of its nobility? and, now that I asked the simple permission of continuing my work,—not even in the royal residence, but anywhere in the kingdom,—was I not left in doubt and uncertainty, equal to, if not worse than, refusal?

Thus my heart was soured, and I remember those months of suspense with pain and grief; for I had attained the age of matured manhood, and I could appreciate the workings of party-spirit and maliciousness under the cloak of religion, combining with a heartless world to overthrow the work of years. I began to look to the Belgian provinces as the natural asylum where I could find a free and untrammeled field of action; where I might expect congeniality in all things except

one: for Belgium was the bulwark of Roman power. In Belgium, education was in the hands of two parties: on one side, the clergy, more and more, with exclusive spirit, vindicating its influence; on the other, the liberal party, infidel and revolutionary. There to cast my lot was hazardous in the extreme; for I was truly simple-minded, and loved the Truth for herself. And, among the Roman clergy, I have found many men whom I could reverence and love; and, among infidels, I have met with noble hearts whom I must admire: but I could never bend to what I deemed superstition, nor could I work with those who denied Him.

Whilst I was thus suffering from outward pressure, and the bitter feeling of injustice, crushing me with slow but sure and unperceived means, my bosom was torn by a wound which even now is not healed; for it was not inflicted by the hand of God, but my own hands made it, cruelly tearing the bonds of charity. And I will confess this, O my God! I will confess it in these memoirs of my life, that others may learn, and my heart be unburdened, and no one may think better of me than I deserve.

My first and oldest pupils had now attained the age of entering the university. They were proud and handsome youths, full of life and vigor, and strong in the possession of rank and wealth. But, with increasing age and importance, they were indulged in what makes the delight of the world;

yet not beyond the measure of common usage, but far beyond the measure of my stricter views, and of what I thought desirable for their future career. The eldest, always headstrong, gave me often cause of grief; whilst the younger, whom I loved as the ripening plant of my faithful culture, was more or less influenced by what I considered an evil. Thus the germ of bitterness arose in my heart; and what I ought to have overlooked, I sharply reproved, and made the evil worse.

The overbearing mood of Adolphe, scarcely restrained by the reverence he owed me, vented itself upon the assistants. More than once I had to interfere: but at last I resorted to an extreme, threatening expulsion at the first just complaint; and, when the complaint came, I thought I had gone to the utmost limits of forbearance, and with stern decision announced my resolution. But Charles, in a private interview, with manly energy pleaded, reminding me of Alfred, the promising boy, who innocently would be deprived of valuable instruction.

I see him yet, and hear his deep and moved voice. What was it, then, which hardened my heart, and made me deaf to the interests of those I loved so well, and to my own? What was it which made me tear asunder a bond so tenderly interwoven with seven years of my life? What was it which made me forget the affection and love of parents, and the never-failing devotedness of Lady Marie?

For, on the following day, I myself carried a letter, requesting the baron to withdraw his two eldest sons from the Institute; and when the father, boiling with indignation, wrote to me a letter filled with bitter reproach, showing appreciation of what I had done for his sons during so many years, but foretelling that I would regret the rash and cruel step, I remember having said, "I am right,—I am right: I could not do otherwise." And though thereafter we were reconciled, and he and his sons visited me frequently, yet I could never resolve to remove my sentence of banishment. Thirteen years elapsed before I was convinced of my wrong. Then I was a father myself; and I remember the day, when in my solitary study, reading all the letters and papers, my heart was moved, my judgment enlightened; and, in the presence of none but Him who formed the heart and its issues, I confessed what I now confess, "that I had broken the law of charity."

And this, with other sins, has been forgiven me. I know it, O Source of my life! for I did it in ignorance, truly believing that I was right. But even my error, Thou, in Thy wisdom, employedst as a good; for it sundered the strongest tie that bound me to the land of my sojourning, and hastened the course of events as Thou hadst directed them.

Whilst I was preparing my fourth examination, bearing up against the pressure of uncertainty, and hoping by *results* to show the practical work-

ing of my Institute, I was cheered by a letter from Adelaide. She was happy, and hoped to see me in my vacation. "Sometimes," she said, "I wish I could fly to you! And now I desire your presence for more than one reason." For her heart had opened itself to the influence of heavenly truth, and her natural goodness had become sweetened with the perfume of grace: and, when residing for a time with a married sister, she had been struck by the difference; for there she had not found the life of Christ, and the contrast made her attentive. Thus she was drawn to Thee, O Parent of our immortal souls!

The examination was even more successful than I expected, and attended by men of learning and experience, whose conversation I overheard, flattering to myself, and greatly commending the Institute. Unwilling to give up, unless in positive necessity, I had drawn out a plan of studies for the coming year, full and ample, and giving proof of the wide range my establishment was intended to take. With the conviction of having done my duty, and obtained the approbation of men whom I esteemed, I left for Brussels; and thence travelled to Mouscron, in the picturesque province of Hainault.

I arrived towards dusk in the dreary-looking village. There was none of the enchanting beauty of Pré Béni, none of the Christian life so sweetly pervading the domestic circles of Geneva; there was no Church of the Witness, no song of Zion

ascending from throngs of pious worshipers; and my own mood was different from that which, three years before, gave a rosy color to all I saw. I had learned much, and suffered much; and the poetry of religion had given place to stern reality. The future, too, seemed uncertain, though I felt it more than ever in the hands of God. My natural disposition had become more stern, and less confiding; and the glow of affection, which before had warmed me toward all, had withdrawn at the contact with worldliness and hypocrisy: but the light of faith was burning with intensity; and, where I went, I carried the fear of God within. Thus I was, when through the dreary streets of Mouscron, I found my way to the house of Mr. P., an honest, sociable Frenchman, and an artist of more than common talent, the husband of Adelaide's eldest sister.

The first I saw, when opening the door, was Adelaide, in pensive mood engaged in landscape-drawing. When I entered, looking up, she blushed, and rising, extended to me her hand with the warmth of friendship and the dignity of maidenhood. It was Adelaide; the same who received me in her mother's sick-room with outburst of joy, but now with the composed reserve of a Christian virgin. Oh sweetness imparted by the indwelling grace of God! Oh true refinement, which neither birth nor learning can give! Oh fragrance of holiness, wherein the soul is bathed, and which nothing can destroy, not even the pestilent atmosphere of a world in sin!

I looked long at her; and, holding her hand, I said, "The same, and yet how changed!" She blushed, and went to call her sister.

During a week, many were the walks we made, and the conversations we had; sometimes searching, sometimes mirthful, sometimes recalling times past. My heart began to be troubled; for I was honest, and did more than love her: I reverenced her. I reverenced her for her childhood's sake, for her youth's sake, for her piety's sake; I reverenced in her the same who once had spoken to me in the silence of night; and, uncertain what to do, I prepared to depart on the following day. But her brother-in-law took me apart; and during a pleasant walk, he said, "What are your intentions? be clear: for Adelaide's rest is at stake; and so is yours, if I see well."

And I said: "Your sister is young, and without experience; and she may mistake affection for love." But he gave me encouraging assurance: and, strange to say, in the depth of my heart I was jealous of any interference; for so great a gift as I *began* to hope that God intended to give me in Adelaide, I wished to hold from Him alone.

And, when that night I reached the hotel where I stopped, I urgently prayed, and little did I sleep; for many were the thoughts which arose and vanished before my imagination. Whether I was right in asking the gift of God, I did not know; and the maiden seemed to me so pure and holy in her very solitude among uncongenial spir

its, that I dreaded to approach her with other than words of Christian fondness.

But the following day, having partaken of my last meal with the family, I asked to see her alone. Standing in the small parlor, I took both her hands, and said, "Adelaide, I have asked you as a gift from God for all eternity: there is none to answer for you but yourself. What does God say?"

Through her I received the confirmation of what I hoped. "*Dieu le veut*," said she, hiding her blushing face in my bosom, "*et je le veux.*"

And we knelt down, and called upon Him who gave us to each other. Thus we honored Him; and, when we arose, I asked leave, in the presence of her family, to embrace her as my bride.

That evening I departed, and left for the waters of Spa; for we were both moved and amazed, and I thought it right to let the will of God have its untrammeled course. But our correspondence made up for absence: they were letters sweet, and full of joy and confidence. And, after three weeks, I returned, and dreary Mouscron seemed a paradise to me. I found there Eleonore, always sweet and lovely, and happy in the happiness of her sister. With her I returned to the Hague, once more to resume my labor, but strengthened in my heart: for, come what would, I had found a sweet companion, with whom to pray and hope, and to battle through life; and all the bitterness caused by injustice or ingratitude was effaced by the fragrant gift of God.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE FIRST HOME.

There are turning-points in the career of each individual, when the stream of life seems to take a new direction, invigorated by a new principle of activity. Thus it is with individuals, thus with nations, thus with the human race. To observe these, and the circumstances which lead to them, and the effect they have upon the formation of the character of individuals, nations, and mankind, is the exclusive privilege of the human mind; in this showing its divine origin.

When in the hour of night, in manner to me unknown, God spoke to me, and showed me my true relation to him, all my energies were thrown into a new channel. After that, I served him truly, but not without remaining attached to many prejudices of tradition and early training.

But now He spoke to me through the mouth of a pious virgin, who, loving me, feared Him. She gave herself to me, and gladly consented to be my companion for time and eternity. My solitary existence was more than doubled in force and energy. Now the world was *wide open* indeed. Wherever she was would be my treasure; for He was the centre of our mutual affection. Thus I see it now; O Source of my life! Thus, towards the time

when I was about to leave connections, who knew and respected my claims and the honesty of my motives,—towards the time when I was forced to mingle with a world hard and selfish and uncongenial,—Thou gavest Thy servant a help, whose piety would sustain the flame of devotion, and whose cheerful energy would be able to withstand the pressure of circumstances.

I came home with all the hopeful buoyancy of one whose life is doubled; and, with renewed zeal, I undertook my task. All my pupils were there, and, notwithstanding my ill-advised step with regard to the baron's sons, the confidence of those who knew me remained strong. But my unauthorized position blighted more and more the wholesome growth of the Institute; and the thought of transferring it to the capital of Belgium returned with inflexible assiduity.

I went to Brussels. I saw the pastors of two Independent chapels,—the one a Calvinist, the other an Arminian; and, through them, made the acquaintance of several English families. I felt the ground was different. An institute there, based on Protestant Christian principles, would be the representative of a "sect" tolerated by the liberal laws of the country, but yet an anomaly, and supported only by the "poor and humble," and those foreign residents whose religious views happened to coincide with the proselyting tendencies of the "faithful." I felt it, but not as well as I do now; for the zeal of religion overcame my

prudence, until it was chastened and matured by disappointments and the teachings of experience.

From Brussels I went to Lille in France, where with the venerable Pastor Marzial I had a long and searching conference; and I remember many reflections, which then I did not understand, but showed clear enough his doubts and fears. For he, with Adolphe Monod and others, though preaching the blessed truth of Christ, abstained from "sects" and "splits." But the conclusion was, that I should remove to Brussels. I saw Adelaide, too, and spoke to her of my future change.

"Wherever you go," said she," "the blessing of God will follow you."

And we agreed that towards Christmas we should be married.

On my return to the Hague, I notified the parents, that, if allowed by authority, I would continue the Institute until the fifteenth of November,—the fourth anniversary of its opening; and I manifested my purpose to re-open it in Brussels on the first of January, 1842. Several wished to continue their sons with me,—among them the Countess V. L. S., whose son I truly loved as my own; and the others regretted my decision.

And now I set to work to have everything arranged for our marriage; a thing not easy by the law of France in vigor there,—consent of parents and grandparents on both sides, or show

that they are no more; certificates of baptism, certificates of national militia, etc. Now, with the guardian of Adelaide I had not acted properly. I had not asked him the permission of addressing his ward. He was an old man, and I was wrong in this as in many things; and, when I asked his consent, he refused. He objected to my religious tendencies: but the second guardian, a mother's brother, a gallant officer in the army, spoke for me; and so, after many letters, I received his consent. My mother had never seen my bride; but she had heard of her, and sent me her blessing.

The fifteenth of November had come; and I took leave of the parents and my pupils, and the matron and my faithful servants, and at midnight I left West-End Institute; and, when the stage proceeded slowly through the residence, the tears started in my eyes. Long and faithfully I had labored there. Many, many joys and blessings I had received; many, many sorrows I had met. The warmest and most enthusiastic years of manhood I had passed there in solitary labor, trying to build up what in my eyes was noblest and best; and the favor of royalty, and the support of nobility, and the esteem of many, had been my portion; then, again, the animadversion of some, and the distrust of others, and the time-serving silence of fickle royalty. I left with sorrow, but not without disdain; for the country, where, after years of manifest usefulness, I could not obtain the right of working for its benefit, seemed no more worthy of me.

The road was long and dreary, and the night cold. But, in the morning, I had reached the frontier; and, with a heart full of deep emotion, I said farewell to the land of my sojournings. For the thoughts of night had softened my harsher feelings; and, forgetting the evil done me by a few, I only remembered the good received from so many.

A week I spent in Brussels to secure a convenient house, to see the friends who, I must say, were zealous in my undertaking, and to extend the circle of my acquaintances. Thence I went to France, and came to claim my bride.

Two sisters were at the head of the Ecole Normale, then the *only* Protestant school in Northern France. The elder one, to all the wit and sparkling humor of a well-bred lady, joined the knowledge and learning of thorough scholarship. The younger one was stern and strict, true and single-minded, but surpassing her sister in devotedness to the cause of truth. Both, with all their heart, loved Adelaide, and, with the Pastor Marzial, proved her best and truest friends.

"Take care of her," they said; "for a treasure has been committed to you,—a treasure which to appreciate will take you time."

And with blessing they dismissed her, who had become endeared by the eternal bonds of Christian love. The Eve of St. Nicholas we passed at Mouscron, remembering the St. Nicholas Eve, when, years before, I visited with her and her sisters the stores at Leiden; and in the memories of

the past arose the St. Nicholas Eve, when, twenty years before, I stood, a little boy, between my father and destruction. These things, I remembered, O faithful God! and thanked thee.

From Mouscron Mr. P. accompanied us; for over the ancient city of Ghent we had to travel, passing the boisterous waters of the Scheldt, until we reached Middelburg, on the fertile Island of Walcheren. There the brave Capt. D. resided, the second guardian of my bride; and there according to law, the marriage had to be performed.

It was a bright December day; and in the City Hall we were received by a brilliant throng of officers, who, honoring the uncle, were glad to catch a glimpse of the niece. Leaning on his arm she moved gracefully on, till she came, in the Audience Hall, before the grave and dignified magistrate. Then, leaving her uncle's arm, she placed her right hand in mine. The chosen witnesses being sworn, the magistrate demanded our free and full consent to the marriage contract, which there we subscribed in the huge volume of records; and, whilst the witnesses added their names, he gave us an admonition strangely composed of theology and law, but withal impressive. Such was the form of civil marriage, without which none is valid. The parties may thereafter honor God as best they like; but this must go before.

That day we traveled back to Ghent, and thence to Brussels. The honey-moon was short indeed; for we set immediately to work to arrange

our house, and prepare it for the opening of the Institute in January.

It was in the pleasant suburb of Schaerbeck, on the prolongation of the beautiful Rue Royale, the *chaussée* leading to the royal domain of Laken. Localities, like persons, leave their indelible impressions, which we recall with unaccountable pain or pleasure; and this *first home* of my married estate I remember in all its details as cheerful. The house was newly built, and finished with great regard to taste and convenience, commanding a magnificent view over the plain through which the narrow Senne winds its way, and over which the railroad car dashes with lightning speed. The horizon was wide and far, but limited by the graceful curve of wooded hills, here and there dotted with villages and hamlets; and, when looking down the broad and smoothly-paved *chaussée*, we could descry the verdant parks of Laken, the summer residence of royalty.

Towards Christmas came my pupils from the Hague, and others arrived from English families. It was no more "West End"; it was a Protestant School, in the midst of a dominant creed. It became, by force of circumstances, exclusive; and there was an attraction in the very uncertainty of my position. It was a life of faith from day to day, looking out for health and strength. It was a service rendered with more implicit confidence than at the Hague. It was, to us at least, a light shining in the darkness. Our family worship was more

complete, our prayers were more frequent and fervent, our perplexities incessant, and our deliverance such as to make me often sink down on my knees, and thank Him, as truly present, with words of intense gratitude.

We soon had an extensive circle of friends of various countries, of different social position, but all knit together by the love of truth; and yet, O Fountain of truth! in that small band of Christians, who thought to serve Thee better out of the pale of Rome, there was division. For some disbelieved "original sin" and "election" and "assurance," and followed the Pastor Boucher, a man of talent and somewhat worldly wisdom. Others gave all the glory to Thy grace, and hoped to exalt Thy goodness by loudly proclaiming their wickedness; and these followed the conscientious but sober teachings of honest Pastor Panchaud. Thus were the Christians divided, who in a stricter way desired to serve the Lord. For others followed the National Church, supported by the State, where Rationalism sat enthroned; and others, again, the Anglican Chapel which was considered as formal.

And I was perplexed: for, in my simplicity, I thought that truth must needs be somewhere; whilst it is *nowhere* in its fullness, except in God, and in Him who came from God. To possess Him and to carry Him in an honest heart, is to have the truth; but he who is thus blessed cares not for human doctrine. He had rather "know noth-

ing" than to "know wrongly," if that may be called knowledge which is a profane splitting of the one and holy truth.

And now I know no more than I did then; but this, my ignorance, I call my safety. That He is love, I know; for His creation proclaims it, and His Word reveals it. But to separate His holy unity, I dread; and how He is just, and how He is holy, and how He foreordains, I do not know. Thus I think of Thee, O immutable Source of our existence! whose love I know in thy eternal Son; and there I rest.

But then I was more curious, and wished to unravel Thy mysteries; and with my wife, Thy gracious gift, I truly began to read part of Thy Word, in the hope of being instructed in *human* doctrine. And I remember having read with her, day after day, a chapter in the Epistle of Thy Apostle Paul to the Ephesians; and we came to the conclusion, that the doctrine of "election" was the true one; and we honestly acted upon our belief, and joined the Chapel of the Calvinists.

They were zealous and fervent, keeping strict watch over each other; and I thought that sometimes their love went so far as to become officious, assuming the character of the "busy-bodies" mentioned in Scripture. But, on the whole, it was a sweet communion, wherein the fervor of religion was not allowed to be quenched by worldliness. Besides the pastor and elders, they had four exhorters, brethren whom they esteemed gifted to the edification of the church; and I was ap-

pointed one, and, in the humble Chapel of the "Rue Ducale," often prayed and exhorted. To these things I look now with astonishment; for it was done in a spirit of simplicity, which knew little of the "visible" pomp and beauty of worship; and if, thereafter, I have found more "stateliness and dignity," I have not found more depth of conviction working with a single look to the Savior. In that unadorned chapel, we met the noble Baron Dubois with his family, and the Baroness d'Anethan, and many others reclaimed from unbelief or superstition. But near them kneeled the humble artisan, and many poor and needy; and by no other name they knew each other, than by that of "brother" or "sister."

Yet my Institute was narrowed by the step we had taken. The chapel "du Boulevard" and the "National Church" withdrew their support. Our numbers increased but slowly; and the sphere of my usefulness seemed small when compared with my aspirations in the Hague. But within was peace and happiness. One spirit pervaded the whole. Our house, indeed, was a *mission*, where even the humble servant-girl became thirsty after the waters of life; and our pupils were joyous and contented, and some gave signs of spiritual life. Truly this first year, with many troubles and anxieties, left an indelible impression of happiness; and for this I thank Thee, O my Creator! for having vouchsafed Thy presence in a time when everything seemed new, and the course of my life took another direction.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DOMINICAN.

I WAS just recovering from a severe illness, which during two months had laid me on a bed of sickness with pain and anxiety. The month of May was developing all the beauties of a truly gorgeous landscape; when, resting on the balcony, I received a note, requesting my presence at the house of Mr. Tiddy. He was the agent of the British Foreign Bible Society; a man of action, a good and practical Christian. I thought the walk might do me good; and, crossing the hills, I soon arrived at his dwelling in the Faubourg de Namur.

Mr. Tiddy received me in his study with more than common seriousness; for, though a Puritan in creed, he was one who "enjoyed" life, and, with his numerous family, presented a perfect picture of English comfort.

"Here is a case," said he, "rather strange and startling, and wherein we want your counsel and assistance. A Dominican monk, escaped from the convent at Ghent, has come to Pastor Panchaud, and tells a tale of sorrow and oppression, and penitent-seeking after truth. He is a Pole from Livonia, speaks French and German, and seems a well-informed man. In great anxiety, he needs an asylum where he may be sure against surprise. We

thought of you. Perhaps you can employ him: and with you he would be safe in more than one respect. See him, and then judge."

The monk was introduced. He was a man of almost gigantic stature, a little awkward in his ill-suited clothes, but withal of commanding aspect, dark complexion, with large intelligent eyes, though somewhat bewildered expression. He repeated shortly what Mr. Tiddy had said, and showed his "begging-pass;" wherein it was stated "that Brother Ignacius was allowed to be absent from the convent at Ghent during eight days, on condition of begging for the community." And that was all the man could show; that was all he had in the world to identify himself. I remember having been amazed at a system, which, in a civilized country, deprived a man of talent and moral worth, of *all*, of his name, of his identity, to send him on a "begging expedition." I offered him my house, and occupation, should he like it; and he thankfully accepted. When I came home, my wife was rather astonished at the novel guest, for whom she had to prepare a room; but she did it cheerfully, and with delicate attention.

The following morning, when I spoke to her a few words in a language I thought unknown to him, he said, with a peculiar gravity and quietness, "Sir, allow me two remarks: the first is, that there is no European language wherewith I am not sufficiently acquainted to understand it when spoken; the second is, that I am anxious to make myself useful in the school in any manner you may choose."

I could not but admire the delicacy of feeling which dictated the two remarks; and concluded that the gigantic friar, who possessed nothing but a "begging-pass," was a "gentleman."

His learning was extensive in languages, literature, theology, and sciences; nor was he unacquainted with the fine arts, being an excellent judge of music and an exquisite draughtsman. He seemed at home in all parts of the world, and in his conversation showed the reserve of conscious knowledge, with a refined appreciation of circumstances and character. I gained his confidence; for I gave him mine: and though he used to avoid even an allusion to times past, and shrank from the appearance of boasting, yet I succeeded in gathering from him the details which follow:—

He had assumed the name of Löven; being the first half of his real name. He was the eldest son of the Count von Lövenhaupt, a Livonian nobleman, whose brother, at that very time, was a member of the Russian cabinet. When eight years of age, he was sent to a college in Poland, and educated as the future heir of princely wealth. Of his younger brother he seldom spoke; but to his only sister he clung with tender admiration.

"How well I remember," he said, with a voice stiffled by emotion, "the rides on horseback we took together when spending the holidays at home! It is now nineteen years since last I saw her. Faithfully she has written to me; but even her letters are gone. I have nothing now but the bitter regret of what my life might have been."

Whilst at the college, his thoughts were constantly drawn towards a "religious" life. His natural disposition was serious, and, I should say, rather heavy. It seems that his educators encouraged him in his "religious" tendency; thus at least he spoke of it; and, when he was eighteen years of age, he declared his wish to enter the order of the Dominicans. The eldest son and heir of such a family, with wealth and influence fabulous in Western Europe, to give up his name and rank, and riches, and to become, in the spring of life, a poor and insignificant friar in some Polish cloister, seemed madness; but neither the entreaties of his sister, nor the stern refusal of his father, could overcome his resolution to "seek salvation" in the order of St. Dominic. With faltering voice, he narrated to me the last interview with his assembled family. Nineteen years had passed since the day, when, for the last time, he stood amid the splendor of his house, and there resigned his rights to his younger brother, and, leaving his name and kindred, became an obscure monk.

He wandered to the nearest convent, and was received. After a few years, he was sent to Italy; and, in Milan, was made Professor of Confession. His was the charge to train the younger clergy in the science of "hearing confessions,"—a science requiring tact and discrimination. After four years, he was sent to Rome, where he became one of the assistant-librarians of the Vatican,—a post for which his linguistic knowledge fitted him ex-

ceedingly. There he had access to the department exclusively consecrated to the "heretical" publications, which, under lock and key, are accessible to none. His inquisitive mind began to roam in the extensive storehouse, where the fruit of the forbidden tree of knowledge was hoarded up since centuries,—enough to perplex the strongest mind; and *his* was a strong one, and from childhood cultivated with utmost care. But doubts began to arise. Rome was not infallible; Rome was gainsaid by men of deep and far-reaching intelligence; and, in the dusty reading-rooms of the ancient Vatican,—in the stronghold of the world-ruling power,—the Dominican friar began to chafe under the pressure of self-imposed chains.

He was not alone. An American bishop, sent to the southern States of Peru and Chili with a mission of restoring the "semblance" of discipline where immorality and vice had reached the culminating point, and now in Rome to receive instructions, had been touched by the same impressions, and moved by the same harassing doubts.

But the Dominican, poor and unknown, had a struggle of which we scarcely have a conception, —the sacrifice of rank and wealth and honors, nineteen years of voluntary poverty, passed in roaming from north to south,—all for that which now he believed to be an error.

As he repeatedly refused to preach on the subject of the intercessory office of the Blessed Virgin, he was suspected of heterodoxy, and finally con-

fined in a convent near the Inquisition. There he remained a close prisoner during seven long months. At last, he seemed to have found sympathy : and one of his keepers agreed to place a ladder under his window, whereby to escape. It was midnight when he began his descent; but scarcely had he taken his position on the ladder, when it was drawn from under him. With fractured skull he lay many weeks in danger. His mind was affected, and had never recovered its usual strength. He took my hand, and made me lay my finger in the gash,—a frightful memento of treason ; for this, more than all, affected him even then,—that he in whom he confided had thus treacherously attempted to take his life.

When slowly recovering, he was at the point of being transferred to the prisons of the Inquisition. Once there, his doom was sealed. But, in that time of anguish, there came relief; for the American bishop, whom I mentioned before, succeeded in obtaining his release. He was, said he, weak of mind, and, if confided to his care, would soon recover, not only health, but also his right perception of the faith. Over Germany, he had to travel to Antwerp, there to embark for Peru; and, if the Dominican was allowed to be his companion, he would see him safe in one of the convents of Belgium. Thus it was arranged; and thus he traveled, and arrived in Ghent.

But the treatment he had received, and the conversations with the enlightened bishop, and

the journey through Protestant countries, confirmed him in his aversion for a creed to which he had devoted all. "I could not live," said he; "I could not die. From my sister I have not heard for more than two years: she has succeeded to the estates of my deceased brother; and I have none in the world whom I can name my friend. A pamphlet of Pastor Panchaud on the Roman controversy came into my hands. To him I wished to go, and asked a begging-pass; and here I am, a wreck in every sense."

Thus he narrated to me his story at various times. If there is anything untrue or exaggerated, the blame is his. But he lived seven months under my roof; and I frequently overheard, without his knowledge, his prayers uttered in the hour of night. They were the prayers of one wrestling with God; they were prayers deep, serious, and searching. And his conduct was uniform; nor did I ever discover the slightest deviation from truth in other things, but rather a simplicity strangely combined with a high and delicate sense of honor. The native dignity of man seemed to have been struggling for life, and now re-asserted its "inalienable right."

I sympathized with him. We both had sacrificed worldly prospects to what we esteemed best, but with different result; and, comparing his forlorn position with mine, I could not but grieve for him, and be thankful to God for myself. Yet, although we did all in our power to comfort him, he seemed to become more and more restless and

anxious: he was in constant fear of being surprised. Whether there was real cause, or past sufferings excited his imagination, I cannot tell; but he at last conceived himself the object of secret spies, who watched his going-out and coming-in. Not a bell rung, but he started in dismay. Our friends thought best to procure him a passport to England; and there he went, towards fall, with letters of recommendation to good and pious families.

Thence he wrote me several times, and his letters were full of affection and gratitude. It seemed to me, that in the Church of England he found a more congenial temper, more order, and less division, than among the Protestants at Brussels. How it affected him thereafter, I do not know; for I lost sight of him, and the Dominican is among the many remembrances of the Old World.

But, at that time, his appearance made a strange impression on my mind. He was to me as the embodiment of a system; and I judged the whole by one individual case, which was an unfair means of attaining the truth. I forgot the thousands of holy and self-devoted men, who humbly and successfully labored within that system; and too desirous of finding what might be called *absolute* truth, I thought that opposition to the dominant Church was paramount to duty.

Whilst I was nourishing my mind with these reflections, profitable to none, and least to myself, the tidings came that the Pastor of "the Witness" had arrived on a missionary tour, and, that evening, would preach in our chapel.

I was ill, and could not go; but Adelaide went, with eager expectation, and desirous of seeing the venerable man of whom I had told her so often. To a crowded audience he preached one of those stirring sermons, wherein love was so singularly blended with serious appeal. Adelaide was moved; and, after service, came up to him, and, taking his hand, said with tearful eye, "I am the wife of Leno." And with endearing love, folding her in his arms, he said, "Then you are my daughter, indeed; for Leno is my son." When she wept on his bosom, knowing all, and loving him for my sake, he gave her words of comfort, and, with her, came to see me.

Shall I forget the days he passed with us,—his cheerful talk, so full of wit, and overrunning with God-fearing love; the spirit of confidence he poured into my heart; the prayers he prayed with us? Shall I forget the tender interest he took in our affairs, and how he strengthened our arms? and how, and after he left, we felt as if a new spirit had entered the house, and we could endure all and overcome all?

Thus the first year of our married state drew to an end, with pleasant remembrances of happy days, of duties faithfully performed, of difficulties gone through, of visits received from many Christian friends; and, though our Institute increased slowly, it was a cheerful household, where the seeds were sown *surely* and *effectually*, because faithfulness was the watchword, and reliance the moving power.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A TEMPTATION.

It was the month of January, when winter for a time seems to mar the beauty of nature, allowing rest to the bountiful earth and the fruit-bearing trees; and everything is blank and cheerless, except home, sweet home. And mine was sweet indeed; for Adelaide had given me a gift, which to this day I possess, though once the Author of of his life laid him low on the couch of sickness, reminding me of the Giver. Who but a father knows the blessing bestowed in the first-born;—the joyful happiness and nameless pride; the beam of light which seems to illuminate the humblest dwelling, as if, from upper regions, a little stranger had arrived to cheer and to console, and to give a fresh and better impulse to our worldly minds?

When the mother had recovered her strength, we humbly walked to our chapel; for there he would be dedicated to our God in the holy sacrament of baptism. It was a frosty morning, and the walk was long; but I remember it as yesterday. The care for the mother, whom now I loved with double reverence; the care for the slumbering babe, whom I received from thee, O Author of my life! the Christian friends, who truly rejoiced for

me; the pastor's sermon, who faithfully explained the word of God,—I remember it all. And when the congregation had retired, in the presence of a few friends the minister called upon God, and, in the power of the Holy Trinity, gave him the name of the Pastor of the Witness: for to him I looked as to my spiritual father; and, disregarding lineage and ancestor's names, I wished my first-born to bear his name whom both my wife and myself loved and revered.

But among the friends was not the pastor's wife; a devoted, pious Christian, whose law was charity. Yet she could not consent to sanction by her presence what she considered a sin; for she was a Baptist, and, though faithfully laboring with her conscientious husband, did not believe that God would make a covenant with unconscious innocence. I remember how it struck and grieved me. But little did I think, that a year thereafter, I should do worse, and deny what I had done, and deny the virtue of that holy ceremony, because, forsooth, the minister had not received, what he could not receive, the imposition of a bishop's hands. O strange inconsistency! I then blamed what I called bigotry, and thereafter blamed what I had done myself, and denied my own baptism and that of all my ancestors. Thus the baptism of my first-born in the humble chapel of Rue Ducale, by the hands of an humble minister of God, has become to me a lesson of charity. For which was worse, her quiet withdrawing, with marks of sympathy, from

what she thought an error; or my ruthless denying the efficacy of the water consecrated by prayer, because the minister had not been episcopally ordained? O my God! this sin Thou hast also forgiven me; for truly in ignorance did I sin, believing to serve Thee according to thy Word.

And now came a time of anxious thought and perplexity; for, when I was rejoicing in the new blessing bestowed, on a Sunday evening I received a visit from Pietro Gaggia. He was an Italian refugee, who, in the political struggles of 1824, had escaped the penalty of death, and, in Brussels, succeeded in building up an institute remarkable for thoroughness and wide range of learning. There Gioberti, who afterwards became a minister of state in Turin, taught historical sciences; and Quetelet, one of the university professors, lectured on astronomy. The number of pupils once had reached nearly two hundred and fifty; and many were the men, civilians and military, who there had received their education. But the tendency was ultra-liberal, and bordering on infidelity; a natural consequence of direct opposition to the clerical party of the dominant creed. That party, through the energy of the Archbishop of Mechlin, was in the ascendant; and the institute was losing ground. Though strongly supported by men of eminence and learning, it needed, as it were, a new infusion of vigor, and the direction of a younger and less disappointed head. For Pietro Gaggia was aged, and had seen times of trouble and want,

followed by success now on the wane; and, with cunning and shrewdness, he had a liberal disposition, showing kindness to many who repaid him with neglect. He came to me with confidence, and proposed to associate our efforts and influence, to combine the two institutions into one; offering me the direction, half the profits, and the loss, if any, to be on his account.

The proposal startled me. To make a partnership in the noble task of education, and give it thus the form of a regular "money-making business," was to me a novelty. I shrunk from it; for, whatever had been my success, with a single eye to God I had worked, thinking more of doing Him service than of providing for the future. If this was an error, it was a venial one. But there was more. Pietro Gaggia was an unbeliever. Though respecting the forms of religion, he did not believe the truth; and in his prospectus he clearly declared "that religion, being the work of God, and not of men, was none of his business." This I knew; and I candidly told him, that, with me, religion was the basis whereon to build. He approved of my frankness, and thought a little more of it might do no harm.

"But," said he, "it is not only you I want: it is your wife. By what I hear, she will be able to impart to the Institute that tone which mine can never give. Believe me, there is a mutual advantage in the combination. I give a house and material, than which none can be better, with a

goodly number of scholars, and old relations in in England, France, and America: you give your numbers and relations and learning and youth, and last, but not least, the magical influence of an accomplished lady."

Thus saying, he left me; and I went to the partner of my life to ask her opinion. Well do I remember that evening. Yet weak, and slowly recovering, her beaming eye showed her anxiety to know what kept me so long away; and when I told her, she said,—

"No, Leno! no! God has blessed us thus far; why distrust him?"

Thus she spoke slowly, and deliberately: and her words found an echo in my heart; for it was the voice of God. It was the right decision, made at once by woman's prophetic instinct, perceiving as by intuition the true issue of the case. Happy the man who has such a counselor! Happier he who abides by her *first* advice! Had I done so, it would have saved me bitterness and disappointment.

To my letter announcing our refusal of the proposed union, I received an answer courteous and polite, by its kindly tone impressing me with some regret for having discarded the co-operation of one so experienced and so considerate. It is strange how the slightest shade will affect, when *principle* is no more the only rule of action! I saw him often, without the knowledge of Adelaide. Obstacles seemed to disappear, difficulties to be re-

moved. I began to ask the advice of others, already half decided what to do; for the more extended sphere of action tempted me, and the hope, the foolish hope, of grafting my religious principles on a tree so wild, deceived me. The Pastor of the Witness wrote me words of warning; but the honest minister of our chapel, whose son was one of my pupils, came to a different conclusion. He saw, to use a favorite expression, "a door opened," a means of doing good on larger scale, and of sowing the seed of grace broadcast. Strengthened by his authority, I prevailed upon Adelaide to reconsider her first opinion; next, to assist at an interview with Pietro Gaggia; and her better judgment was biased by his plausible arguments, whilst the advice of friendship and the preference of a husband finally decided her opinion. The contract was drawn up; and on the first day of March, 1843, our institutions would be united, and we should assume our more responsible duties.

But when the day came of breaking up our cheerful and well-organized household, wherein refinement kept pace with real comfort; when the daily prayers, making a church of our home, had to cease; when my pupils, accustomed to submission and regularity, had to mingle with a crowd of students of all nations and creeds; when I took my final leave of the pleasant home, which had been consecrated by the remembrance of so many joys and deliverances,—then I began to realize the step I had taken; and, finding the Institute of

Pietro Gaggia in a state of confusion and anarchy difficult to describe, I must confess, that for some days I was disheartened, and began to feel the consequences of my presumption.

My wrong I felt and confessed, and asked for strength; for, though I had left the path of simple duty, *now* it was my duty to do my best. Happy time, when, with the confidence of a child, I could confess my error, and truly feel that I was forgiven! Then I began to work and regulate, and in this was powerfully assisted by her whom the Pastor of the Witness used to call my "valiant" wife. A few weeks had elapsed, when the Institute had lost its "decaying" appearance. It seemed to start with fresh and renewed vigor, and, with its seventy pupils and eighteen professors, ranked first among those who were known as opposing the dominant party.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "JOSEPHINE."

But, as I have said before, the dominant party, now strengthened by the marriage of King Leopold with Orlean's royal daughter, was in the ascendant; and the natural disposition of the people favored its pretensions. Colleges, under the direction of the company of Jesus, increased rapidly in number and importance; and the numerous aristocracy gave them countenance. The cause of evangelical Protestantism was absorbed in the perpetually increasing splits and divisions amongst its advocates. In France, at least, the Protestants form a national body, with more than two millions of adherents. In Belgium, their whole number does not exceed a few thousands. They are considered anomalous, intrusive; and the national feeling goes against them, as a remembrance of the much-disliked Batavian dominion.

Pietro Gaggia had stood a long series of years under its protecting shade, backed by the rampant seeds of infidelity. With the increasing preponderance of Catholicity, his Institute had lost its popularity. He sought my alliance; but the decided tone of religious opposition, which I gave to the Institute, created a more violent counteraction than his infidelity. For this was dying its natural

death; but the new life which I brought into the Institution gave it a vigor and a name, which produced, amongst others, jealously and envy.

Yet there was neither king nor magistrate, who could, as in Holland, order me to desist; but there was perhaps more,—the unceasing activity of an extensive party, having its ramifications in all the ranks of society, from the highest aristocracy to the humblest servant-girl.

Several months we labored, and I never labored more; and, for a time, it seemed as if the Institute, so perfectly organized, so liberal in its provisions, might become the beneficent representative of a principle which had become the chief aim of my life. But my friends, as well as myself, perceived soon that outward influence was bearing hard against us, and my soul became wearied with anxiety.

To serve Him according to my convictions had been my steady aim,—to serve Him in the training of youth, or, better still, in preaching the gospel. Of worldly advantages, I had, as yet, never *thought;* and though the Institute might promise, in future time, a reward for labor, it could not be, I saw, unless relaxing in what I deemed a sacred principle. If I was wrong, I was honest. If I presumed, I did it with a single view to the kingdom of God. In Holland, royal caprice and party spirit had driven me out. In Belgium, a dominant creed, national and popular, crowded me out as an intruder and innovator.

Then it was that I began with ardent desire to look after "liberty;" and America, with its free institutions, loomed up on the horizon of my imagination, as the land where I might work with untrammeled freedom. The early impressions received from my father, in whose boyhood the War of Independence was fought; the enthusiastic study of history, and not least of Botta's classical work,—environed America with a halo of glory, which attracted me with irresistible force.

The Pastor of the Witness sent me letters to England, where he advised me to seek the Rev. Dr. Burgess, a man of wealth and influence. Some of my friends held out the prospect of useful missionary work in France. Others insisted strongly on my continuing my work in Belgium. For a time, my mind was perplexed. But it turned from anything which Europe then could offer; and, with magical force, the shores of America continued to attract me.

When I consulted Adelaide, she was averse to crossing the ocean, to seek, in a world to us unknown, what we had enjoyed and might yet enjoy,—the happiness of family-life, not out of reach of our many friends and relations. But I, with unaccountable tenacity, clung to my purpose; and we set to work to bring it into execution.

I wrote to all my friends; and from the Pastor of the Witness, from d'Aubigné, from Mark Willis, and many others, I received letters of recommendation and introduction. Then came the time

of separation from my pupils. One of them was very dear to us. William Trip was the last who left,—the last of those for whom I had worked many years; and for the last time we prayed in our humble chapel, and one by one they gave us their "*Dieu vous bénisse!*" And on the fifteenth of June, having taken a last walk in the beautiful park, we left for Antwerp.

There I met a friend, whom in these memoirs I have never mentioned, though, since 1831, we were united by the bonds of intimacy, only not strengthened by communion of faith. For Alfred Bailey was the best son, the most devoted brother, and the most excellent friend, I ever knew; but he could not receive the truth as revealed in God's holy Word. Of English parentage, he joined to rectitude of intentions a delicacy of feeling which *never* was at fault; and now he came traveling far, once more to see us.

When we went on board the Bremen brig "Josephine," lying in the stream before the ancient city, he staid with us a few days; and to him we remitted our farewell letters to mother, sister, and sweet Eleonore. As I embraced him, and saw him depart in the little boat, it seemed that in him I took leave of many good and noble men. I see yet his serious, honest face steadily turned towards the "Josephine" to behold the friends he truly loved, until, waving his hand for the last time, he was soon out of sight. Eighteen years have gone by,—half the time we knew each other; but still

he is the same; and I may say, what few can truly say, "Amongst men I have found a friend."

On the twenty-second of June, we weighed anchor, and began to descend the rapid Scheldt; but the wind was adverse and cold, and only on the twenty-sixth, we saw for the last time the vanishing outlines of the coast of France.

With my boy in my arms, I watched them long, with feelings impossible to describe; for, I left many, many warm-hearted friends, and on the other side of the broad Atlantic I had as yet none. He who leaves his country becomes an exile thrown upon the kindness of those on whom he has no claim. Folding the unconscious babe in my arms, I went down to my wife, who was ill and suffering; and, taking my Bible, I read the Psalm so consoling and encouraging for the traveler: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

CONCLUSION.

HERE I must leave my narrative, running through the space of thirty years. The Old World, with its good and evil, was left behind; and, in the meridian of life, I sought rest in the Great Republic of the New. How there I found friends and work and trouble; how the hand of God guided me to become a minister of his Word, and a Missionary to the shores of the Pacific; what there I saw, and partly experienced; what calamities, what blessings; what anxieties, what deliverances; what heart-stirring incidents of indomitable energy and magnanimous liberality,—truly my pen might easily record. Yet I lay it down, with excusable hesitation, lest I might weary the few who have patiently perused these pages. Should they, however, against my expectation, find favor enough to encourage me, I shall then record, to my best remembrance, the years of my checkered life in the New World.

"What a life has been yours!" thus wrote to me the venerable Pastor of the Witness some two years ago. "But have you not traveled a spiral to come where the providence of God might have led you in a direct line?"

The Pastor of the Witness said true; but I am willing to lay open the windings of that life, that others may profit by it, and, with a single eye to God, hold the straighter line.

JUNE, 1860.

THE END OF PART I.

CHECKERED LIFE.

PART II.

CHECKERED LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

Light and swift enough was the "Josephine," but heavy and contrary were the winds. And when she had turned at last the British triangle, we went north and north to avoid the Gulf stream.

On the third of July, 1843, an American schooner passed us like a bird. It hailed us: "From Providence in twenty-one days." I thought the omen good. For truly I was under the care of Providence, and that first American vessel we met, seemed a messenger of welcome to the confiding stranger.

And scarcely was the light nutshell out of hailing distance, when up came a stately English brig, which passed us in disdain, and did not answer the captain's speaking-trumpet. "John" was the name on the stern. In somewhat morose humor, I thought her a fit representative of the Old World, and hastened with renewed confidence to the land where Providence lies.

The following day was the fourth of July, a date emblazoned in the annals of humanity. The birth

of freedom, not for one nation, but for a nation to be the mother of nations. It passed unheeded, for who on board the Bremen bark remembered it? Yet, well they might! For among that crowd of steerage passengers, how many escaping the thraldom of poverty and ignorance, transmitted from generation to generation! Men, women and children from the towns and villages of northern Germany, with scarcely enough to cover and feed them. Their only faith was in the great American Republic, where they would find air to breathe, soil to labor, and laws to protect. This they knew. But of the Fourth of July they did not know. And if they had been told, they would have stared. As well speak of light to the blind. None but those who breathe the air of freedom, know what freedom is.

Yet, among that miserable crowd of suffering, ill-used, ill-governed, ill-educated humanity, there was a mother, whose sorrow I even now remember with deep compassion. She had a nursing babe of five months old, but illness dried the source of the life-giving stream, and soon the babe, from plump and rosy, became a half-starved skeleton.

And one night a storm arose, fierce and howling, and in the short intervals I could hear the moaning child and impassionate hushing of the mother. Then came the father, rough and harsh, but now overcome with sorrow, for the child was dying; and from the captain he requested the loan of a lamp, to see his child. But the captain, anxious

by danger, replied rudely: "It might as well die in the dark." Yet I prevailed, and with a lantern accompanied the father to the crowded lower deck, and there remained until the babe had gasped its last. It was a sad night, and when I returned to my cabin, and found my firstborn sound asleep, I felt sorrowful gratitude. For he, too, could no more drink from the mother's fountain: but it was God's will that he should be preserved.

And when the following day the little babe was let overboard, neither father nor mother were there. But the day thereafter, and many days, the mother used to sit on the same spot, looking in the vast deep as one would look upon a grave. And when I spoke words of comfort to her, she did not receive them; for her mind was darkened, and her sorrow natural.

The whole month of July we passed in struggling against heavy head winds, and twice we narrowly escaped from destruction.

One morning, when thick and heavy fogs covered the ocean, and the vessel, with burning lantern, plowed heavily its way, a crushing sound awoke us. A large vessel had crossed our bowsprit carrying it away, and thus we were within a few yards of destruction, for had the vessel struck us amidships, we must have foundered immediately.

And a week before we arrived at New York, a heavy storm arose suddenly in the midst of night. I slept soundly with my little son in the lower cabin. A violent shock awoke me suddenly, and

I beheld with terror the curtains in flames, and the cabin full of smoke. For a fellow-passenger had imprudently left a burning candle on the floor, which, by the jerking of the vessel, had slid towards the curtain. I awoke just in time. A minute later, and we might have been destroyed by fire. These cases of providential preservation, I gladly remember. Truly, our life is full of them. But we live, as if there were no Providence; and lacking gratitude, we are deficient in trust.

At last a pilot-boat hove in view, and the first "live American" with whom I came in contact, was the nimble sharp-sighted pilot, who took command of our vessel; under his hand it seemed to take new life. He soon steered us to port, and, with feelings unaccountable, we beheld on the fourteenth of August, the heights of Never-sink land. And soon the green shores and white dwellings of Long Island and Staten Island passed before our greedy eyes, which for two long months had seen nothing but the endless expanse of the ocean. And, at last, in the afternoon, the "Josephine" cast anchor near the quarantine.

I went on shore to buy some fruit and bread and milk, to rejoice my wife and child. And when we had satisfied these cravings of nature, we put our babe to bed. I remember kneeling down with my dear wife, and in loud prayer truly calling upon God. For to us it was a long voyage; and in a new and unknown world we were poor, and the future, always mysterious, was dark, but for the shining torch of our faith.

CHAPTER II.

PELHAM PRIORY.

First impressions are sometimes true, but oftener prove not so, because not always made on minds unruffled. When, on the following day, I sat with wife and child on the "Staten Islander," steaming with rapid strokes to the Metropolis of the West, I felt the chill of loneliness and lack of sympathy. Crowded was the deck with "ladies," though instinct told me that all were not so, and that I was in the atmosphere of "moneyed aristocracy." Languid and observing of self seemed those ladies, but none had a word of sympathy for the stranger who, with her babe on her lap, came thousands of miles.

Thus I remember having thought at that time, and having observed to my companion how different it would be if a stranger came to old Europe. I now must smile. Yet the feeling was true and natural, and to this day a "stranger" has a right on me, just for being a stranger. But soon we came to the noisy hive of nations, and found our way to Mondon's "Hotel Français." For with nervous instinct the stranger is apt to cling, as long as possible, to what he is accustomed to. And from there I set out on the following day to visit Dr. G. Burke, for whom I had a letter of in-

troduction. His wife was a Geneva lady, whose parents, neighbors of the pastor of the Witness, I knew. In him I found an upright, warm-hearted friend, a Christian gentleman, who received me stately but kindly. And he introduced me to others, where I was well received. But there seemed to be a *sameness* in all. A certain outward appearance, making men and women, and houses and parlors all alike, without the *individuality* to which I was accustomed in Europe.

And this was the general impression I received, as far as I can remember, all over the metropolis. A great sameness, and perhaps, in consequence of it, a great want of excitement, transforming common things into a sort of romance. For romance is the natural atmosphere of the world, especially, of the more refined sex. Even the poor foreigner, seeking his bread by selling his knowledge of languages, for a while was transformed into a political refugee, a victim of tyranny! And I gave lessons in Italian to a young lady, the only heiress of a great fortune, homely, but romantic. And the mother kept strict watch until she knew I was the husband of a handsome wife. But even then the pupil would have me an Italian refugee, and hesitated accepting the gift of my copy of Silvio's "Priggioni," because she knew so many recollections must be connected with the little volume.

Yet pleasant are to me the recollections of those first introductions into a world so new to me. And when at last we were settled in a "boarding

house," that essentially American institution, so full of mischief, I remember the amazement wherewith we beheld the dispatch of meals, the political talk between whigs and democrats, the north and south so strongly marked, the religious discussions amongst Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Unitarians, Israelites, Infidels, all at the same table. It was new to us and perplexing.

From Merle d'Aubigné, the historian, I had received an introduction to his elder brother, established in New York, an active enterprising merchant. And he, with his wife and amiable children, received me as a brother of d'Aubigné should do. He brought me once to John B. Astor, then perhaps the richest man in the world, for whom I had a letter. I found him old and crippled, and very near taking leave of his worldly riches. Another time he took me to Flushing, where the Rev. S. presided over St. Ann's Hall, the first school for young ladies which I saw. It seemed to me like a dream. So much outward appearance; costly furniture; large parlors; greenhouses; covered walks; the ladies all in silk, sweeping by like queens; and the reverend principal himself dressed in latest style. It made a strange impression upon me. And I thought that if the internal answered to the external, those scholars must be very accomplished indeed.

After that I visited many others with a view to obtain employment. For my means drew to an

end, and I often looked upon my wife and babe, just recovering from deadly struggle brought on by change of climate, with feelings of deep concern.

And one afternoon, in the beginning of September, I came home from my wanderings, and found my wife, with tearful eye, rejoiced. "I sat," said she, "looking through the window, inwardly praying God to have pity upon us, when a lady rang the bell, and asked after you. I went to see her. She was the daughter of the Rev. Bolton, who wishes to engage you at his Institute at Pelham. Who sent her, I do not know; but she was so glad to find you; and I promised you would go to-morrow, to see her father.

And I remember having embraced my faithful companion with joy. And the source of joy I remember very well. Not so much, the prospect of needed help, as the token of "prayer answered." Thus we were, at that time; simple and confiding, and in our confidence, reckless perhaps in the eyes of others, yet happy, because continually "trusting." Full of expectation, I took the cars, and having left them at Winchester, walked the remaining miles, through the bewitching scenery of American landscape, and American country residences. Those fanciful dwellings and tasteful grounds! It took me by surprise, and walking up to Pelham Priory, I could not help exclaiming: "I wish she were with me!"

Nothing indeed could surpass the scenery around the Priory. It was all new to me, and when at

last I entered the dwelling, built in gothic style and furnished all through in perfect harmony, I forgot that I was in a "school." Yet so it was. And the Rev. Mr. Bolton, with his wife, a daughter, of the celebrated Jay, and his amiable family, made me feel in Europe, only with the freedom and pleasing, "*laissez aller*" of American influence. And I felt at home in another sense. For they were truly God-fearing people, laboring with earnest desire to glorify their Redeemer. And when, at noon, I was placed in the large dining hall, next to the reverend Principal, and surveyed the bevy of thirty or forty scholars, from all parts of the Union, setting down as a large family, with evidence of good breeding and liberal instruction, my heart was warmed, and I thought Pelham Priory a paradise.

With these feelings I returned, having arranged with Mr. B. that I should come twice a week, to instruct in French and Italian. And with the Abbotts I made an arrangement in the beginning of September. They were, I believe, four brothers. John, the author of many works, took the lead. On Lafayette place they opened their Institute; and I was engaged for French, and other things, as they happened to be necessary; among others for drawing.

The Abbott plan was to make instruction as pleasant as possible. With this view, grammar and all rules were severely banished. And when, in aftertime, I composed a series of exercises, going

more systematically through grammar, I lost my labor. For not only did I give offense, but even a promised increase of salary was withdrawn!

Thus I worked under the directions of others, often against my better convictions, and chafing under the yoke of necessity, seeing instruction made a tool for profit, and the increase of scholars the main object in view. I began to feel as if I made bricks and bricks, and had to furnish the straw besides. But necessity compelled me to many "essays" and "trials" of "new" methods, until at last my own lack of experience deprived me of my most pleasing task, the instructions at the Priory.

It was an "aristocratic" school, and many were the ladies from the sunny South, who there received their "finishing touches." Among them were four sisters from Charleston, sweet and interesting, and with them I once came in discussion concerning "slavery." A European, fresh from the old world, has no idea of the tenderness of this point. I honestly, but imprudently, confessed my astonishment that in a Republic, founded on "Liberty," such a thing as "slavery" could exist. I was not aware of the deep offense I had given. Nor did the sweet sisters show any annoyance. But at the following lesson, the eldest sister handed me her composition signed with her name, with this addition: "from Charleston, S. C., where liberty exists in all its forms."

And this was a declaration of war. For since

that time all went against me. And soon I perceived that good Mr. Bolton was perplexed, and had a word to say. At last he said it. At the end of the month my services would be dispensed with.

That evening I walked home over the beautiful hills, colored with autumnal leaves; but I was depressed and gloomy, and remember having had the tears in my eyes, when thinking of wife and child.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHURCH.

A FEW days thereafter I received by mail a letter from Mrs. Feller, who had established the "Swiss Mission" at the Grande Ligne in Canada. She was zealous and enterprising, devoting herself especially to the "conversion" of the French Canadians. Having heard of me through Mr. Baird, she wrote to me to come and establish there an Institute, a "Christian school."

At first the plan seemed wild to me. The journey far, the means none, the prospects obscure. I consulted with my wife and several friends. I said I could not see a call. Thus some days passed, and the secret wish of doing a useful work arose under the pressure of the Abbott's nonsense. It seemed to me as if I had been like the Israelites, discouraged and frightened by the reports of spies. And one afternoon, coming home, I found Mrs. Burke in conversation with my wife, and confessed that I was "restless." She, with the single-minded feelings of early education, saw therein a proof that my decision was perhaps not the right one. And thus we spoke, and when she had left us, with my wife I recalled old remembrances, and it seemed as if the old spirit awakened in us, and I knelt down with her, and, as was our wont, we

prayed abundantly for "light," and in our simplicity we asked "a sign." Should it please God to send the means, we would go.

Late that same evening, Dr. Burke came with seventy-five dollars for our journey, should we decide to go. Then we were glad, for it seemed a sign indeed. And the following day we packed, and having taken leave of the many friends we had already made, on the twenty-seventh of November, we went with a nurse and our child to the steamer. On the road the carriage was upset, but nothing daunted, my valiant wife proceeded on foot, and we reached the steamer in time.

During the night we ascended the broad and rapid Hudson and reached Troy in the morning, jnst at the moment the stage left for Whitehall, where the canal boat had to take us further. So we had to stay in Troy, hoping to leave the following morning. But then we heard to our great dismay that, on account of the heavy frost, the *last* boat had left!

What now to do? To take me overland, through snow and frost in open sleigh, I was asked a sum beyond my means, and it would have been a severe trial for my wife and child. We concluded to return, though sorely perplexed why God had allowed us to spend so much money and time seemingly for nothing? But it was not for nothing! For although I did not reach the Grande Ligne, this frustrated attempt kept the "Missionary" work before me; and disappointed in this, I

was stirred up to seek a sphere of usefulness, beyond the daily routine of teaching languages. Thus I look upon it now. For, of a truth, if "not a hair falls without the will of our Heavenly Father," we *must* believe that He shapes the course of our lives, and not we.

With joy and sympathy our friends received us, and the Abbotts, who appreciated my work, entered into a fuller engagement with me. And, thus the winter, severe for one who comes from Europe, passed pleasantly, and in the month of January, my first American child was born, a daughter whom God has preserved until this day. And during her mother's confinement and long illness, my restless mind began to dive into the field of theology. From Europe we had brought a simple faith, and many were the letters which I exchanged with our dear congregation of "Rue Ducale" at Brussels. And with my wife, I went to Dr. Skinner's church, hoping to find the same simplicity.

But when we sat down in one of the richly cushioned pews, and saw the stir of fashion around us, and the preacher lounging on a red cushioned sofa, in the rear of the large tribune, until he arose, and having addressed the Deity standing, one hand in his pocket, heard him read a sermon in the style of discourse or lecture, then the prayers followed by the audience sitting, and the singing done by a choir, whilst the congregation listened as to a well performed piece of music—we went home, sadly disappointed.

I merely give my impressions. They may have been wrong, but such they were. And several evenings we went to "prayer meetings," such as we were accustomed to in our little chapel. But the prayers seemed long and cold, and there was to us a lack of unction; none seemed to give of his own, but rather to draw from a common stock of piety. Thus it seemed to us, accustomed to the simple earnest faith of Swiss and French protestants, who, surrounded by powerful adversaries, as it were, hide their love of a "living" Savior, in the quiet gatherings of humble confessors of a "Crucified" Savior. O the first remembrance of those quiet hours, now stirred by the united singing of one of the "Songs of Zion," then again followed by a prayer flowing from simple confiding hearts. And we were perplexed. For we found many, many churches, and endless divisions. Then we asked our hostess, if there was not a French church ?

Smiling, she answered: "O, yes, there is; but then you will have to go to an Episcopal church." For she was a zealous "church woman."

And so we went one morning to the French church "du St. Esprit." The solemnity of the service struck us; the prayer-book assisted our devotion. The sermon was simple, not searching as we were accustomed to, but edifying. And when the pastor invited to the communion, I felt a wish to go to the altar, and, with a look, asked my companion. She arose with me, and there kneel-

ing we received the first sacramental bread since we took it last in our humble chapel. That afternoon I went to St. Thomas, and heard for the first time that eloquent preacher, Dr. Hawks. And his text I remember: "Thou, adore God." His manner struck me so, that the following day I went to him, and had a long conversation.

"I go," said he, "to the south, and intend to establish a seminary at Holly Springs, in Mississippi. If there you are willing to work with me, I shall be glad. And besides, since you desire to enter the gospel ministry, I can aid you therein."

My Presbyterian friends opposed the scheme, and to them were all my introductions; through them, as yet, I had mostly received my engagements. But although I continued my labors, and thus gained a moderate subsistence, the words of Dr. Hawks had left a deeper impression than he was probably aware of.

The gospel ministry was since long the *ultima thule* of my wishes. I heard the last sermons of Dr. Hawks to overcrowded congregations in St. Thomas, before leaving for the south, and, shall I confess it?—of all the sermons I have since heard in the New World, his seemed to me the most like those I was accustomed to. And at that time there was a discussion published in the newspapers between Rev. Dr. Potts and Rev. Dr. Wainwright; Presbyterian vs. Episcopalian. I followed, with the ardor of one to whom everything was new, those lengthy letters, and the strength of the argument

seemed to me to be on the Episcopal side. And all my spare time I devoted to reading, I verily believe, all that was to be read on the question of church policy. Amongst other works I remember having read with intense attention the "Double Witness," a series of discourses by the Rev. Ingraham Kip, now, since more than twenty years, the Apostolical Bishop of far-off California. I read them to my wife, and well do I remember how we were impressed.

At that time also, regular discourses were delivered by eminent divines of the church, with a direct tendency to prove the claims of the Episcopal church as an offspring of the Anglican.

These memoirs may be read by many who do not belong to what is called *the* Church. I wish to give offence to none, I merely state the progress of the work in my unsophisticated mind. I had not many "trials" to go through. It was all simple enough. Ardent in my religious convictions, I always had missed a unity, a central force to hold together the visible Body of Christ; a certain form embodying the doctrines and mode of worship. This form was existing in the French Reformed Church, often called the Walloon Church, the direct offspring of the Huguenots. But it was seldom or only partially used. Yet, of that church, my ancestors had ever been faithful adherents, since, three centuries ago, the first left country and Romanism, and married a noble maiden, of the house of Van Linden, in the

Netherlands. His son married the granddaughter of De Requesens, converted to the reformed faith by her mother, the duchess of Pascha. Her prayer-book, printed at Rochelle, 1570, is among my most valued heir-looms. How often did that Spanish Duchess, converted to humble faith, peruse those prayers! And up to the fifth generation I have the written proofs of their religious convictions.

Far then was it from me, that I should have denied their faith; very far, indeed! That I should deny their rightful baptism, or the sacramental bread they took in faith; very far, indeed! But, when in the New World, I found *so many* sects calling themselves churches, so many differences in essential points, such a continual splitting of already existing splits; and saw one church claiming apostolical authority, and, as yet without split, though now and then I heard of "High" and "Low;" when I followed its liturgy, so clear and consistent, going through the Christian year; when I assisted at the ordination of priest and deacons, and once at the consecration of an Apostolic Bishop; I could not help comparing; I could not help wishing a "spiritual home" for myself, wife and children.

Memory is a strange treasury! The very moment I remember when my mind was fully made up.

Mrs. Wickham, a widow lady, now at eighty-three years of age, a deaconess of the church at

Grand Rapids, Michigan, a warm friend of our hostess, Mrs. Lyons, had taken great interest in the stranger and his family. She took us one Sunday morning to the Seamen's chapel. When I saw the building filled with sailors, old and young, and beheld them following with intense attention the service read by a priest, who was every inch a man; then listening with marked interest to the short but graphic sermon; then receiving the blessing as people who knew they received one; then retiring quietly, whilst some had a few words to exchange with the man of God: I took my seat in the omnibus, and could not refrain from tears! Then and there I remember having made my decision.

Thus it was. Thou knowest it, O Fountain of truth! Thus it was that I left the communion wherein my brave ancestors had lived and died for three centuries, to seek admission to that organic body which seemed to me the lawful kingdom of my Lord and Savior.

No sudden enthusiasm, no worldly expectations moved me. For *all* my friends, *all* my introductions, and I had many indeed, were of the Presbyterian persuasion. Turning as it were from them, I was, for the time, a friendless stranger in a world already strange to me. But as once, in the silent hours of night, I was called from unbelief to belief, so now, from vague uncertainty, I seemed called to positive organic unity.

That week, I wrote a letter to Bishop Doane, of New Jersey. I gave him full details of my

past history and actual wishes. He came to see me with the Rev. Dr. Ogilby. The Sunday after, I went with my wife to the Church of the Ascension, Dr. Haight's; we were accustomed to go there, though far away. After service, the Doctor spoke to me of an opening at the University of Charlotteville, in Virginia, where a professor of languages was desired, with two thousand dollars appointment; he had been charged to seek one, and proposed it to me. But it was just the same as when the captain of engineers, ten years before, offered me the position in East India! It had no effect. I went home, as if no such offer had been made me. And that evening I took the cars to Burlington, New Jersey.

CHAPTER IV.

RIVERSIDE.

I SHALL never forget the Monday morning when I walked along the Delaware to "Riverside," the Bishop's residence. That beautiful walk along elegant rural dwellings, under the heavy shade of sycamores and elm trees, whilst the noble river streamed in broad and equal waves, now and then crossed by a steamer or a rapid sailing vessel! I shall never forget it! The impression was somewhat similar to that received on my first visit to Pelham Priory; but there was a grandeur in the scenery, a life-picture as it were of the unequaled American landscape, together with the tasteful dwellings and gardens, suggestive of ease and refinement.

At last I reached St. Mary's Hall, founded the same year when I began my West-End Institute in the Hague; but in the lapse of seven years, grown to be the nursery of hundreds of daughters of the church, from the Canadian boundaries to the Gulf of Mexico. I passed on, and rang the bell at the Bishop's residence. It was built in the style of an Italian villa, surrounded by most beautiful grounds. The very spacious entrance hall opened into a magnificent library, a large dining hall, and two or three elegantly furnished parlors.

I was ushered into the library, where the bishop received me with his dignified, yet so very hearty and affectionate manner. Our talk was long, and I well remember its details. And how he introduced me to his wife, that noble Christian matron, whose soul seemed the essence of affectionate love: and to his sons, of whom the youngest, then a promising boy of ten or eleven, with strong resemblance to his father, is now the Bishop of Albany.

Could I ever forget that morning hour's talk with the genial Bishop Doane, the founder of St. Mary's hall and Burlington college, the thorough scholar, the perfect gentleman, whose motto was "Right onward," whose piercing eye at once went home to the heart, whose friendly smile brightened the stern impression of his classical features. He seemed at once to understand me; my convictions concerning the church; my wish for the ministry; my need of steady employment. It was all arranged in short time, and that afternoon I, for the first time in my life, knelt before mortal man, and received the apostolical benediction.

The train carried me soon to New York, and then we began to prepare for our departure, leaving many friends with thankful hearts, and looking to our new home with no small degree of comfort. And so it proved to be. For my faithful companion found in Mrs. Doane a dear and loving friend; and the bishop did all he could to make my new position useful and agreeable.

During part of the day, I had numerous classes in French, German, Greek and Latin; during the evening I had a lesson with the bishop's sons, and an hour with the bishop himself. I remember those hours with pleasure. Weary and sometimes exhausted by the day's labors, the dear bishop did all he could to read some of the French classics with his humble teacher. Truly, my God, Thou hadst wonderfully favored me to become in a foreign country, the teacher of a noble institution, devoted to the church, but even to be allowed to impart my knowledge to the apostolic father of the church and to his promising sons!

In the meantime, the appointed Sunday for my baptism drew near. Our dear friend Mrs. Wickham and our hostess Mrs. Lyons came to witness it. To me it was a solemn step; I thought it necessary to put a seal to my initiation to what I then considered, and still consider, the Organic Body of Christ. The wife of Dr. Ogilby received baptism at the same time. With my first-born and my second child I was baptized; unconditionally. In this, I think I erred. For thus, in fact, I denied the baptism of all my ancestors, a thing I had no right to do, and which I regret to this very day. But, if error there was, I truly repent, and with many other errors, this one is forgiven.

Well do I remember how the bishop, after service, took my hand and said, in his half serious, half jesting way; "Now we have made you a soldier, by and by we shall make you a captain."

And from that day I was entered as a candidate for holy orders. The Bishop's library furnished me with all the necessary books, and my nights and other spare time were devoted to theology. For I was earnest in my purpose, and with me study was second nature, nor did I wish to slight a single item of the prescribed course, which, however, I intended to finish in a year.

CHAPTER V.

MOTHER HAS COME!

The summer of 1844 passed in pleasant and useful occupation, whilst the number of our friends and acquaintances increased, and made us feel more and more at home in our Burlington paradise. For truly, a paradise it seemed to us; and well do I remember the evening, when arm in arm Adelaide and I walked through the fields, and I exclaimed: "How could we ever leave this place!"

That evening we recalled our short but eventful married life, not yet three years, and yet how many changes! I remember, our hearts were full; and when coming home, as yet our boarding house, we found a letter from Europe. From my mother it came. Since the sad morning when six years before she had left me, I had not seen her. Sweet and loving had been her letters, for both of us had felt the wrong; both of us had suffered; and with longing love she had wished to see once more the only son: this love had conquered all obstacles, all objections made by friends; though sixty-four years old, and suffering of consumption, she wished to cross the Atlantic, and in a foreign country, whose language even she did not know, she wished to end her days, near him and his wife.

The letter told us this, and more: my only sis-

ter, Emily, from childhood the constant companion of her mother, had given up her Institute, and would accompany her. They had taken passage on the "Monitor," and within three weeks they would be with us.

"Adelaide," said I to my wife, "God's blessing is coming in a shower upon us. Thou hast been the comforting little angel to my father. Now, thou art going to comfort my dear mother, whom thou never hast seen!" And she pressed my hand as one who understood my meaning.

That night I slept little. Father, mother, all was before me. My mother to come to me, so far, so very far; she who once had left me! Truly, God's blessing came in a shower upon me!

And when the bishop heard it, he was glad. For my sister he had already a place in St. Mary's. And forthwith we set out to "hunt a house." And Mr. Parker, a worthy vestry-man of the church, had one to lease. We had scarcely finished furnishing it, when a letter came from dear Emily; they had arrived, and were at our dear Mrs. Lyons' house, mother very weak from hemorrhage. I started for New York. How did that son feel when bending over his dear mother! How did that brother feel, when pressing to his heart that only sister! A few days restored strength, and we were in the cars for Burlington. And how did mother feel when for the first time beholding queenly Adelaide!

A happy household we were, when in that com-

fortable Parker house, just opposite old St. Mary's church; enjoying now and then the visits of our Bishop and his lady, who thought much of my noble mother; visiting now and then Mrs. Bradford, whose friend, the Countess Martel, was French, and therefore a welcome acquaintance for our mother.

"I love your mother," said the Bishop, "she has something angelic in her." I like to repeat these words of the now sainted Bishop. They often recur to me. They were the simple expression of what he felt.

And my sister found a sphere of usefulness in St. Mary's hall; as principal she worked there that winter. Many things were strange to her, but the main object of the Institute, the educating of Christian maidens to become Christian mothers, was not strange to her; and in this she worked with conscientious care.

In the meantime my theological studies went on. The more I studied, the more I saw the rightful claims of the apostolical church. And I wrote with care a treatise to show these claims. I wrote it in French, the language of my mother; I have it yet. I dedicated it with filial piety to my mother. She read it, and studied it. She came to the same conclusion I had come to.

"I wish to be baptized in the church thou belongest to," she said.

My sister came to the same conclusion. And so in the month of April, 1845, my dear mother

and sister were baptized in St. Mary's church. A few weeks thereafter, my mother, my sister, my wife, and myself, were confirmed by the Bishop.

But in midsummer my sister received letters from Europe which urged her speedy return. It was a sore trial for all, for my mother not least.

But the letters became more and more urgent, and at last the day came. The few months I had enjoyed my dear sister's presence, the few months in my long and weary life, were gone. With sorrowful heart she kissed my mother and wife for the last time. With sorrowful heart I accompanied her on board the same vessel in which eight months before she had arrived, and there held her for the last time in my arms.

Thirty years have gone by, we never met again; but until now she is the link which binds me to the Old World, and sweet and heart-stirring is our intercourse by letters.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CURATE.

Whilst working hard at my preparation for examination, at St. Mary's hall, and superintending the Sunday school, the year passed, not without giving me a second daughter, little Fannie, now in paradise.

At last on Trinity Sunday, 1846, the *ultima thule* of my wishes came; for on that day the bishop ordained me to the office of a deacon. How well do I remember the blessing I received that morning from my dear mother! In her French prayer-book she had followed the impressive service, and she well knew the ardent wish of her son.

That same evening I preached my first sermon in St. Stephens, Churchville, the parish of a worthy presbyter, a teacher at St. Mary's, a friend of mine, who from the Methodists had joined the Church of Christ. And from that day began a life of activity, of which, even now, I cannot but think with thankfulness. The bishop's parish had for some time been under the care of sainted Winslow, a young but holy man; once inclined to Romanism, but saved by the wisdom of the bishop, who regarded him as his son. Him the voice of God had called "home." And his place the bishop never filled. His memory was dear among

the parishioners; and it was, as if the bishop could not find any one to take the place of one so endeared to him.

As soon as I was ordained, I began to look around. I visited the poor and needy; I found many households who had neglected church and baptism. I reported to the bishop. Seeing my honest zeal, he at once appointed me his curate. He gave me some names, and through them I found out the others. Afternoons and evenings, and early mornings were devoted to the work. And Sunday after Sunday I brought families and children to the baptismal font. Sometimes twenty, sometimes thirty, sometimes even more. It seemed "apostolical times," as Mrs. Cleveland, the daughter of Mrs. Doane, expressed it.

The bishop said, he had not ordained me in vain. And well do I remember the blessed words he uttered at the next convention, when reporting the increase in the parish, he said: "it were well if more such faithful deacons could be found." Blessed words to me, now an aged presbyter on the Pacific shores! I record them with thankful heart, more than with pride. For the spirit which moved me to deserve them, was indeed the gift of God, a gift too often neglected, a gift too often received as if it were an offspring of our own simple self!

With a weary heart I write these lines. Yes, with a weary heart. For the approval then received from apostolical lips, whilst increasing my ardor, did not humble me.

Many were the towns in the diocese, where I was sent on Sundays to preach the gospel. Once I preached in Newark to a German congregation, who, with their pastor, were coming over to the church. Another time I preached in French in the church of Rev. F. Ogilby, Philadelphia. All this, joined to the daily opening and weekly catechising of the "Parish School" founded by Mrs. Cleveland, the frequent officiating, morning and evening, in St. Mary's and in St. Mary's Hall, the incessant care of poor and sick, the baptisms and burials, besides my daily attendance at St. Mary's Hall, kept me so busy that St. Mary's cure was not a "sinecure" indeed.

But Thou knowest it, God of my life, those times are a bright spot in my memory. For my zeal was ardent and unselfish, and I know those days are marked in Thy book. Yet in those very days, a germ of bitterness arose in my unsophisticated soul. More than a year, I had worked as a deacon. Many were the souls, who, on their dying bed, asked for the Holy Eucharist, and I could not give it them. In vain I asked for priest's orders, in vain I had passed my examination to the satisfaction of Dr. Haight and Rev. Germain, my examiners. I was delayed. Why, I may now surmise; then I could not. Then it only created in me a chafing against what I considered, in my presumption, a "yoke." And that "chafing" was increased by the remembrance of the difficulty I had encountered in getting my ordination as a dea-

con, long after I had passed the necessary examination; when, as the bishop expressed it in a note received long afterwards, I "dragooned" him into my ordination.

I had not learned "humility." I had not learned implicit confidence in the superior wisdom of him who, as an apostolical successor, knew best when "Timothy" had to be ordained. Thus I see it now, and write it down in all simplicity, that some who may read these pages may learn from the bitter experience of an aged Presbyter. But at that time it began to create in me a wish to be "independent." A wish to employ the "talents" I felt possessed of, in a manner to suit my personal taste. Thus, when reviewing the past, it now seems to me.

Three years we had enjoyed our dear mother's companionship. Her feeble health had given way. Her wonderful spiritual energy alone kept her alive. The summer of 1847 had been hot. Weaker and weaker she became. At last she felt her end approaching. She dictated to me her last wishes. A few gifts to her beloved; words of comfort concerning my father. I remember that September afternoon! when I went to Riverside to ask the bishop to give her the last communion. That evening she received it; Adelaide, myself, and Mrs. Wickham, kneeling at her bedside. For this dear friend had passed some weeks with us, and never shall I forget her consoling words.

Thirteen years had elapsed since I was kneeling

at my father's deathbed, an unbelieving young man then; now, an ordained minister, I knelt at the deathbed of my mother, and with her received the bread of life! That night I passed waking with my mother. The morning came, and with it faint hopes. But toward noon the death-struggle seemed to come. In an easy chair she leaned back, then came slow and hard breathing. Then the death-sweat pearled on the noble brow. Heavier and heavier became the breathing. We all knelt down; I read the prayer for the departing. The shades of evening had come. The breathing became slower, easier. Wiping her face with her handkerchief, she seemed to recover from a long slumber.

"I thought I was leaving you," she said, with a sad smile. "Put me to bed, children, I am very tired."

Then came the Countess Martel, and had a long conversation with her. "This is her last night," said she to me. "She cannot live longer." With that she took a touching leave of mother. When she was gone, my mother said, in clear, but subdued voice, "Not long, not long; where are the children?" They were fetched: Malan, the oldest, Gertrude his sister. On each side of the bed one knelt. Then mother laid her hands on the little heads, and spoke in distinct words her blessing.

They are near me: they have given me grandchildren to bless. They were the first of my race

who since three centuries received a grandparent's blessing.

Then Adelaide and myself knelt, and received the parting blessing of our mother. That blessing has been fruitful!

"Take me to the chair," whispered my mother. Leaning back, and resting her head on her right arm, she felt the "last agony" coming. It was ten o'clock. I knelt beside her. Long and apparently painful was the struggle. Not a word she spoke, not a sign she made; but slower and slower came the breathing, till, whilst I loudly repeated the Lord's prayer, at the last word her breathing ceased. She was gone. The clock was half past twelve. It stopped; I mention this because years thereafter, the same occurred, at a time of great affliction.

A year before I had assisted at the laying of the corner-stone of the new St. Mary's Church. Its walls rose stately, but I never saw it finished. Just under the chancel window, rests my mother. There the bishop, with all the clergy, and followed by the daughters of St. Mary's, read the "dust to dust." There a headstone marks the grave, with the sign of redemption, her name, and "My Redeemer liveth."

Thus my father rests in the Old World, my only brother in South America, my mother on the Atlantic coast, and I hope soon to rest on the Pacific coast.

I resumed my work, and on September nine-

teenth, I was ordained priest, two Sundays after my mother's departure. From that time my work increased; sick and dying received my attention, and an illness which laid the bishop on his couch, increased my responsibility. But in all I was sustained by the merciful Spirit of God. And the middle of 1848 found me as happy a curate as ever was, my hands full of work, but blessed with four little ones, and faithfully assisted in many of my duties by my loving wife.

CHAPTER VII.

A TEMPTATION.

The war with Mexico had come to an end, and the Pacific coast had been added to the Great Republic. Among the many friends and acquaintances whom we met, was Mr. Rodman Price, having served in the navy, since Governor of New Jersey. He was a man of pleasant address, and had much to tell about the wonders of California, although at that time the gold discoveries were not yet known. But his vivid descriptions of the country, and its beautiful climate, his acquaintance with many influential merchants and land-owners, his unbounded confidence of San Francisco, then a mere embryo township of adobes and shanties along the bay, once and soon becoming the growing metropolis of the Pacific, made him once exclaim:

"I think you may once go there yourself."

The sound of those words rings yet in my ears! And from that time the restless spirit which had often moved me, awoke again. Not ambitious in the usual acceptation of the word, I *was* ambitious. As when Pietro Gaggia came and offered me a larger sphere of usefulness, so now. My daily toil, in many respects monotonous, seemed cramping. A mission field, where I could, to American, Span-

ish, French and German, preach the gospel! But when I spoke with Adelaide, with woman's tact, she laid her hand on my shoulder and said: "Remain where thou art, thou cannot be more than useful."

Two weeks thereafter, Mr. Price came to see me. He showed me a paper just received from San Francisco. It was a request to the Board of Missions, signed by six of the most influential churchmen of that city, to have a missionary sent at once, and promising full support and aid. They had entrusted him with the same, hoping he might know an able clergyman to recommend.

Too apt we are to see "providential action," when our mind is biased a certain way. Again, I talked the matter over with my trusty wife. But she remained very doubtful. The long voyage, then round Cape Horn, four little children, the youngest yet in the arms, the very small missionary stipend. All this in comparison with our comfortable home, our many friends; it seemed more than reckless. And when, few weeks thereafter, the cry of gold in California began to resound through the length and breadth of the country, when there was a general rush for the new El Dorado, the missionary spirit dropped in me. For not to seek gold I would go there, but to save human souls.

But Mr. Price was tenacious in his purpose. He then intended, as I believe, to conduct his wife there, having largely invested in city property;

and Adelaide's company would be a great inducement to her undertaking a journey which she dreaded. He was much befriended by Commodore Stockton, then on a visit to Mrs. Bradford. He arranged a meeting there. Adelaide and myself went there one morning. The Commodore's relations concerning California, and San Francisco in particular, confirmed Mr. Price's statement. Having just returned from the Pacific coast, he gave a graphic account of the increasing population, the liberality of the inhabitants, the necessity of active church ministry. On the tenth of December, the first steamer was to go to Aspinwall connecting with a steamer at Panama. He offered me, at his expense, a free passage with my whole family, and on my arrival at San Francisco, $500; whilst Mr. Price offered to send, by a storeship of the navy, all my furniture, free of charge.

This was an offer indeed! I could not help myself, and even Adelaide ceased wavering. That morning we returned home with the understanding that I should ask the bishop's letters commendatory to the Board of Missions. And so it was, that all this had passed in my mind, so many days and months, and never had I consulted my spiritual father.

If thus I detail my errors, it is that others may learn. For had I from the beginning opened my mind to him, he would have advised me, and if against my plan, he would have made me understand by degrees, what now at once, as a thunder-

bolt, came out. For to my letter, wherein I explained my wishes and reasons, he did not vouchsafe a written answer, but came himself and told me bluntly, "it was a folly and he would not do such a thing."

The carnal mind took the upperhand in me, and I protested rather harshly, I believe. Had he then, in quiet manner, as a father, advised me, I would have yielded, I am sure. But my long silence, my sudden request, excited in him, too, a spirit of rebuke. And so, after that short interview, I went on in my project, which became known, was spoken of, commented upon; and after some weeks the bishop called me to his study.

"I have consulted," said he, "with two presbyters, and they agree with me that you are not the man to go to California."

My anger was roused. "Bishop!" I exclaimed, "I do not wish to be thrown away."

"It is *you* who throw yourself away!" said he.

I did not understand it then, but I have since understood his meaning but too well! Meanwhile the term of St. Mary's Hall came to an end, I held my last examinations; my successor had to be appointed, should I persist. I *did* persist.

Bishop Potter, of Pennsylvania, at once agreed to receive me on letters dismissory, and to commend me to the Board of Missions. It was evening when I was waiting for the bishop at his residence. At last he came, handed me the letter dismissory to Pennsylvania, with the words:

"God bless you, doctor!"

Ah! those words resound yet in my ears. The bond which held me to him who had baptized me, confirmed me, ordained me a deacon and a priest, and confided to me the care of souls for whom he was responsible,—the bond was broken! I was free!

Bishop Potter's commendatory letter soon procured me the appointment as missionary to San Francisco; my household was broken up, my furniture packed for transportation. This was in the month of November, when Bishop Doane was taken seriously ill, and I was doubly occupied with the care of church and parish, and the necessary preparations for my long voyage. Mrs. Doane had always been a warm friend to my wife: she regretted our departure: she insisted upon our staying at Riverside when our household was broken up. And so we came under the roof of him, who was our spiritual father, and remained our friend.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLOUDS.

I had preached my last sermon in St. Mary's; December had come with frost and snow. The tenth approached, the day of the first steamer which had to take us to California. I had yet some business to attend to in Philadelphia, where the small-pox was raging. Unknowingly I passed through some infected streets. The following evening I had to bring the holy eucharist to a dying woman, who had long been under my care. Adelaide accompanied me.

I performed the sad but impressive service. I spoke words of consolation and encouragement to the dying mother, but my head began to ache. We walked home; two or three times I had to sit down; the night was cold, but I felt hot and burning; at last we reached Riverside; I went to bed. That night headache and fever increased. In the morning the physician was called. He saw the fatal marks already breaking out on my forehead.

Small-pox at the Bishop's residence, St. Mary's Hall with two hundred pupils on one, Burlington College with one hundred and thirty students on the other side! There was no choice. The third day, with raging fever, I was transported to my old home, where some rooms had been prepared.

There I was, with my little family, for many days between life and death; constantly nursed by none but my faithful wife. I remember some intervals of that time, but few. At last the crisis passed. The steamer had long since left! The Christmas days approached, and that day I could sit down with my wife and children, weak, but out of danger and on the way of recovery.

Though our house was avoided as a pest-house, and none approached it, yet many were the tokens of affection which I received. The bishop sent me a valuable work with pencil-written inscription, the first he wrote after his severe illness, "*from .... once your Bishop, always your friend.* Blessed words! And Mrs. Doane remembered every one of us, even the little ones, who each had a prayer-book with her name. And from the pupils of St. Mary's Hall we received a touching token of grateful affection.

In the beginning of January, 1849, my health was sufficiently recovered to think of leaving for New York. For the steamer had gone, but I hoped to take the next one. And in the solitude and weary hours of slowly returning strength, my soul had often turned to Thee, O fountain of my life! and taking pen and paper, I wrote to the bishop, no more my bishop, words of regret, asking his blessing and forgiveness, for whatever might have been wrong.

And to this letter I received an answer, which I remember with grief and sorrow. "I forgive

all that," wrote he, "and much more that since has come to my ears."

What that was I never have been able to find out. With the feeling of one whose conscience was clear, I answered him, but never got a response. Whoever has been the cause of it, on him or her rests the blame. But ever since, the bishop's favor was lost to me, as well as that of his friends.

With a sore heart, we took leave of the few who cared shaking hands with the "spotted" man; amongst them were Chas. Kinsman and his wife, who ever proved stanch friends to me, and on the night of the twelfth of January, we reached the hospitable roof of dear Mrs. Lyons in New York. With my wife I went to Mr. Aspinwall, the agent of Commodore Stockton; we wished to secure our passage on the next steamer. He received us very kindly; but said: "*The Commodore declines having anything more to do with the Doctor's affairs.*"

That was a thunderbolt indeed! In vain I asked for an explanation. The Commodore was gone. Mr. Price had left on the first steamer; Mr. Aspinwall could not give any more information. To this day I have never been able to find the reason of this "breach of promise." Unasked he had made an offer, which had decided me to give up my position, and risk the voyage with my family. And now, without giving *any* reason, he broke his word, and left the appointed missionary to find his way as best as he could!

With a heavy heart I went to see the members

of the Board of Missions. Some of them showed me great interest, amongst them Mr. Dennison. But the most encouraging were Dr. McVickar and Dr. Whitehouse, then Rector of St. Thomas, now Bishop of Illinois. The latter one invited me to preach in St. Thomas on the twelfth of January. Altogether I passed three Sundays in New York, and on each of them I preached in several churches. In Zion's church, in the church of Rev. Lot Jones, in St. Philips.

But when I saw the secretary of missions, I could perceive a "hesitation." I was the "appointed" missionary to San Francisco, with $500 stipend. But those who sent me, and, it would seem, ought to give me the means of reaching my far-off field of labor, *did not act.* And once I met in the mission rooms, the Rev. Flavel Mines. The secretary told me, he thought of going to California.

A few days after, I was invited to a sort of clerical meeting at the Rev. Eigenbrod's (I believe that is the name). I went there, and was introduced to several "high church" clergymen. They little knew how very "high church" I was! They judged by appearances. For, though deeply impressed with the claims of what I considered the one church of Christ, in my conversation I did not "proclaim" those claims. I was what I now would call "simple minded."

Yet that evening those good gentlemen came to a decision. I write as I see the thing now. Then,

I was perfectly ignorant of what was going on. The decision was: "That I was not the man to send to California. Mr. Mines was."

And this was what the secretary told me the next day, omitting however Mr. Mines: "I was not the man to go to California." With this I went to Dr. McVickar. "You are the man," he said, "and you must go, and God will provide the means."

Thou knowest it, O God who guidest us, my heart began to waver; but this positive assurance of one of Thy faithful servants, and the now decided resolution of my wife, who had the most to risk, and remained unshaken in her confidence, this alone kept up my sinking spirits. And when, the following day, I visited the mission rooms, the secretary told me a prominent merchant, Mr. Furniss, was preparing a vessel to sail for California, with merchandise and three hundred passengers, among whom his son, and his son-in-law, the supercargo, Mr. Andries. He would be glad to give free passage to the missionary and his family.

The difficulty was solved. I went to Dr. Whitehouse. Three hundred passengers, mostly young men, and among them the missionary with his very young family, on a voyage of at least six or seven months!

The doctor was thoughtful. "It is a heavy undertaking," said he; then, after a pause, he added: "But the Lord who preserved Daniel in the den of lions, can preserve you."

And with this confidence we began our preparations for our long voyage. In the uncertainty of finding a house and home in my far distant mission field, I bought two tents and provisions for two months. A young Irish nurse was procured by Mrs. L., who was fully willing to undertake with us the risky trip. The Furniss family gave a farewell party, where we enjoyed, for the last time, Eastern kindness and hospitality. And on the eighth of February, 1849, my fortieth anniversary, we crossed the plank to take possession of our allotted quarters in the "George Washington."

There were no friends, clerical or lay, to take leave of the missionary charged with the solemn mission of preaching the gospel of Christ according to the church in far-off California! Yes! there was one; our faithful hostess, Mrs. Lyons. She gave us a parting kiss and blessing.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "GEORGE WASHINGTON."

The third day after our leaving New York, was a Sunday. Most of the passengers had recovered from the first "shock," and at the request of Mr. Andries, the supercargo, and many other passengers, I read service and preached. The attendance was fair, and the attention as good as in any church. After that, no Sunday passed without the church service. The only interruption was during three weeks when we rounded Cape Horn, and storm and rough weather made it impossible.

This is saying much for a number of passengers, more than three hundred, mostly young men in search of wild adventure. The gospel minister was respected on board that ship, and none did ever show anything but respect to him and his family, except the captain. I believe he is gone to his last account, and therefore I shall abstain from any remarks but those which are necessary in my narrative.

In frost and bitter cold we left the eastern metropolis, but soon the tropical regions gave us warmth and genial air, making us forget that we were in February and March. We had passed the equator. We kept along the coast of Brazil. One morning the captain looked long and steadily

at a vessel in our rear. The wind was lagging more and more. The vessel approached; how, we did not know, for wind there was none. Towards noon the captain looked distressed. "I see a black flag," said he, "it is a pirate."

Now on that coast there were pirates; small islands gave them refuge. And no sooner was the word "pirate" pronounced, but there was a considerable excitement. A few days before there had been a threat of mutiny among some steerage passengers. Guns and cartridges had been brought into requisition, and sentinels posted. But now the common danger seemed to overawe this. All the guns were brought out. Men were selected and drilled on the deck. An old cannon was brought up and loaded. The whole ship was in a state of commotion. Meanwhile, the strange vessel approached, how, we could not imagine, for there was no wind. Yet it came nearer and nearer. It was in full view. Its numerous crew could be seen. The sun was nearing the horizon. And well do I remember the doleful tone wherewith the supercargo said to me: "Doctor, this is perhaps the last time we shall see the sun go down!"

Our forces had been distributed. Every one knew his post. My family had been removed to the lower deck; I had been armed with a revolver. Darkness came. The vessel approached more and more. There was fear and trembling among many; cool determination among others. The vessel came alongside; the riddle was solved. Loud, and

at regular intervals, sounded the propelling of the oars of huge dimensions. On it went. A moment of breathless suspense.

The captain said the pirate would probably turn and board us. The suspense was prolonged; many were the terror-stricken passengers, who asked me to pray. The most courageous was our Irish nurse, who young and handsome, with a sort of puritanical coolness, said to those around: "The Almighty would see to it." But the pirate did not turn. She continued her course, and early in the morning we could see her in pursuit of another vessel, just visible on the western horizon. We soon resumed our usual tenor of life, rather monotonous, yet not without its little incidents, until we cast anchor in the port of St. Catharine.

There we remained two weeks, I believe, on account of water and provisions. Sometimes we went on shore, and once were hospitably entertained by a planter, who, American by birth, had married a native lady. One evening he requested his daughters to give us some music; and we were not a little surprised to see one of the graceful young ladies turning a hand-organ. It was music any how. And now came our time of severe trial. Leaving St. Catharine, we left more and more the genial tropical zone, and passing the wide stream of the Rio de la Plata, storm and cold began to announce the dismal coast of Patagonia.

Down and down we went, until we approached Terra del Fuego, why thus called I cannot imag-

ine, for never suffered we more of cold and frost. The weather became terrible. Rain, snow, hail, and sudden blasts of wind. The vessel shaken as a nutshell, the waves often rolling over the deck.

One morning I was standing there with many passengers. A sudden shock seemed to carry the ship on its side. Most of us held on to something. One of us, a handsome, brave young man, was thrown overboard. We saw him wrestling with the waves, his head all covered with blood. A rope was thrown. In vain. No possibility of lowering a boat. Farther and farther he was left behind the rapid course of the ship. Hundreds of albatrosses swarmed around him and plunged at his head, until at last he sank. That day was a sad day on board. Men who used to speak bold and profane language, were silent. That day not a loud word was heard. A tribute to a man whom all respected, and it may be a consciousness, even among those turbulent young men, that "in the midst of life we are in death."

At last we reached Staten Land. Between the islands and the coast we went on and on, till at last we came in sight of Cape Horn. One morning I stood on deck, looking out with feverish anxiety; for I knew that many vessels were detained weeks and weeks before "turning the Cape;" and the suffering, physical and mental, which we underwent, was enough to make us almost wish for a "finale." That night the captain had frightened us not a little by coming to my

wife's berth, with life-preserver and clothes, telling her to be ready, at any moment we might be thrown on shore!

Judge of my astonishment when I saw the same rocks and far-off sloping hills, which I had seen the day before!

"That looks like yesterday," I exclaimed, "we have been here."

"Of course we have," answered the mate, "but we were driven back, and so we may for months to come."

That day was the twenty-eighth of May, my dear Adelaide's anniversary! Having nothing else to offer, I sat down, as best I could, and wrote her a letter of love and affection, and my firstborn made her a picture. Both she has—mementos of a time of tribulation, in strong contrast with our peaceful life at Burlington!

But our mate's forebodings were not verified. That day we sailed round the Cape, and once having turned north, the sea became smoother and smoother, the temperature genial, and the greening coasts of Chili brought warmth and joy to our weary hearts, until at last the "Valley of Paradise" came in view, and the "George Washington" cast anchor in the bay of Valparaiso.

CHAPTER X.

VALPARAISO.

Our vessel had to remain five or six days in port. Few were the passengers who did not go on shore, and, like birds escaped from their cage, enjoy the holiday of liberty! It was the middle of June, midwinter in those latitudes, but to us a real summer, a season which made it a "paradise" indeed! With my wife and our little flock we had just landed on shore, when a messenger met us.

A blessed messenger indeed! He came from the Rev. Trumbull, the Congregational pastor at Valparaiso. He had heard of the coming of an Episcopal missionary by the "George Washington." How, I never knew. He invited him and his family to his home, the house of Mr. Wheelwright. He wanted me to go up there, and showed us the road.

How I felt at that moment, Thou knowest, O God who hast ever protected me, never failedst when I was in trouble! How my heart, sore with nearly five months' anguish and mental suffering, bounded with joy, Thou knowest!

Long and up hill was the road; for in Valparaiso there is an upper and a lower city. Up we went, unaccustomed since months to much exertion. We met a Chileño, and asked him the house of the "padre Americano."

"Ah! the 'padre,'" he said; "I'll show you." And on we went, though the little ones became weary. At last he stopped. It was a neat and comely house. He rang the bell. "Adios, Señor," and disappeared. We were let into a neat parlor. Our little ones rested with joy on the cushioned chairs and sofas. Those who have been for five months caged in a passenger ship, they can appreciate the comforts of a parlor! The pictures, the curiosities, how the little ones enjoyed them! Meantime I sat on a sofa, holding my dear wife's hand, and in silence we thanked God for this sunshine on our long and weary journey.

The bell rang. A middle-aged gentleman entered—by his dress a clergyman. With a smile he looked on the little caravan which was ensconced in his dainty parlor.

"Mr. Trumbull," I said, "I am the missionary whom you so kindly invited."

I shall never forget the smile on that truly English face!

"I am not Mr. Trumbull," he said;" "my name is Armstrong, the chaplain of the English Church. Mr. Trumbull lives next door. You will find him in the vestry-room of his church, not far from here. Meantime, I am but too glad to see you. Make yourselves comfortable."

And they were made comfortable, the little ones. For, in the absence of his wife, Mr. Armstrong's sister presided, and knew how to be hospitable. I went to Mr. Trumbull's vestry-room,

and found him a genial Christian gentleman, anxious to give me all the comforts during my short stay. I returned with him to Mr. Armstrong's house, but then we found the whole plan changed.

When Mr. Armstrong heard from my wife that I was a minister of the Church, he had insisted upon my staying with him. At last he consented to a division. My wife and myself would stay with him, my little family with the nurse at Mr. Wheelwright's. And thus it was arranged. A happier time I never passed! Two days after, it was Sunday, seventeenth day of June, I preached morning in the British chapel, and evening in the Congregational church of Mr. Trumbull. It was a little against the feelings of my English friend, but as a "missionary" I thought I must preach wherever I had a chance. I think so yet.

And so my Sunday services were not interrupted. For the Sunday before I preached my *last* sermon on the "George Washington," not knowing then, it would be my last. May be, it has done some good. The text was Job 28: "The fear of the Lord that is wisdom, and to depart from evil is understanding."

American and English residents did all they could to show us hospitable kindness. Mr. Morehead, the American consul, Mr. Van Boom, the consul of the Netherlands, Mr. Emile Grisar, the Belgian consul, Captain Walsh and his family, all vied in cheerful kindness towards the missionary

and his wife, whilst our host, the chaplain, made us at home in the beautiful surroundings of Valparaiso.

But our days of respite came to an end. The morning came when our vessel was to leave. Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Trumbull accompanied us. I remember that silent walk! "Where are the children?" I asked. "O, they are coming; they are under good care." There was the boat; it carried us soon to the ship, crowded with passengers, many of whom were new ones, Chileños men and women. We climbed the ladder. We had reached our dungeon! The captain was there. How my blood shivered at the thought of two month's more voyage with *him!*

"Captain," rang out the cheerful voice of Trumbull, "please have the doctor's baggage brought up. He leaves the ship."

It would be difficult to say who was more astonished, the captain or myself. But the order was repeated with some "American" *vim.* Trunks and boxes were hauled up, whilst the captain stood swearing and grumbling. The baggage was lowered into the boat, our guides and we followed. The boat reached shore, the baggage was carried off, and we walked—home.

"You see," said David Trumbull, in his jovial way, "We heard all about it. You never said much; but the gentlemen among the passengers did it; and when we heard it all, there was but one voice among the American and English resi-

dents: 'They ought not to go on *that* ship; there is the 'Hebe' bound for San Francisco; Captain Stetson is a Christian gentleman; he knows how to take care of a missionary and his family.' And so the residents made up a purse of $650, of which $500 will pay your passage to San Francisco, and the balance will help you along."

How I felt, how my wife felt, it would be very difficult to say in words. A quarter of a century has passed, but whilst writing these lines, my heart is full. As the "Hebe" was not to sail before the fifth of July, we returned to our "homes."

Next Sunday I preached again in the English chapel and in the Congregational church. The Fourth of July was duly commemorated by the American residents, and we were prepared to leave the following day. But the last night was one of great disturbance. An earthquake, such as are frequent there, shook the town towards midnight. In a moment every one was in the streets. Though I have felt many since in San Francisco, none would compare with that one, and I don't wonder if heart disease is a rather common complaint in Valparaiso. All our friends accompanied us to the "Hebe," a neat and fast-sailing schoonor. In the cabin we found all sorts of provisions, a present from our lady friends. On deck a naval officer took my hand, and pressing it, he said:

"Doctor, I am one of the subscribers to the petition for a missionary of our church. I am glad

you have come. God bless you in your work." Saying this, he put one hundred dollars in my hand. "It is only part of my share," he added. "God bless you." He jumped into the boat, waved his hand and said once more, "God bless you!"

Soon the "Hebe" was ready. Our dear friends took leave of us and our little ones, and whilst their boats went to the shore, the anchor was lifted, the sails filled with the southern wind, and soon the "Valley of Paradise" was out of sight; but not out of memory!

CHAPTER XI.

THE GOLDEN GATE.

If the five months on board the "Washington" had been a time of unrest, tumult, and harrowing annoyance, the two months, which it took the "Hebe" to carry us through the tropical ocean to the Golden Gate, were full of rest and peace. On the eighth of July, 1849, I read the first service, and continued to do so until our arrival at San Francisco. The captain was a God-fearing man, and I never heard an "uneven" word on board that ship. There were only six passengers, of whom many were Spaniards or Chileños.

At last, on the eighth or ninth of September, we reached the end of our long voyage. A rather severe indisposition had laid me down a few days before, so that I could not enjoy the entrance of the harbor; but I heard the anchor's rattling chain, and knew that at last we had reached our "mission-field," my whole family in good health, myself rapidly recovering from a temporary indisposition. I need not say that that evening we joined in heartfelt thanks for our safe arrival. Thou knowest it, O God! during that long voyage I had ample time to think over my past career, ample time to make up my "account" with Thy holy Providence, ample time to find many errors,

ample time to find that through many tribulations Thou hadst kindly led me to the haven "where I would be." Thou knowest it, I vowed to devote my life and strength to the work of saving souls. Thou knowest it, and I know that these things are "written in Thy book."

The morning after our arrival, Thou sendest "friends" to Thy missionary. They came to see after the man "they had sent for." There was Frank Ward, and others whose names I partially remember. There was also the supercargo of the "George Washington," who had always been my friend. My luggage was soon dispatched, and the boat, which took me and my family on shore, landed on what is now Montgomery street. There a carriage took us up, the only carriage then in San Francisco, belonging to Mr. Gillespie. We drove through what is now Washington street, and coming to the corner of the Plaza, then a sandy empty lot, my attention was drawn to a group of Frenchmen marching along what was called the sidewalk; their leader pointed to the sandy space: "*Voilà, Messieurs, la place royale!*" he cried, in the meantime taking off his hat when seeing ladies in a carriage. All followed his example, and cried lustily: "*Vivent les dames!*"

Ladies were indeed scarce in San Francisco, and on our road up Washington street, through Stockton, many were the men who ran to the front door of their shanties to have a view of the remarkable occurrence.

We stopped at the corner of Stockton and Green street, then the residence of Frank Ward, a well-to-do merchant, a widower since a few months, a young and generous gentleman, one of the signers of the request for a missionary, and who wished to offer hospitality to him and his family. And hospitable was his home! In a time when there were no "hotels" in San Francisco, when "boarding-houses" were costly and wretched, his house, well kept and amply provided, was open to dozens of his friends, young men who were trying to make their fortune in this bewildering El Dorado.

Yet there was room for the missionary with his numerous family. A week we were his guests, and many were the acquaintances we made there, of whom some proved themselves stanch friends in after time. In the meantime Mr. Rodman Price and Mr. Ward had engaged for us quarters in a boarding-house on Montgomery street, kept by Mrs. Meacham. It was a costly affair. Two very small rooms received us, and board was such as could be had at that time, when a pound of potatoes sold for $1. Five hundred dollars a month paid our expenses!

It was there that on the twentieth of September I received the visit ot General Keyes and Mr. Gillespie, the wardens of Trinity Church, requesting me to perform service on the following Sunday morning in the "Kremlin," on Stockton street, where the services were held until the chapel was

finished. The Rector, Mr. Flavel Mines, was absent.

This would have startled the missionary of the Church, who came to gather the flock of Christ, if he had not known since his arrival that his mission field had been occupied ever since June or July. For, whilst he was struggling in the storm and cold around Cape Horn, the Rev. Flavel Mines had been enabled to take the shorter route by steamer. The friends whom I had met at Dr. Eigenbrod in New York had *acted*, (more than the Board of Missions did!) and sent the "proper man" with means sufficient to start the work in the city of the Golden Gate. How did this affect me? I cannot remember. If I could, I would in all simplicity make confession. But the warm-hearted kindness which met me everywhere, the large field of action before me, took away all bitterness. *That* I know.

And, on the twenty-third of September, 1849, I preached my first sermon in the field "which I had sought and found." The congregation was large and attentive, and I remember having gone to Mr. Ward's residence with many friends, who there held a conference of what was best to be done; for the case was somewhat puzzling. The missionary sent by the church had been supplanted by one sent by private individuals. Since two months the church of the Holy Trinity had been organized. Was there room for two churches? What was the missionary to do? Those who had

called for the missionary, felt in conscience bound to cling to him, and when they knew his honest purpose, and became interested in his family, they wished to make things right without giving offense to any.

Meanwhile I made a more personal acquaintance with Mr. Mines, and, on the following Sunday, assisted him in the service, when he gave out the one hundred and seventh selection of psalms, beginning with these words: "How vast must their advantage be, how great their pleasure prove, who live like brethren, and consent in offices of love." I remember the impression of that moment. Memory is a mysterious faculty! Not only things and events are remembered, but the sudden emotions in the deepest recess of our souls! Memory alone will be sufficient to make heaven or hell. From that day Flavel Mines was to me a brother. Together we worked; together we suffered tribulation, during the three years that he remained among us, for, on the eighth of August, 1852, I assisted at his burial.

The following Sunday being the first in October, I preached again to the congregation of Trinity, and assisted in the communion. In the meantime my friends had tried all means to settle matters. They offered Mr. Mines $3,000 a year, if he should go and establish a mission in another part of California. But his friends were faithful to him also, and he could not consent. So the only thing left was to form another congregation, to

build a church, and meanwhile Mr. Ward offered his residence for holding regular services.

And so during October, November and December, the congregation of the to be Grace church, faithfully attended and steadily increased, whilst I found unceasing work in visiting the many sick and needy.

CHAPTER XII.

THE GAMBLER'S BURIAL.

Whosoever has seen San Francisco in 1849 can easily understand that a minister of the gospel had plenty of work. Where there are now paved streets and broad sidewalks, lined with palatial mansions, and crossed by unceasing street cars, there was then nothing but a wilderness of sand-hills covered with scrub oaks, among which the miner, the adventurer, the peddler, the gambler, had pitched their tents. Disease and misery were frequent, and not even the small private hospitals existed, which thereafter afforded some shelter to the unfortunate. Burials were frequent, and seldom attended with much ceremony. The first of the many I performed on the Pacific Coast was of a peculiar character. Where now Stockton street verges towards the bay, there was a slope on the then barren hill, known as the cemetery. Many were the head-stones which one could see from Mr. Ward's residence. Among them was the grave of his young wife, years thereafter exhumed and carried East.

On the afternoon of the tenth of October I took a walk with my wife. We came near the burial-ground; we saw a crowd near an open grave. Probably attracted by my more or less clerical ap-

pearance, one of the crowd came up to me, and respectfully lowering his slouched hat, said with a sorrowful voice; "Reverend Sir, might we ask you to read prayers over the young fellow we are bringing to his rest?"

"Who is he?" I asked, somewhat surprised.

"A good fellow, sir, a real good fellow; was shot last night in one of those saloons on the Plaza. But a good fellow, sir, indeed, sir."

The man had the tears in his eyes. I was somewhat perplexed. But as he stood waiting, my heart became as soft as his.

"Well," I said, "I shall read prayers for his poor soul."

"Indeed, sir, he was a good fellow!"

I followed him, and standing at the grave, I took my clerical "*vade mecum*" out of my pocket, and read such prayers as I thought most suitable for the circumstances. The whole crowd stood uncovered. The most solemn silence prevailed. Rough they were, those men, but many of them remembered "far-off home." And my Amen was indorsed by many, many voices. Then I remained, as was my custom, till the grave was filled, and the head-stone planted.

"In the midst of life we are in death, brethren!" I said, and turned to leave.

The man who first came to me thanked me with a hoarse voice: "He was a good fellow, sir, a good fellow!"

Many were the burial services I performed on

that place. A year thereafter the Yerba Buena cemetery was the place where I accompanied the dead to their last resting-place. At that time quite out of the city, so much so, that as the demands upon my services increased, I had to ask to perform the whole in the Grace chapel, unable to spare the time. Now the Yerba Buena cemetery is the site of the new city hall! Now the dead are carried to the Lone Mountain, where four of my children rest, and which, perhaps, soon may have to yield its dead to the living who begin to surround it!

General Keyes, one of the wardens of Trinity church, had kindly done his part in assisting the missionary. Through him I was appointed post-chaplain at the Presidio. The duties were easy, the financial help considerable. On my visit there, a few days after the funeral just mentioned, I was talking "religion" with one of the officers, when our conversation was interrupted by an intense excitement pervading the barracks.

A young officer stormed into the room.

"We have got them, at last!" he exclaimed, and wiping the sweat from his face, he left.

The officer with whom I was conversing, answered my inquiring looks by saying:

"It is a sad affair. A midshipman on the Commodore's ship, now in port with the "St. Mary," was, on his return from a visit on shore, thrown overboard by the five sailors who manned the sloop. They wanted, it seems, to drown him, to

go on land and escape to the mines. When he kept on swimming they struck him on the head with the oars, and steering for land made their escape. But the midshipman recovered in time from the stunning blow, and succeeded in reaching shore. His brother is an officer in the army, quartered here, and immediately set out in pursuit of the sailors. After a chase of some days they seem to have captured the miscreants. If I know Commodore Jones, who is a strict disciplinarian, these five men will not have a long lease of life."

Whilst glad for the midshipman and his brother, I could not help feeling for those five men, who, tempted by the prospect of liberty and riches, had yielded to our arch enemy, to gain nothing but a shameful death.

And when I came home, I found my youngest son, just two years old, very ill of brain fever. For several days he had been suffering, but now the physician, Dr. Van Canneghem, a countryman of mine, was anxious. Day after day he became weaker and weaker, and after six days of agony, such as parents only can suffer, the doctor gave him up.

I remember that evening! "I can give you no hope," said he, "but I shall try a last resort, it may save him, but it is very doubtful."

At that moment the chaplain of the Commodore made his appearance. He was a very young man, and evidently excited. "I come to ask your

assistance," he said, "in preparing the five sailors who have been condemned to be hung to-morrow at noon. I have asked Mr. Williams, the Presbyterian clergyman, and Mr. Hunt, the Baptist. I am young, the crew is mutinous, and I need all help."

I confess to a moment of suspense. But the doctor encouraged me. "Go," he said, "your presence cannot save the child, and may do good to those poor men. I shall try a last resort; go and do your duty, I shall do mine."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GALLOWS.

So I went. Coming on deck of the Commodore's vessel, I found there Mr. Williams and Mr. Hunt. We divided the work before us. I took charge of two, the remaining three were left to my partners.

We went to the lower deck. The crew, some three hundred, looked angry ; five of their number, good comrades, had to be strung from the main-yard for having attempted to do just what they should like to do, run off to the mines and make a fortune. They forgot the attempted sacrifice of life ; they forgot the strict discipline so necessary on board a war vessel. They saw with disgust the three "ministers of the gospel" coming to prepare their comrades for a fate they did not seem to deserve.

An ample space had been barricaded. There the five unhappy sailors were chained. My share was a handsome young man of eighteen, the younger brother of two Scotchmen who went by the name of Black, though it was known to be an assumed name, and an Irishman, tall and stout, who seemed more aggrieved than any of them. With great anxiety he wanted to "confess." As I thought it might relieve him, and at any rate

enable me better to instruct him, I listened patiently, though suspecting that he took me for a Roman Catholic priest. What confessions this poor man made! What sins unutterable! John Black was less open-hearted. Perhaps the poor young man had less to clear. He was evidently a gentleman born. He said little of his previous life. He denied being guilty of murder. But he listened respectfully to my reading and praying.

Meantime the sun had set. Darkness came, and a solitary lamp shed its ghastly light in the temporary cells of condemned humanity. The chaplain approached me and said: "Sir, the Commodore requests you to exhort the crew, and to administer the holy communion."

I could not help thinking well of Commodore Jones. Though very tired, I consented gladly. A table was spread in front of the prison. The bread and wine prepared. The crew came down, and with curious eye looked at the scene. The Commodore came, his officers came, the ministers came. There was the silence of death.

In a few words I exhorted the commander, the crew and the condemned men. I tried to make them understand what we were going to do, commemorating the eternal sacrifice for the sins of commander as well as crew, as well as condemned prisoners. It was a strange scene! The eager eyes of three hundred sympathizing souls looking on. The judge ready to receive the sacred elements with those he had condemned to die!

And when the words came: "Ye who do truly and earnestly repent you of your sins, and are in love and charity with your neighbors . . . draw near with faith," . . . the rattling chains of the prisoners announced their approach, and down they knelt; down the commander knelt; down the officers knelt; down the ministers knelt; down many of the crew knelt, and received the bread of life and the blood of Christ!

Once more I went to my poor prisoners; I prayed with them and said: "Now rest, early in the morning I come." I was tired, but could not sleep. Those poor men, within a few hours of their doom, were in my mind. My son, perhaps dying or dead, was in my mind.

Early in the morning I was at their prison. Whilst speaking with the Irishman a sudden blast was heard, it was the usual morning reveille. It sounded gay and cheerful; in sad contrast with the five chained men who at noon were to swing from the main-yard!

"That's the last time we may hear that!" said the Irishman. John Black kept silence, his dark eyes looked feverish. I read to them words of comfort, such as only can be found in the word of God. My clerical brethren had left the ship. I tried my best to cheer the poor men, holding up to them the joys of eternal life.

Thus we passed the weary hours, when, at ten o'clock, there was heard the sound of men marching. They came near; they halted. One of them read from a paper:

"By order of the Commodore, are reprieved" * * * Then followed three names, amongst whom that of my Irishman, not that of the Blacks!

Shall I ever forget that moment? The men marched off as they came. There was a moment's silence.

Reprieve! O blessed word, for one who in two hours' time expects to die a felon's death! They said little; they rocked to and fro; life was before them, and what more is needed than life for the poor soul ill prepared to die?

What had happened? In the depth of night Peter Black, as it seems the leader of the whole, had taken pen and ink. A man of sense and education, he had written to the Commodore. "He and his brother were the only ones who attempted the midshipman's life. Why should five lives be sacrificed when two only were really guilty?" The Commodore, impressed perhaps by the Communion Service, had pondered; and when the morning dawn appeared, he had concluded that two lives were enough to pay for the attempt at one.

How did it affect John Black, the younger brother, the handsome, misguided offender? At first he was stubborn. Refused to hear my words. The very sight of his now quiet and more cheerful comrades made him bitter. Then there came, as it were, spasms of horror. He and his brother to die a felon's death! "O Pete, Pete!" he cried

to one of the reprieved, himself a young Scotchman, "don't tell them at home to what an end we have come."

I could not reach him, as it were. "I did not do it; I did not do it!" he said as to himself. Then, as if conscience spoke sharply, he added in subdued voice, "But I tried, yes, I tried." From that moment I got his ear again. He prayed with me. He listened to me. When at once there was a stir. His brother Peter came; he took leave from all. "Good bye, boys, good bye; keep straight; good bye, brother," and he kissed him. Then, with light elastic step he jumped into the boat which was to carry him to the "St. Mary," on board of which he had to be executed.

Eleven had struck. The poor young man became more and more restless. Eighteen years of age is young to die a felon's death! "Pete, O Pete!" he cried to the young Scotchman, his more intimate comrade; "Pete, don't tell them at home to what an end we have come!"

Then there was a troop of armed men coming. The condemned was freed from his chains, and resting on my arm, led forward to the upper deck. The three other prisoners followed with their chains. The whole crew was there. Three hundred men of all nations and ages, but all in angry mood. We slowly walked to the fore part of the vessel. Near the mast there was a stair. On top of the bulwark a scaffolding was built. In the middle hung the fatal rope, attached to an-

other running to the extreme end of the main-yard.

Before ascending the stairs, John Black turned to the crew and said: "You see, comrades, to what an end I have come. Let it be a warning to you. But I did not want his life." This he said in a subdued voice, and turning, he began to ascend the stairs. I steadied his arm, speaking encouraging words, which probably were not heard. The noose was put over him, then the cap, and I began to read the prayer for the dying, when an excited voice cried out:

"Come down, Doctor, quick, come down!" Reluctantly I left him alone, and down stairs began to read my prayer loud, as one would pray for himself in great agony.

Boom! it sounded from the "St. Mary," and those who were less preoccupied than I, may have seen Peter Black swinging from the main-yard. I prayed on, but a thundering shock came from below, and John Black went up with rushing noise.

I hear it yet; I see yet that body shooting like an arrow along the rope, then swinging high up and falling down. No motion after that. I tried to finish my prayer; then arose, and passing through the frowning crew, sought rest in the cabin. But after a few moments the chaplain came, requesting me, in the Commodore's name, to address the crew, with a view to allay their anger. I went at once to the deck, and standing

on some platform, I began by lifting up both hands, and saying loud the Lord's Prayer. Hats and caps had gone down, and the crew remained motionless; some standing, some sitting on the yards, or any other place where they could hear and see.

For about twenty minutes I spoke. As one who was deeply moved, I spoke. To the lifeless corpse, hanging at the end of the main-yard, I often looked and pointed. Thus much I remember. Sorrow for the dead pervaded my speech; it communicated itself to the crew, and when I came down they remained long silent, and many a sleeve wiped a tear away. Then the body was lowered. A coffin was ready to receive it. When I came near, John Black seemed to sleep. His handsome face was handsome in the repose of death. I touched his head; his neck was broken. I gave a parting kiss on his forehead, and left.

Already the boat was ready to receive the remains. Away it started to the Yerba Buena Island, where, with his brother, John Black was put to rest. Meanwhile the Commodore had sent me his thanks for my services, and soon a boat carried me on shore. It was near my boarding-house. With a weary heart I walked the short distance. Was my son alive or dead? And when I entered the room, my wife put her arms around my literally trembling frame.

"Alive!" she said; "and better, much better!"

Two years thereafter I sat in my parsonage of Grace chapel, when a gentleman announced himself as an English lawyer. He asked information concerning two brothers going by the name of Black, and said to have been executed at San Francisco.

"They were," said he, "of a very good family in Scotland. A relative had left them a legacy of £20,000." Hence the inquest.

CHAPTER XIV.

GRACE CHAPEL.

My friends and future parishioners were hard at work to build a chapel for our use. James Ward gave a fifty-vara lot, corner of Jackson and Powell streets, rent free for a year. Lumber in those days was dear, as well as labor, when no mechanic would work under $16.00 a day. And it seems impossible now to realize that the building, twenty by sixty feet, clapboarded, with shingled roof and seven windows, should have cost $8,000. Yet so it was. There was a chancel, with two-side partitions, one for a vestry, the other for the choir; no benches, but rough planks.

I remember the afternoon of the twenty-ninth of December, 1849! In the poor shanty, for more it was not, I sat on a bench marking the hundred prayer-books, a gift from the Philadelphia Bible Association. Sunday before, on Christmas, I had officiated for the last time at Mr. Ward's residence, and administered the holy communion. The following Sunday my little house of worship had to be inaugurated. What was to be its name? I thought and thought, till at last I marked *Grace Chapel.* And having finished my task, I placed the books on the rough benches, and going home prepared for the following day's service.

Among our friends a choir had been organized. I remember their names with a feeling of gratitude. Mr. Van Nostrand was to preside at the parlor organ, a gift from another friend. Messrs. Loomis, Benson, and Captain Lippitt, with my wife, formed the singing-choir. On Sunday morning they were in their "very narrow" quarters. From my "very narrow" vestry-room I heard their preparations. A bell, the gift of Mr. Frank Ward, had been tolling. I peeped through the canvass partition. Sturdy miners came in and took their seats on the rough planks, taking up the prayer-books, and evidently in earnest. Others came. A few ladies, very few. At last the tolling bell ceased, the organ struck, and I walked to the altar.

That morning service I shall not forget! The responses were loud and clear. My first sermon listened to with attention. The offertory was read. The plates went round. There was not one silver piece on them! I had nothing but gold to offer at the altar. There was an old clergyman, whose memory will always be dear to me, Dr. Fitch. He had come, I believe, from the Sandwich islands. He often took the place of Flavel Mines. He assisted me in that opening service; he assisted me often thereafter. He was a worthy man of God.

In the afternoon I preached again, and for the first time did, what all parish ministers should do, I catechised the children. For there were chil-

dren among that multitude, and their instruction became one of my greatest cares. On the seventeenth of the following month, January, 1850, I opened a parish school, where all children, without distinction of creed, were admitted free, and during five hours received instruction. In this work, heavy for a minister whose time was constantly engaged, I was kindly assisted by a lady whose name will always be dear to me, Miss Pettit. She followed my example, and worked for the sake of Christ. In a few weeks there were over seventy scholars.

But, to return to my chapel, the choir objected to the narrow quarters, and the next Sunday was seated, and made itself heard, on an organ-loft above the entrance. And the rough planks made room for decent benches; so that when the following Sunday, being Epiphany, I administered for the first time the holy communion in Grace chapel, things had assumed a more "civilized" aspect.

The day thereafter has also left a deep impression on my mind. For whilst the chapel was building, Mr. Ward had taken care of the missionary and his family. On the corner of Jackson and Powell a neat two-storied cottage had been erected. It was small, but afforded a comfortable home for my family. Its cost, I know, was $3,000.

There, on Monday, the seventh of January, 1850, we went our way; my little Alfred, yet

weak from illness, carried by Mr. Nelson, who afterwards died in the Sandwich Islands. It was my first home in California, my home for four useful, happy years. The two tents I had brought with me became useless, and the neat furniture, a gift from Mr. F. Ward, made Grace parsonage look as tidy and comfortable as one could wish. Many were the friends who passed a pleasant evening in our small but cheerful parlor, escaping the thraldom of miserable boarding-rooms. And among my many acquaintances were some whose theological views did not coincide with mine; but when San Francisco was comparatively a wilderness, all those who believed in Christ formed, as it were, a brotherhood. And with the Presbyterian Williams, the Baptist Hunt, yea, the kindly, good-natured Romanist Langlois, I had friendly and pleasing intercourse.

From my parsonage looking up to the south, I could see Trinity chapel with its cross, standing on a higher hill. It was accidental that our two chapels were so near. Our lot was given when the location of Trinity was not known. It was an "accidental" rivalry, somewhat damaging the two congregations, much regretted by me.

Looking down to the east, in a valley at the foot of Telegraph hill, I could see another little building with a cross. It stood where now St. Francis's church is built. I once went in. A small shanty, but with altar carefully screened. In the week days a parish school, on Sunday and

holydays a church. A staircase outside led to the garret, where Langlois had his solitary "parsonage." I met him, and we both were glad. He often came to see me, and once invited me to come on the following day.

I came, and, without ringing the bell, as there was none, ascended the staircase, where I found his garret divided into several canvassed compartments. Langlois met me with his usual smile.

"Some friends," said he, and introduced me to an ecclesiastic, whose healthy complexion indicated Italian blood.

"Father Accolti," said my friend, "of the Willamette mission." And one after another some five more made their appearance. They were Jesuits, who had been long engaged in the conversion of the Indians, but had removed their field of operations to San Francisco. And whosoever has seen their churches and colleges must confess that those six priests did not move for nothing. In Father Accolti I found a "gentleman and a scholar." Fond of children, my little ones knew him soon. Our intercourse was pleasant, and though somewhat at variance with me as to the means, their aim was apparently the same.

By some I was considered as what is called "Low Church." They were ignorant of the facts, and thought Grace chapel was in opposition to Trinity. Apparently they could not account for its being built in such near proximity. They little knew the curate of Bishop Doane!

During the Lenten season I had daily services, and well do I remember the evening of Passion week, when, in the clear starlight, I could see the cross on Trinity chapel and that on St. Francis. Should our poor chapel remain without the symbol of our faith?

No! In the night of Thursday I had one erected on the front gable, and on Good Friday some of my congregation were startled. One of them expressed his dissatisfaction.

"You are wrong," said he, "it will hurt you. You are 'Low,' they are 'High' Church. You have done away with a great attraction to your chapel."

"I am as High as any," I answered, "I know no difference. Are there two Churches?"

The cross remained, but gave me some trouble in another way. For in those days many were the erring souls who, driven by poverty, illness and distress, came to find solace at the chapel with the cross. Often, a weather-beaten sailor, or a haggard-looking woman came, and, before I could explain, were on their knees to confess their sins.

One night I was called upon by two young men who wanted me to see their dying mother. I went and sat down near the bed of suffering. Having spoken some words of comfort, she began to relate what was the burden of her heart. I told her that if she truly repented, her sins were remitted. She brightened up, and asked me if I knew such and such a "Father" in Philadelphia.

The truth flashed upon me. She had mistaken my creed. I was at the point of telling her so. But she was dying. She could not see the morning. Why disturb her peace? I kept silence, and after commending her in prayer to the mercy of her Savior, I left. Even Father Langlois approved of my course!

Daily my work increased. Known by German, French and Spanish, they came to the missionary for marriages, burials and baptisms. Once a Spanish gentleman came with an Irish lady to be united in the bonds of marriage. All went well up to the moment when the groom had to repeat the solemn words. He tried, but laughed. He tried again, but laughed the more. I remonstrated. He tried again, but laughed so unceremoniously that I closed the book and went into the vestry-room. The poor woman was after me; she begged me to go on; he meant no harm. She was evidently much interested in that marriage.

I was unwilling at first, but finally concluded to make him repeat the words in Spanish, which he did quite seriously; and whilst I wrote out the certificate he apologized for his "misdemeanor."

In the middle of February I was asked by several influential men to hold services in what was then called the "Happy Valley," then covered with tents and shanties; only a few cottages. As far as I can now locate it, I think it was where now the Grand Hotel is situated, that I held my services in the open air. There was a

large and attentive audience. I continued these afternoon services for two months, always hoping for some clergyman to take it up. But at last I had to desist. My three chapel services, besides one week-day lecture, my parish school, my visiting and burying, were more than enough for me.

I mention this to show what might have been done in those early times, if the right course had been taken, a bishop sent out with sufficient clergy to take the work in hand. But far from it! Very far indeed! That year the Board of Missions passed a resolution, "that the mission to California having performed what could be expected, California was no more considered missionary ground."

It is difficult to imagine what was the purport of this resolution. But certain it is that on the Pacific the church was left to her own resources, and that Flavel Mines, myself, and two or three other clergymen, who had no determined point of action, had to work our own way. And thus it remained for nearly *four* years, when in 1853 the General Convention began to notice California, and *at last* appointed a "Missionary Bishop."

Flavel Mines was a man of thought and of what is called "high church" principle. Without "acknowledging" the distinction, the church for which I had left the communion of my ancestors, and in a then wild and rough country tried to work at the sacrifice of worldly prospects for myself and family, was *the* church. Though friendly

with Romanists and all other "dissenters," I was, what I am now, convinced that the offspring of the church of England was *the* church.

And thus Flavel Mines and myself were of one opinion. If the ecclesiastical authority in the East left us unprotected, if they had no jurisdiction over Flavel Mines, who never was a "missionary," nor over me, whom they had by their action discarded, then we, the only rectors of churches, at that time, had a right, nay a duty, to assume some "organized" position. Well do I remember that morning! Flavel Mines was confined to his bed. Consumption was hard at work. But his spirit was alive, and when I sat at his bedside he spoke long and feelingly to the point.

"The Russo-Greek Church," said he, "is perhaps nearer to the true "organism" of the Catholic Church than any. How would it do to get Episcopacy from them!"

I was startled. I had my doubts concerning the Russo-Greek Church, and years thereafter I received the written proofs that my doubts were correct.

"At any rate," said I, "we ought to call a convention of what there are of clergy and responsible laity in California, and 'organize.' We then may call a bishop, whether from the east or from the west."

Flavel Mines smiled, and giving me his hand, he said: "Let us do so, it may be best." Accord-

ingly, we set to work to call a convention. On Wednesday evening, July twenty-fourth, 1850, it met at Trinity chapel, when I preached the sermon on Es. 54 : 2, and administered the holy communion. The convention was duly organized, committees appointed, and we met the following morning for "discussion."

Besides Flavel Mines and myself, there were two or three clergymen, of whom Mr. Moorhouse, who had began regular services at Sacramento, was appointed with me to draw up a constitution. We did our best; but dropped the name of "Protestant Episcopal," and called it "the Constitution of the Church in California."

After two days' debate, the constitution was adopted, with a few alterations; the convention was to be "triennial" instead of "annual;" so that the next convention was to meet on the first Wednesday in May, 1853. In this we certainly made a mistake. Then came the choice of a bishop. I got one vote, Flavel Mines two. The majority was for bishop Southgate, then returned from his mission to Constantinople, for whom I voted myself.

Bishop Southgate declined. I wrote him an urging letter, but he declined, and for more than three years, the church in California was fatherless.

CHAPTER XV.

FIRE AND PESTILENCE.

MEANTIME we worked on. Flavel Mines, in his little chapel on the hill, I in my little chapel on the slope down hill; both doing our best; both now and then assisted by clergymen who took a look at California. The year 1850 passed, and in 1851 Grace chapel began to be too small for our growing congregation. The wardens and vestry spoke of building a suitable "church." The resolution was finally passed. Subscription lists prepared. With one of them my wife started one morning, and returned with $2,000 on her list. The first was W. Burgoyne for $500; the next she visited, was Mr. Morehead, who so kindly received us at Valparaiso. Though a Presbyterian, he put down the same amount. Mr. Davidson, agent for the Rothschilds, though an Israelite, put down $250.

I write this with a joyful remembrance, forgetting, perhaps, others who gave as liberally; but I write it as I remember it, to show the large-hearted spirit of those early Californians, a spirit which did not become narrow, as my own experience amply has told me.

In a week's time sufficient funds were raised to justify a beginning of operations. Architects

there were none in those days; so being myself of a "constructive" disposition, I drew a plan, and offered it for inspection at the next vestry meeting. It was approved, and the church stands there yet, on the corner of Powell and Jackson streets, just as I designed it, except the spire, which is wanting. The lack of that spire shows that the funds were not sufficient. No, they were not. The whole building with the fifty-vara lot, came to more than $12,000. I write from memory, and have no documents to go by.

The new church was nearly completed, when on Sunday morning, twenty-second of June, a fire broke out, which came very near destroying the result of much care and labor.

In those days a "fire" was of more consequence than now. There were no fire engines; the whole city, what there was of it, was built of wood. People were careless, and the wonder is that no more fires occurred.

The first one, which was of some consequence, was in the beginning of 1850. It swept away part of the buildings around the Plaza, most all of them gambling houses. That fire has left an impression on me for two reasons: The first, because it caused great loss to my friend Frank Ward; the next, because I remember the Sunday morning when I preached in my chapel. The gambling hells had been destroyed, but on the smoking ruins the tables were replaced, and whilst I preached the gospel of Christ, we could hear the

rattling of the dice and money! But on that Sunday morning of the twenty-second of June, the fire was raging with still more fury. Up it swept, till the whole square in front of the new Grace church was in flames. The wind was violent, the scorching flames began to blacken the tower. Friends and neighbors carried off the furniture of my parsonage, and deposited it in Trinity chapel. Other friends, among whom Mr. Bucklay, a Romanist, who lost his all in the same fire, exerted all their power to save the church. Against the expectation of all, they succeeded. Grace Church was saved, and on the twenty-second of July, 1851, I preached there, and administered the communion, being assisted by the Rev. Dr. Huddard.

But not only fires visited the city in those days, and apparently hindered its progress; I say apparently, for, indeed, the energy was so wonderful that when six, seven or more squares had been swept away, and thousands of people were camping around the ruins, in a few weeks no traces of the fire could be seen; better and more substantial buildings were erected, and all seemed to go on as smoothly as ever. As I said, not only fires came, but a more insidious plague marked the end of 1850 and the beginning of 1851, a plague which carried off its hundreds of victims, and might have proved far more disastrous, were it not for the peculiarly healthy climate of the city, where the winds seemed to make up for

what was lacking in human care. For of the filth and dirt in the many vacant lots, of the stagnant water, the putrifying carcasses, one can scarcely form an idea. Had San Francisco not been on a peninsula, surrounded by ocean and bay, and not been constantly swept by the western winds, it would have become a plague-stricken spot, and never the Queen of the Pacific.

Yet the plague came traveling from the East, and the Asiatic cholera soon marked its victims. The sixth of them was one far dearer to me than life.

At five o'clock in the morning Adelaide complained. The pain increased. I hastened to our physician, Dr. Hastings. When he came she was at the very beginning of "collapse." Her sufferings were such as to make her wish for death. "Bury me under the chancel of the church," she said, "there I want to rest."

Those who have read these memoirs, can understand my feelings; I was not reconciled to the loss, O Giver of life! How or what I prayed, I do not remember. We had a servant woman who, in the South, had become fully acquainted with the proper treatment. To the doctor's prompt and efficacious treatment, carefully observed by faithful Mary, I owe it that she recovered, as it were, from the very brink of eternity, to be my comfort and support up to this very day.

She was saved; but others were not, and many were the stricken to whose bedside I was called.

Among them there is one, whose name I forget, though afterwards I wrote to his grieving family. It was past midnight when I was summoned to his death-bed. A fine young man from the East; at ten o'clock he had left his friends in health. Now he was surrounded by them, grieving and weeping, for the "collapse" had set in, and the physician had left him to die! Nothing remained but to point to the Physician who heals for all eternity. But this young man, nurtured by believing parents, already looked to Him.

To my prayers he answered a clear and heartfelt "Amen." Then he took my hand, and said: "Doctor, please write to my parents, that I died happy and believing." I promised him to do so. Then he said: "Please sing the hymn, 'I would not live always.'" I must confess my emotion was too strong to sing. I gathered strength enough to read to him the beautiful hymn, from beginning to end.

"Thank you, doctor," he said; his hand, which held mine in a strong grasp, relaxed, and he fell "asleep."

One night I was awakened by screams and yells. A lurid glare came through the windows. I sprang out of bed. Yes, it was on the hill-top; somewhere on the corner of Powell and Clay streets. There was the private hospital of Dr. Peter Smith. It was in flames! Dr. Smith had done a good work. Among the many hospitals founded by individuals, his was, indeed, prominent by its healthy site, its

careful arrangements, and the conscientious attendance paid to the many invalids. It was crowded. Among the sick were many cholera patients.

How the fire originated was a mystery. The building stood by itself. Incendiarism was supposed; it was a fearful scene. A frame building, three stories high, it was soon a roaring mass of fire. The sick people were being carried out and laid on stretchers, or on the ground. A few were carried to some cottage houses near by. Among the sick, many died then and there; others were carried down hill, to a sort of county hospital, which had just been organized. Among them was a young sailor, whom I had often visited, and in whom I felt much interested. I conducted him safely to his new abode—where a few days afterwards I read the prayer for the departing over him—then I returned to the scene of disaster. Most of the sick had been disposed of.

Going into the cottages, I found in one of them four poor men in the last stage of cholera. There they were, stretched out on mattresses in the small parlor; some suffering grievously, some in the state of collapse, preparing to die. What messages I received to friends and family! During that dreadful night I saw but *one* minister of Christ who assisted in the dreary work. It was the Methodist generally known as "Father Taylor."

When I returned to my home, just before daybreak, I passed Dr. Smith sitting on some broken

furniture, surrounded by men who spoke pressingly, nay harshly. I stopped. They were men who had claims against the Doctor, and wanted to enforce them. I went home sad and desponding. Could they not wait till morning? O! human nature, so selfish, so crusty! Was it for thee that Christ became Man?

CHAPTER XVI.

A BROTHER GONE TO REST.

Liberal as had been the subscriptions, it was found that the church was in debt. If this is a bad predicament for individuals, much worse it is for churches, representing an "association of individuals." For such is now the case. The Church is no more the energetic power, acting from one responsible centre. Each parish forms an association, builds, and runs into debt. And none are responsible but the vestrymen, a body composed sometimes of men influential as financiers, not so much as members of the Living Church of Christ.

Various means were suggested to prevent "attachment." Fairs and raffles were not yet so popular. But a sacred concert was proposed. Certainly the least objectionable, though a building consecrated to the worship of God and the ministration of the holy sacraments should never be used as a place of amusement. For, even in a sacred concert, neither do the singers sing, nor the audience meet, to worship God.

There was a German association called the *Sangerbund.* Kindly they offered their services; tickets were sold at five dollars; the church was filled; the music was select; the net profits fourteen hundred dollars. But somehow or other, the

money thus earned was not to profit! With radiant faces some members of the vestry met that night at the parsonage, counted the money, and left it, against my deliberate wish, under my care.

I put it with my own little funds, some two hundred dollars, in my bureau, and went up stairs to bed. Meanwhile, a servant girl had communicated with her Sydney friends, who, in the night, hoisted the window, broke the locks, ransacked all; and when coming down in the early morning I found things upside down, and the church money gone with my own, probably a punishment for having, though unwillingly, assumed the temporary responsibility of treasurer!

Some months thereafter another "sacred" concert was suggested. Madame Biscaccianti kindly offered her services. An oratorio was performed, wherein several ladies of the parish took a part. It brought seventeen hundred dollars. The treasurer kept the money safe this time! But yet the church was in debt. Several means were adopted, amongst them, I am sorry to say, a "fair." But at last the sale of the fifty-vara lot, all except the ground of the church and parsonage, made things right; and though the little chapel, losing its cross, was transformed into a private dwelling, yet I was glad when fear and trembling ceased.

In the meantime, Trinity chapel had been removed to Pine street, where an iron building was erected, which made a handsome church. Flavel

Mines, more and more affected by consumption, worked to the last. But in the first days of August, 1852, he failed, and the spirit which so long had battled, was released, and left for the realms of rest and enduring happiness.

On the sixth of that month the Rev. Dr. Clark performed the funeral services over his remains. I assisted, and would gladly have said a few words, but was not asked to do so. The body was deposited under the chancel of the church. And so the early companion of my mission work in California was gone! I was left alone, a responsible rector of a parish in the wide field of labor. There were some clergymen, but none seemed to suit the congregation; and for a long time Trinity church was under the care of several ministers without charge, until the worthy Christopher Wyatt accepted a call, and arrived in the spring of 1853. Many a time I filled the pulpit of my deceased friend, and during October and November of 1852, I find on my record that I preached there every Sunday evening.

Two days after the funeral of Flavel Mines I officiated at another one of a peculiar character. Henry Clay, the great statesman, had also gone to rest. A funeral ceremony was organized by the city authorities of San Francisco. I was appointed to act as chaplain, an honor which I to this day gratefully acknowledge. A long procession was formed. I took my seat in a carriage, with the Rev. Williams, and slowly we proceeded

through the streets of San Francisco, until we reached the Plaza, where a large platform received us. The attentive crowd which filled the square, then empty, testified to the patriotic feelings of the Californians. I read a part of the funeral service and offered prayer. The Rev. Williams followed. Then a very impressive oration was delivered by Judge H.

Three years since the first convention of our self-organized diocese, if diocese it could be called, had elapsed. On the fourth of May, 1853, I preached the second convention sermon in Trinity church. Clerical and lay attendance was small, and the business transacted very little, very few committees, very few reports, indeed! But at least we had a brother rector again in the western metropolis! I was not quite alone! For about that time the worthy and zealous Dr. Wyatt came to take charge of Trinity church. And so well he succeeded in "calling," that soon the chapel had to be enlarged.

During that time, the Lent season, he frequently officiated in Grace church, and I often thought that the hearty friendship which always existed between us, and which yet binds our souls, though far apart in space, took its beginning at those united services and prayers. For truly I may say that in him I found a friend; one who loved me for the Master's sake; one who knew I was sincere, and whose conversation had the double attraction of the Christian and the gentleman.

Thus we worked, often interchanging, and doing the best we could in the fast-growing metropolis of the West. Those days have left a blessed impression in my memory. They were days of active work, with the sole aim of sowing the seed broadcast, not minding difficulties and disappointments. We both looked out for the General Convention to meet that year; we both hoped that the church "at home" would take some notice of distant California, and that our somewhat anomalous position might be regulated.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGAIN A TEMPTATION.

Truly I had been blessed in my work; blessed in the many friends who aided and encouraged me; blessed in my dear wife, whose energy and well deserved popularity increased my influence; blessed in my six children, who, under her care, "increased in stature and godliness."

Often the congregation had to smile when Miss Gerty and Fanny, though differing in age, yet loving and dressed as twins, sat at the foot of the lectern, began to be lively, and were recalled to order by a motherly cough from the organ-loft. For there she assisted in the choir, at least for a long time, thus aiding with her voice in singing the praises, whilst I tried with my voice to enforce the doctrines.

They were happy times; yet not without their shadows of care; for, strange enough, when in 1850 Grace parish was duly organized, and myself called to the rectorship, no provision was made for my support. Until then the offertory had supported me, and the chaplaincy aided much. I never thought of it; therein showing more "child-like" confidence in Providence than worldly wisdom.

Thus matters continued. The offertory was

always mine, and with heartfelt gratitude I presented the contents on the altar. But when the chaplaincy was suppressed, and the offertory became fashionable, but not the liberal offering of men who liked to help the "missionary" along; when, with increase of family, my expenses increased, I began to feel the necessity of a reliable income.

I wrote to the Vestry and stated the case. I asked them to be responsible for a salary of four hundred dollars monthly. In a time when a servant girl's wages were ninety dollars, and I had to pay the sexton as much, this was not too much!

To my utter astonishment the Vestry announced, through Captain Lippitt, now General, "that they could not do so." As Captain Lippitt was our intimate friend, and took a hearty interest in our affairs, all further action was judged unavailing.

At that time there were no schools in San Francisco, except a beginning of public schools; the number of young ladies had vastly increased; all born in the East, and accustomed to careful training. My own children began to need better instruction than they could get at the parish school; and even that I had been obliged to give up since the sale of the chapel.

St. Mary's Hall, of Burlington, loomed up in my ardent imagination; earlier times, devoted to the instruction and guidance of youth, loomed up.

Many of our friends encouraged the idea of an institute for young ladies, which I might combine with my pastoral care, and, with the popularity and tact of my gifted wife, this might have proved a success, without interfering with my duties in the church.

But—shall I say "providentially," or unfortunately?—at the moment when these matters were in serious consideration, I was requested to administer the sacrament of baptism to three children in Sonoma. I went there, not sorry for a few days to see something more of California than San Francisco, where I had been a captive during four years of constant labor! That Sunday Rev. Wyatt and Dr. Huddart kindly officiated for me.

I went with a sort of "expectation," for about that time some friends had told me that General Vallejo expressed himself very desirous of seeing an educational institute established in Sonoma. Three of his own daughters needed further training, and I was made to understand that his residence, a very spacious building, would be placed at my disposal. The climate was not to be excelled in healthiness, the access from the city easy by the little steamer. All this made me go to Sonoma with an "expectant" disposition.

For one, who during four years had seen nothing but the bracing, yet foggy and windy atmosphere of San Francisco, seen nothing but its crowded and, then at least, very uncomfortable thoroughfares, Sonoma Valley was certainly a sort of paradise.

And when, in the evening, I paid a visit to the hospitable General, and found him in a large room, surrounded by his numerous family, sitting as a youthful patriarch, before a cheerful fire, I was most agreeably impressed. He repeated what my friends had told me, and expressed his opinion that Sonoma was a very favorable locality for an institution as I intended to form.

But, returning home, I found my trusty wife, as ever, on the side of prudence. Her woman's instinct, if I may use that expression, felt here, as at Brussels, as in Burlington, that all change was not an improvement. She felt that God had blessed my work in San Francisco; that there was my field of action, there my friends, there my providential sphere.

However, she consented to visit, with me, the "valley of paradise." She was, of course, favorably impressed with all, not least the General's kind reception; yet we returned without decision.

How it finally came to pass, I do not know. This only I remember, that after two months suspense, a vestry-meeting was called, wherein I laid the case before the members. With their consent, I should establish St. Mary's Hall for young ladies in Sonoma, weekly attending to the services in the church, and if within a year the institute did not prove successful, I should return to the city, thus reserving the rectorship for a year.

Whether this was a rational and practical action, I do not know; but thus it was resolved;

and now began, towards the end of August, 1853, the turmoil of moving and arranging. This was made more difficult by the sudden withdrawal of General Vallejo's offer of his ancient residence, of which, for some reason or other, he could then no more dispose.

As the withdrawal of Commodore Stockton's offer, so this was a sort of premonition. But, as then, I thought we had gone too far to retreat; and I hired, at very great cost, the house of Mrs. Fitch. On the first of September, 1853, St. Mary's Hall was opened, and with a goodly number of scholars, we began our arduous task.

For such it was, considering the difficulty of communication, that of obtaining competent assistants, and the various nationalities of our pupils. But in all this we were favored beyond expectation. The little steamer took me every fortnight over to the city, at the moderate cost of ten dollars! We were very happy in securing the assistance of responsible and able teachers, and our Spanish señoritas proved to be at least as docile and faithful as some of our American pupils.

Every fortnight I went to perform the services in my church, and to see at least some of our dear parishioners. The other Sundays the Rev. Morgan officiated.

Meanwhile, at the General Convention of 1853 the Church had *at last* shown an interest in California! *At last* a missionary bishop had been appointed, and the Rt. Rev. Ingraham Kip had arrived, I believe, in the beginning of January.

Welcome was the sight of an apostolic father to the few presbyters who had been holding up the flag of truth as best they could! And I remember the joy wherewith my excellent friend Dr. Wyatt showed me the bishop's chair, which he had expressly made for the first bishop of California.

His eloquent sermons drew the people, and when my parishioners heard him, there arose among the vestry a wish to hear him oftener; the wish was uttered to the bishop, who referred them to me.

And so one day I received a kind letter from the vestry, stating "that it was in the interest of the church that I should either return to San Francisco, or, resigning the rectorship to the bishop, remain in relation with the parish as assistant rector."

Only four months had elapsed of the year which the vestry had agreed to give as a trial. Thus far the trial had been only moderately successful. I remember the night I passed in somewhat painful reflection. St. Mary's Hall was, at that time, the only school in the State, where young ladies could receive a refined education, certainly the only school of our church. Its foundation was laid, and though, at that very moment, I had to encounter very great financial difficulties, in many respects I had met with encouraging tokens of appreciation.

But the parish which I had founded, the

church which I had helped to build, it *did* suffer by my necessary absence; and the prospect of seeing it grow under the bishop's care was a strong inducement to strengthen my wavering mind in the final resolution to which I came.

Thou knowest it, O Fountain of Truth, Thou knowest it! With a heavy heart I went down that morning to see the senior warden. With a heavy heart I told him my perplexed feelings, for Grace parish had been the reward of my almost reckless sacrifice in going to the western coast; Grace parish has been nursed by me with tender, unceasing care, and in Grace parish were many, many souls who loved me (yea, after twenty years, I now meet many who with affectionate love remember me); but I did believe that I had to give it up to better, stronger hands, and to continue my work in St. Mary's Hall, whilst my remaining assistant rector somewhat lessened the grief of utter separation.

So, then, I gave my consent, but with the *proviso* (to use a legal term!) that if the bishop's relation should cease, I would resume the rectorship. I now must smile at my simplicity; years have brought a little more experience, though only a very little!

From that time I officiated in Grace church whenever the bishop, obliged to be absent on official duty, sent me word. On the fifth of October, 1854, I assisted at the consecration of the church, which had cost us so much trouble and

anxiety. And on the seventeenth of December I officiated for the *last* time, as assistant rector, in Grace church. My last sermon was on "Charity." Little did I know that my sermon would have so little effect on some!

For, in the following week, I received from the vestry a communication to the effect that, "since my relation to Grace church was a hindrance to its prosperity, it had been found necessary to rescind my appointment as assistant rector; allowing me, however, the year's salary as such."

There was a mixture of rudeness and politeness in that communication! My relation to the church which I founded was a hindrance to its prosperity; but some two hundred dollars of not earned salary were given as a redeeming fee!

The resolution had been taken in the absence of the bishop and of three of my most intimate friends of the vestry, one of them a warden.

I was somewhat perplexed. I wrote to the warden, "that while I accepted the summary 'dismissal,' I wished to know in what my relation was obnoxious to the church; since, these things being recorded, it was important for me to know in what I had offended."

The answer was, "That on account of my foreign accent I was not understood."

I was sorry. I had preached four years in Burlington, and was understood; I had preached four or five years in San Francisco, and was understood. I tried to practice the lessons of charity

which I had given in my last sermon. I try to do so now. And whilst I write these lines I bethink myself that next Easter Sunday I must preach to a congregation of colored people, in a building just opposite the old Grace parsonage, where twenty-one years ago I wrote many a sermon. I hope those poor children of African descent will understand me!

CHAPTER XVIII.

ST. MARY'S HALL, SONOMA.

The remembrance of Sonoma is very mixed. Many happy days we passed there; some very, very full of care and sorrow. But, Thou knowest it, O God of my life, I was serious and diligent in my self-imposed task. Self-imposed, because I sought it, whilst the work for which I was ordained, and in which Thou hadst blessed me, was apparently laid aside; and I undertook, what is most difficult of all, the training of young minds, of various conditions, of various nationalities, of various ages.

Yet, my ministry I did not put aside. No, I did not! Our institute was to be a church-school, and no day, no holyday, no Sunday, passed without its appropriate services. Yea, when General Vallejo offered me a spacious room in his old residence, I held stated services on Sunday, during more than three months. They were well attended, better than I could expect.

But our scholars increased in number, and when the General put his residence at my disposition, thus kindly redeeming his first promise, these public services became difficult. I could not make St. Mary's Hall, the place where so many daughters of the church received their education, a place

of public meetings, and confined henceforth my praying and preaching to those who were confided to my care.

And the work succeeded well. For in 1855 the number of our pupils nearly filled the spacious mansion, so that I had to make improvements in an older building annexed to it, and thus incurred heavy expenses. The building has since been destroyed by fire; a short description of it may give an idea of General Vallejo's "constructive powers," and of St. Mary's Hall, when nestling in its heavy adobe walls. For such they were, four feet thick, all round, between all rooms, so that not a sound could be heard from one room to another. It had the form of the letter L, fronting on the plaza one hundred and twenty feet, the same length at right angles, two stories, with an immense garret, both stories with broad verandas, in the front and in the rear, on which each room had an outlet. The upper veranda was inclosed with glass windows. The class-room, the parlor, the sitting-room, the dining-hall, were each sixty feet long by twenty wide. The other rooms were more than fourteeen in number, and twenty feet square. In the rear was an extensive vineyard, and vegetable garden.

Many and satisfactory were the examinations and exhibitions held in the presence of parents and friends, and many the praises St. Mary's Hall received in the public papers of those days. But when the Rev. Sheppard opened a church institute

at San Francisco, there was a decrease in my pupils from that quarter; and, in any establishment of that kind, a decrease is the forerunner of dissolution.

In the meantime, I had become involved by the necessary expenses for the enlargement and fitting up of the institute, and many were the days of anxiety in the midst of the somewhat monotonous routine of a school. Yet I was aided by the prudent care and constant exertions of my trusty wife; and confident in my honest purpose, we struggled on till October, 1856, when during vacation, my wife made a visit to her San Francisco friends.

During that vacation I was once very busy with the construction of a duck-pond. I remember that day, and, as autobiographies are necessarily egotistical, I must be allowed to tell my own story. It may show how fortunes were made in those days by those who knew *how!*

A year before, our music teacher had been obliged to leave us. She had undertaken to find us one who could take her place, though we scarcely expected to be so fortunate.

One evening there came to us a lady and gentleman, of German birth. The lady was mother of a babe a few month's old, a sweet and amiable-looking person. They had been recommended by our former teacher. They had come in full expectation of being accepted. I remember that evening. We were somewhat puzzled.

We wanted a teacher, but not a gentleman and a baby besides. We may have said thus much in polite terms. But the husband, a slender gentlemanly man, seemed to take it for granted that we could do no better.

"Allow my wife," said he, opening the piano, "to play, and you will see."

The lady sat down, and played, without notes, but played so as to captivate our feelings at once. Genius and tact guided those nimble fingers when rushing along the keys! When the last notes of her *fantasia* had resounded, the husband with a satisfied smile asked: "What do you say now?"

Well, the agreement was made, and for a salary of $100 a month, Mrs. D. would begin her duties next day. The husband took rooms next door, and took charge of the baby, whilst the mother was from morning till evening engaged at St. Mary's Hall.

And who was Mr. D.? A young German who, with his wife, had been invited and pressed to leave his country and come to Philadelphia, where a rich uncle promised him advantageous position.

But when there, the rich uncle forgot his promise, his wife in particular did not "take" to the "poor relation," and the young man chafed under the yoke of dependent poverty.

"Give me enough to reach California," said he to his uncle, "and I shall find my way."

The uncle gave them *just* what was enough, and when they came to us, they were penniless.

For two months he remained in the room of our neighbor watching the baby, aided by his wife, who at stated hours, made a "neighborly" visit. Then with the money saved, he set up a small store in a sort of shanty. There he continued for a few months; then was taken as partner, in a well-to-do grocery store.

From that time began a systematic economy, much to the disgust of his really refined wife. "Give me ten years' time," he used to say, in answer to her complaints, "and you will be well off."

He kept his word to the letter. Within ten years he bought his partner out, built a beautiful residence with flowery grounds, and, whilst I write this, is traveling in Europe with his wife. He is worth over $100,000.

Well, to return to my duck-pond. The amiable Mrs. D. stood looking on. I was low-spirited. My prospects were doubtful. I gave way to complaint.

"My dear doctor," she said, "you are wrong to complain. You have a great many blessings. Such a wife, and all your children in good health."

This much I remember. She may have added more reasons for contentment. But I only remember these.

I remember them on account of what so soon was to happen. I remember them when they

were spoken. I remember how I received them. I hear the sound of her voice. I see the spot where I was looking when she spoke them. I remember the feelings which they aroused in me. No more I remember.

Memory! thou art a mysterious faculty! When the body is gone, shall *all* be memory? Or does memory disappear *with* the body?

CHAPTER XIX.

FOUR ANGELS.

Next to the remembrance of the comforting words of Mrs. D., comes, as it were in immediate succession, the moment of joy and happiness, when a few days thereafter, the stage was stopping before the Hall, and I stood, with our seven children, dressed in their best, and ranged according to age, ready to receive the beloved mother.

It was a moment of joy, and, I must confess it, of pride. For they were lovely and in blooming health, the oldest a boy of thirteen, the youngest a sweet girl of three. Gertrude, Fanny, Amy, Bella and Ida made a cluster of innocence, different in ages, different in appearance, but all fragrant, as it were, with the perfume of tender motherly training.

And with the trusty mother came the even course of school life, study and play and prayers. A fortnight passed, when, on the fifteenth of November, little Bella, now in her fifth year, began to complain of sore throat. Diphtheria was then making sad havoc through the whole country. A few weeks before I had read funeral service over two children of a neighbor, who died of that disease. We were startled, and more so when Amy and Ida began to complain.

The physician was called; an able man, but unacquainted with the disease then coming as a scourge over many families. He applied the only remedy, a caustic, to the throat, but in an inefficient manner.

The following day, the sixteenth, was Sunday. I held the usual service, and catechized. It was the last catechism for poor dear Fanny!

But in the night I watched with Bella and Amy. O! the sweetness of a child when on the bed of sickness! Thirsty was Bella, asking continually to drink or rinse her throat. Once I had holpen her, she laid back and stretched out her arms. "What is it, dear?" I asked.

"I want to kiss you," she said.

On Monday morning, the seventeenth, we sent a letter to Dr. Hastings, of San Francisco; but, for the first time, the stage had left an hour earlier. The physician thought Bella was better; but during the night she grew worse, and Amy was with fever, and Gertrude suffered.

When Tuesday morning came, the eighteenth, my dear wife was desponding: "To-day's psalms are sad," she said; "they are the funeral psalms." Yet toward evening little Bella seemed to improve, and thanked me for a flower I brought her.

But on Wednesday morning, the nineteenth, she sank rapidly and seemed to agonize. All the children were in the room. On sister Gertrude's lap she wanted to lie, and there she was apparently dying whilst I read the prayer for the de-

parting. They were moments not to be forgotten! But towards noon she rallied; and she continued to do so, when at eight o'clock she began again to fail. She seemed to suffer much, but was always conscious. After midnight the last struggle had begun.

Restless she tossed from side to side; but seeing us weep, she stretched out her little hands, and said: "Don't cry, mamma." Then she took my hand and that of her mother, and said very slowly, but in a deep voice, and distinctly: "*Good bye, papa, mamma.*"

All at once she sat up in the bed, stared long at Amy, lying in high fever in another bed and looking at her. Very long did her dark blue eyes rest upon Amy, then she said, with startling rapidity: "*Come Amy, come!*" and sank back.

Those were her last words. I closed her eyes, and we went out on the veranda, grieving over the first angel who had left us, and seeing the sun rise over our grief. *The clock had stopped at the very minute.* The same occurred at the death of my mother.

That Thursday morning the daughters of General Vallejo, and many other friends, came and laid Bella out. In the first dormitory she was laid, crowned with laurel and olive leaves, a little cross, the gift of Mrs. Wickham, on her breast, an olive branch in her hand. Lights were burning at the headside, and constant watch was kept. That day and the following, the four remaining

children seemed to improve under the medication prescribed by Dr. Hastings.

But on Saturday morning the mother perceived little blue spots on Ida, the youngest one. Her heart sank. She felt the child was lost to us. Towards five o'clock she held her on her lap. She answered little questions quietly. Her spirit fled! She was gone without any struggle!

Next to her sister Bella she was laid out. They indeed looked like two angels! If it was hard to miss them, one could not but feel sure that they were in paradise.

The Sunday was one of painful preparation and dreadful suspense; for Fanny and Amy were very ill, and I had to prepare a resting place for their sisters; a temporary resting place, until they should be buried in the Lone Mountain cemetery. This was the wish of little Amy, who, a year before, had walked over that burial ground, and liked it so well!

In the midst of the garden, behind the house, was a private vault, where two months before I had read the funeral service over a grandson of General Vallejo. There was another small coffin there; I found room enough for my two little ones. The service was appointed for the following morning at ten o'clock. Then I read the usual Sunday service, and went to watch the sick ones, wherein we were kindly assisted by many friends.

And so on Monday, twenty-fourth November, I read the funeral service over the two little an-

gels. There was a large attendance. My wife was there; it was very trying to both of us! General Hooker was one of those who went with me to the vault. That night I watched with Amy.

On Tuesday morning the doctor gave her up. She vomited blood, all blood. Towards evening we carried her into another room. At seven o'clock began the last struggle.

All at once she joined her hands. She began, "Hallowed be Thy name," and said the whole prayer; then her usual evening prayer: "O Lord, make me a good child; bless papa and mamma, my brothers and sisters, aunt Emily, aunt Bartoline, uncle James, and uncle George;" then she added her usual evening verses: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep; and if I die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take, for Jesus sake, Amen."

She prayed all this clearly and distinctly; then she said: "*To-morrow I shall see Bella.*"

These were her last words; like Bella had said: "*Come, Amy, come.*"

In a few minutes she was gone!

Oh, what agony filled our hearts, when that dear body was laid out on the same spot where her two sisters had been taken the preceding day!

That night General Hooker watched with her. Oh, how beautiful she was! How serene that upright, conscientious face!

Three were gone of the five daughters. Ger-

trude and Fanny seemed to improve; both had been allowed to read in their beds; the last book Fanny read was "Edward and Miriam."

But the eye of Fanny became sorer, and on the following Thursday, November 27, the doctor said he feared erysipelas. In agony, I sent for other physicians. Dr. Rope came and Dr. Todd, and had consultations with Dr. F., but gave little hope.

Whilst this agony went on, I had to see where to place Amy. There was no more room in the vault. So I carried Bella and Ida out to the garden house, and concluded to place there Amy also.

At one o'clock I read the funeral service. Her heart-broken mother was there, and in agony prayed that at least Fanny might be spared! Then we brought her out, and placed her with her sisters.

In the afternoon Dr. Fourgeaud arrived. He at once realized the hopeless condition of Fanny, and the danger of Gertrude, as well as of my dear wife herself, being seriously affected with the disease!

About ten o'clock at night we laid down to rest, but at eleven Fanny called for her father and mother. She began to step out of the bed, when they did not call us immediately. When I came, she stretched her poor cold arms out to me. Her eyes were nearly shut. Her death-struggle had begun.

"Papa," she said, whilst I kissed her, "papa, where is mamma? I want to see mamma."

Her woe-stricken mother came. To her she stretched out her arms. She wanted to lie on her lap. I asked her if she was willing to go to the Lord Jesus. She said, "Yes, papa."

I sat down beside her bed. Her thirst was unquenchable; she constantly vomited blood. It was a terrible sight! The whole night she continued in agony.

On Friday morning, the twenty-eighth of November, her brother came in. I had written a notice of her departure for the papers. I gave it to my son. He took leave of her.

"Where is Malan going?" she asked.

"To do an errand," said I, "and you are going to the Lord Jesus, my dear Fanny; are you contented?"

"*Yes, papa,*" she said, "*to-day I shall be better.*" These were her last words; in a few minutes she departed. It was half past eight.

The clock stopped with this last child, like with the first, like with my mother.

In the evening, at half past seven, I read service over my dearest Fanny! Within a week this was the *third* time over *four* beautiful, blooming, amiable children, the very light of my household, the very joy of my weary, long and checkered path. We carried her to the garden-house, where we placed her coffin next to those of her three sisters.

On the following day, the house was full of

sympathizing friends. We recovered from terrible shocks. Gertrude was still in danger. But, through the careful local applications of Dr. Fourgeaud, she was enabled, on the following Wednesday, being the third of December, to go with us all to San Francisco, for Sonoma had become to us a place of too mournful remembrance to stay there longer.

In the city, we received the hospitality of Captain Farwell and his accomplished lady. There I remained three days with my desolate wife and slowly recovering child, and then went to Sonoma to regulate things, and bring the mortal remains down to San Francisco.

Six days I was in this large and deathlike house, until on Friday, twelfth of December, early in the morning, I placed the four coffins on two wagons. Following in a buggy, with my eldest son, we went to Lakeville, where, at ten o'clock, we stood on the wharf, expecting the steamer.

At last it came and stopped. The four coffins were placed on board. In deepest gloom, I sat down watching over them. At four o'clock we arrived at the crowded wharf, when they were taken out, and three of them placed in a hearse. There was no room for more ; so I took the fourth, sweet Ida, in the carriage, wherein our friend, Col. Turner, accompanied me to the Lone Mountain cemetery, where they were placed in the receiving vault.

It was the eve of Ida's third anniversary! Her first and last journey out of Sonoma!

CHAPTER XX.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

This dispensation of Providence came in a time when our efforts to establish a Christian school for daughters of the church had received a severe check, as I have hinted in a preceding chapter. Worldly tribulations were allowed to add to the weight of sorrow.

Was it to make us think less of worldly grievance, that Thou laidst our hearts low by taking from us the treasures we loved best? Thy ways are dark to us, O Providence of God! very dark. But I often have thought that Thou didst hide the treasures in Thy paradise, that we, naturally bewailing their loss, should be the less affected by the mortification of temporal losses. Or was it that Thou wishedst to give Thy servants occasion to show their love and esteem for Thy minister, not only by words, but also by actions?

Such it would now seem to me. But who can find it out? Thy Providence acts by thousands of threads, and the word of Thy Eternal Son must be true: "Even the hairs of our head are counted."

And so are our tears, and our secret doubts, and our misgivings, and our moments of light; they are all counted and marked in Thy book!

When, on the third day of December, I left that house of mourning, and with my wife and suffering Gertrude, the only remaining of the five, sat in the stage, which was to take us to the boat, a letter was handed me, arrived by express from San Francisco. I opened it. Handwriting unknown; no signature; only these words:

"I was sick and thou visitedst me," with a check for one hundred dollars. I never could find the Christian's name who so touchingly gave me a substantial proof of his sympathy, and so forcibly brought me to the feet of my Redeemer!

In these memoirs I have recorded many acts of kindness, but conscience tells me that a deep sense of gratitude leads me to do so. I thus recalled my Father's love and praise, and Lady Marie's trusty friendship, and many others I have already mentioned in America. Risking the appearance of egotism, I shall go on with my record in all simplicity.

But if this letter and gift did much to soften the sadness of our return to San Francisco, how were we affected when, reaching the city, we found our bereavement mentioned in the papers already, with an eloquence of Christian sympathy such as can only be appreciated in an enlightened, refined community! One of those notices I have preserved, scarcely thinking ever to use it in these memoirs! Under the heading of "Topics of the Day," it has these words:

"The most afflicting dispensation it has ever been our lot to record, has recently smitten the heart of a venerated clergyman, who, by his blameless life and years of exemplary ministry, has won the affectionate esteem of the people of this and a neighboring county. We allude to the loss by Doctor Ver Mehr, of Sonoma, of four lovely children within the past week. Four interesting girls, ranging from three to eleven years, have been, one after another, swept away by the fell disease diphtheria, and now another child is lying dangerously ill of the same. But if the father's heart be crushed, what must be the anguished grief of the mother? Even for one of her Christian fortitude, the burden seems almost too much to bear. But, while bent to the earth by the weight of this terrible affliction, the stern hand of worldly adversity is laid heavily upon them.

"We suggest that on this day, dedicated to solemn worship and acts of piety, a collection be taken up in all the churches of this city in aid of this afflicted family. No more humane or worthy object ever enlisted the sympathies of our people. Let a subscription be set on foot, a committee of citizens appointed to solicit contributions, and such substantial assistance forwarded to Doctor Ver Mehr as to relieve, at the least, his most pressing wants. Their simple, unostentatious virtues have endeared him and his amiable wife to all who know them. Let those who revere and love them now unite in tempering this great affliction as far as may be."

What has been done, and the opportunity for doing more, was sufficiently indicated in the following:

"At a meeting held by the rector, wardens and vestry of Grace church, San Francisco, it was

"*Resolved*, That the following-named persons be a committee to receive funds which have been, or may be contributed for the benefit of the family of the Rev. Dr. J. L. Ver Mehr, late rector of said church, and under whose care it was organized:

David S. Turner,	Capt. E. D. Keyes,
J. D. Farwell,	A. C. Peachy,
Francis J. Lippitt,	Mrs. V. G. Fourgeaud,

Mrs. C. F. Gillespie.

"In pursuance of the above resolution, any of the persons named is authorized to receive such sums as may be contributed, and which will be retained (should the amount be sufficient) for the purpose of purchasing a homestead in this city, whither Dr. Ver Mehr and family are about to move from their late establishment, St. Mary's Hall, Sonoma, which has been broken up by severe family affliction.

"We are gratified in being able to add that collections, amounting to nearly nine hundred dollars, were taken up in five churches of this city, on Sunday last, for the relief of the afflicted family, now reduced to five members."

And of these five congregations who, when I was yet mourning in Sonoma, so liberally showed their Christian sympathy, two were Episcopal, two Presbyterian or Congregational, and one Unitarian!

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CHAPEL OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

The efforts of our friends were not in vain. For in January, 1857, we were enabled to reopen St. Mary's Hall in a good-sized house on the corner of Geary and Powell streets. Many of our old pupils rejoined us there; many came from the city; many came from far, even from Santa Barbara.

Whilst the duties of an institute gave me unceasing occupation, my wish to preach the gospel in a city growing as fast as San Francisco did, and where only two churches as yet worshiped according to the Episcopal form, made me look around. My friends did the same. There was, a little above our house, a chapel built for I don't know what denomination, but at that time only used for a Sunday school.

It was rented and fitted up for service. I named it the "Chapel of the Holy Innocents." And well I might! For the day before I opened it, which was on the twenty-second of February, the day before that Sunday I performed the last services over the mortal remains of our four little angels, who had joined the choir of the innocents in Heaven!

Through the care of Col. Turner a burial-ground

had been secured, and everything being prepared, on the afternoon of the twenty-second we all went there. I read prayers over the gloomy grave, so very large, and where the four coffins were deposited. It was a fearfully sad duty. It took long before the earth was leveled, and the head-stones with their household names placed. O God, our living God, are they not with Thee?

But the following Sunday I preached on the Resurrection in the little chapel. Besides our scholars, there was a fair attendance, and I verily believe that many, very many, came to the unpretending house of worship, who would not have gone to the more "fashionable" churches. Mission churches, where every one can come, just to pray and hear the gospel, without care, without thought of dress and appearance, where the pastor is ever ready to hear and speak, such simple nurseries of real Christianity, are a blessing not enough realized and sorely neglected.

The following Easterday I shall not easily forget. For, during the morning service, I baptized a dear pupil of ours, Miss Nancy Ward, who had been a faithful companion of our Fanny, and from the beginning watched over her sisters and the last one, night and day. Though her parents belonged to some denomination, she had been deeply impressed by our church services, and became a candidate for baptism. On no purer soul I ever poured the water of regeneration!

The same afternoon she was confirmed in the

chapel by the diocesan, together with my eldest son and only remaining daughter, Gertrude, and some others. The Rev. Dr. Thrall read prayers, for he had succeeded my friend and fellow laborer, Dr. Wyatt, as rector of Trinity church.

That afternoon the bishop expressed his satisfaction with our humble but thriving chapel. He was about to leave for the convention to be held at Sacramento city. At that convention he was formally elected bishop of California, and we now at last were settled as a "diocese."

And my little chapel of the Holy Innocents might have been settled too, for its location was good, and it began to do its work in the neighborhood.

A church is like a seed you plant; it grows slowly at first, then the rootlets begin to extend, and drawing their nourishment all around, the little tree soon begins to show. Take up that little tree, ever so carefully, you lose many, if not all, rootlets; plant it somewhere else, even in good soil, if it don't perish, it will certainly suffer and become languid.

And that was just what we did with our little chapel. Some difficulty arose concerning the rent, I believe, and my friends thought best to move our services to a German church, in Sutter street, of which we had the use for a moderate rent.

Not only we lost the "prestige" of our more prominent position in Geary street, with the little

belfry, and the merry church-bell, but we lost also many of our congregation who did not like to go so far.

However, during a year and a half, I preached and officiated to attentive congregations, the number of communicants increasing, and the bishop favoring us occasionally with an eloquent sermon.

But, in the middle of April, 1858, one evening. I received a visit from Mr. Badger and another gentleman. They wished very much to establish a church in the neighborhood of Mission street. They did not want to have the appearance of interfering, but thought I might assist in the effort. Understanding the "drift," I said at once that I had, of course, no objections to any endeavor of the kind, and that probably that locality was more desirable than the one my chapel occupied.

On the twenty-fifth of that month I preached my last sermon in the Holy Innocents, and thenceforth held services in St. Mary's Hall. In this I was, as in many other things, lacking in "discretion," that gift which seems "innate," and can not be acquired; a gift higher to be prized than gold or silver. A gift which teaches us what to do, when to do, and how to do. A mistake in one of these becomes often fatal.

What I did was right; *how* I did it was answered by sufficient success to endorse the diocesan's approbation and encouragement; but what made me make a grievous error in the *when*, and stop at the very moment that the "Holy Innocents"

were fairly represented in our chapel? O if we could sift the secret motives of our actions! how many threads of self-love, pride, and ill-humor we might find! How seldom would they be the results of that pure implicit confidence in Christ, which ought to be the sole moving power! How seldom!

Wrong it was to give up the "Holy Innocents," though the wrong was varnished by the ever-wily seducer; just as it was wrong to leave my Grace church, though that wrong also had the varnish of "useful necessity;" just as it was wrong to leave my St. Mary's curacy, though that wrong also was covered by the desire of "greater usefulness."

O the wiles of our arch enemy! As one who has suffered from them, and barely escaped with his spiritual life, I write these lines! Whosoever thou art who readest them, receive advice from an aged minister of Christ. When thou hast, with the help of God, marked out thy path, stick to it without wavering; never doubt, never let human calculations interfere with thy duty, never hesitate; but under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, hold on to thy purpose.

Yes, there were human reasons for my giving up the pastoral care of what might have become a flourishing church. St. Mary's Hall had increased in numbers, the Rev. Sheppard had broken up his institute and left for the east, many of his pupils came to us. The house we rented became inadequate to our necessity. My friends began to look

out for a better locality. They found one. The French hospital, on Bush street, with the half fifty-vara lot was for sale. The price for lot and building was very low. The funds collected by the large-hearted community in our behalf were nearly sufficient. The money necessary for improvements was offered on mortgage at low interest.

All this preoccupied me much, though my friends did all the business for me; the house was bought, lifted, almost rebuilt and arranged. And towards the end of June, 1858, we removed to our new St. Mary's Hall on Bush street.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. MARY'S HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

When, in June, we opened our institute for the education of young ladies, it was with the prestige of "success" and "increased accommodations." The hall was indeed all that could be desired in a time when Bush street began to extend. A three-story building of eighty by forty feet, with large parlors, large school-room, recitation rooms, and dormitory, was, in those times, of value as well for the accommodations as for the looks. And the number of scholars rapidly increased, notwithstanding the comparatively distant location.

For when street cars were yet unknown, the distance from Telegraph Hill and Rincon Hill to the corner of Bush and Taylor was great. Yet from those quarters we had many day-scholars, whilst our boarders came from far, and very many of our Sonoma daughters rejoined us.

There was ample work for me, and when I got from Europe the identical gigantic maps, I had twenty years before, constructed for my West-End institute, I felt really "at home" again in my work of training and educating, this time American young ladies, then the scions of Holland's nobility.

Yes, the work was good and useful, and with

the very many friends we had, many an evening passed pleasantly after a day's labor. Financially, our expenses kept par with our income. "Our riches did not increase," but there was the satisfaction of doing a good work, and the rest I left to Providence. I was too much disposed that way. I say "too much;" for indeed it seems the duty of a married man to use all honorable means of securing the future of his family. This does not exclude reliance on God's "special" providence. It simply says: "Use the means, neglect none."

And whilst St. Mary's Hall kept me very busy, the Sundays very often afforded me occasion to preach the gospel. The Church of the Advent, under the care of Rev. McAlister, began to grow in the southern part of the city. There I officiated and preached often.

Another church had been formed at the Mission, St. John's. The Rev. J. Chittenden began it. There I officiated and preached often. In Grace church, where the Rev. Ewer was rector, I officiated and preached often. In Trinity church, where the Rev. Thrall was rector, I officiated and preached very often.

These services, added to my regular duties, began to impair my already weak constitution. Towards the end of 1859 I was prostrated with a severe bleeding of the lungs. Those days were sad. But, through the will of Providence, I was not only spared, but even sufficiently invigorated in the spring of 1860 to resume my duties, and when asked to do so, to preach the gospel.

Yet the attack had left its impression, and the climate of San Francisco was deemed inauspicious for one of my consumptive tendencies. And, indeed, little did I think that I would live to write these memoirs, after fifteen years full of labor and trouble, and in the very city which I was strongly advised to leave! I had just written the first volume of CHECKERED LIFE, relating the events of thirty-four years in the Old World; little did I think that I would live long enough to relate the events of thirty-four years in the New World!

It is now forty years since, in the dark hour of night, I was called from death to life. For unbelief is death indeed; belief is the beginning of life. I feel this now, after so long a struggle through this "transitory" existence. I feel it, that only from that moment I began to live for eternity.

Have I gained in wisdom? Really not much, I think. In knowledge? Very little, I think. In strength of faith? I dare not say so. For when I recall the first years of my "new" life, it seems there was more energy, more vigor. In what, then, have I gained? Truly, my God, I wish to know it, but cannot find it out.

Yet so many years of trial cannot have passed without leaving some marks. One would say so; but I cannot find them. No, I cannot find them! Thy revelation is the same to me, now, as it was forty years ago. I have walked and walked, and sometimes strayed, but the narrow road has always been found again. The burden I had to carry has

clung to me; it has not lost its heaviness. In fact, my daily sins and shortcomings have added to it.

In what then have I gained, O Savior of my soul? Thy Spirit whispers softly, and I understand it! The very burden, the very increase of it, the occasional lifting of it, the consciousness of Thy long suffering, it has taught me the lesson of *humility*. And with the sense of my *misery*, increases the sense of Thy riches, Thy enduring pity, Thy everlasting power! Thus I look at it now, and I am glad that I am poor, and have literally nothing but Thy favor!

But I remember with thankful joy that last summer passed in St. Mary's Hall, soon to be destroyed. My health improved, I could continue my lessons, and often officiated in the city churches. My sons grew up to give me hope of the future. My eldest had finished his college studies, and was surveying under the care of Mr. S. My second son was studious, and during that summer gave proof of "inherited" disposition. Though only twelve years old, he undertook something like my work at thirteen, when I made the plan of the city, fortifications and surrounding country of Woerden in Old Netherlands. The Mechanic's Institute Fair was to be held. He conceived the idea of building a two-storied cottage, with its parlors, bedrooms, etc., on a scale of one inch per foot. He succeeded so well as to deserve the following notice in one of the papers of the day:

"The son of the Rev. Dr. V— M——, Alfred, aged twelve years, has completed a two-storied cottage, with an extension, during the last two weeks, and last evening he had it lighted up, exhibiting its furnished parlors, carved mantel-pieces, easy flight of stairs from the hall, and altogether and at once proving the boy a 'born architect,' and his cottage a beautiful piece of workmanship."

He was awarded a diploma, which as yet is the chief ornament of his room!

Yes, I had many reasons for being thankful! Only one sad remembrance remains of St. Mary's Hall in Bush street. We had the care of two sisters, orphans indeed, both interesting. The eldest, Fanny, felt unwell on Saturday, and died on Thursday following. Of the many funeral services which I have performed, this was not the least sad indeed! For I loved her, and she deserved all our care.

And with that funeral, which took place in 1859, there comes the remembrance of her sister's anniversary in the following year. It was the eighth of October. We wished to make it a pleasant day for the sweet Mary who was left us. Many friends came to enjoy the festival. Music and dance made us forget that we were in the school-room. Little did I think, when taking leave of the guests, that we were so near the closing day of St. Mary's Hall!

CHAPTER XXIII.

FIRE.

When, on the following evening, after the closing exercises, I sat in the parlor, enjoying rest and cheerful company, a rumbling noise drew my attention.

At first we thought it was some carriage passing. But as it continued, we rushed out and found the noise proceeded from the flames, which from the kitchen chimney roared up between the walls.

In those days the fire department, though well organized, was far from being as wonderfully efficient as it is now. There were no electric wires to give notice. The water cisterns were very incomplete above Dupont street. And the alarm bell sounded only when the flames, breaking through the roof, began to spread all over the building. Long before the firemen appeared, we had done all we could, helped by kind-hearted neighbors, to arrest the flames, and when this was found impossible, hundreds of willing hands began to move what could be moved, books, furniture, etc.

My wife's first care was to rush up to the dormitories, and to carry off the younger pupils, who were sound asleep; kind neighbors took them in. Myself, I must have been very much like Doctor

Peter Smith, when his hospital was in flames. What I did I scarcely remember. But good and active friends did all for me! Much was saved, more broken by over excitement. The heaps of saved furniture and books, etc., on the other side of the street, then a vacant lot, now a four-story public school building, was a sad sight in the glare of the roaring flames.

The fire engines had arrived, but there was no water in the nearest cistern, so before the hose began its work, the flames had nearly finished theirs. In the house of our neighbor, on the opposite corner, we slept that night.

We slept! No, not a moment! The glare of the smouldering ashes shining through the windows, kept me waking, but more so the feeling of ruin. It seemed to me that St. Mary's Hall was not to be. The angel of death had driven me from Sonoma. The demon of fire had now, in a few hours, destroyed what it had cost much money and time to build! It seemed as if St. Mary's Hall was not to be. And strange enough, six years thereafter, the spacious building of General Vallejo, which we had occupied, and which continued to be known as "the hall," was utterly destroyed by fire.

With a little of the "eastern" pluck, I might have planned, that very night, a new St. Mary's Hall, and began to build it, as soon as the ashes were cold. I had even a kind offer to that end.

But my pluck, if I had any, had given out. My

weary soul, in an enfeebled body, began to look out for rest in the quiet country. And it seemed to me, that the many speculations we had made during that same year, were justified by this unforeseen event.

So apt we are to find good reasons for what we seem to like best!

In the meantime some pupils, whose term had just began, had to be provided for; as well as my own family. Kind friends took charge of some; with the youngest and those who had no friends here, we took rooms in the Mercantile Library.

And there we were installed on Friday, twelfth October. I am glad, and *almost* proud, to say, that on the Sunday following, I was enabled to preach morning and evening in Trinity church. The rector's illness continuing, I performed service during the rest of the month. It was, indeed, as if God would reconcile me with my loss, and show me the way I had to follow. I did not.

What did my friends do in those days of sudden loss and ruin? They did all for me, and more than I could think of!

If these memoirs are of any use, let them record what whole-souled friendship did in the growing metropolis of the west.

They not only helped me in saving and securing what was left, but filled a subscription list, nearly sufficient to pay the mortgage off, which had been much reduced by the payment of insurance. They helped me to secure the house, just vacated by

Mr. Chittenden, and belonging to Rev. Dr. Wyatt, and to put it in a condition fit to receive our family and the scholars who remained under our care.

And who were these friends? I might give their names, but how can I do it without their permission? And would they give it, if asked?

Only one I shall mention, gone to his rest, and whose memory is dear to us. It was George Ward, the brother of Frank Ward, under whose roof I found hospitality, when coming to San Francisco, and who built for me the parsonage.

Others I shall not mention. Some have left the city; some are yet here; some are yet my stanch friends. I shall not mention them. But when they read these lines, they will know that they were traced by a grateful heart.

And towards the middle of November, feeling the need of change and freedom from care, I passed a week in Napa valley. The morning I left, I baptized two little children, the little ones of an old parishioner who clung to me, and wanted the same hands to pour the water of baptism over their little heads, which so often had given him the bread of life.

With this, I left on board the steamer. It ought to have been a hint, no more to leave the early field of my labors. I did not take the hint, and my visit to Napa valley became the turning-point of that latter part of my "checkered" life!

Three valleys range from the Pacific coast eastward; the Petaluma valley, the Sonoma valley,

the Napa valley. Then comes the extensive Sacramento valley. Each of these valleys, separated by a mountain ridge, has its own climate. The more remote from the ocean, the warmer. Even in the Sonoma valley fogs are frequent. The Napa valley has little or nothing of them. There the oak tree grows to majestic size; there the vine and fig and orange tree are at home.

At the entrance of the valley is Napa city, now a thriving country town, with some twelve churches of various denominations. Ten years before I had passed it on my return from Vallejo, where I performed a marriage service. Then there were but a few houses, but the spot left me the impression of a paradise. At the northern extremity is Calistoga, with its springs. In the centre is the picturesque town of St. Helena.

Not far from there was the domain of G. Yount, a real pioneer of the El Dorado, but who had come there long before the American flag was hoisted. A friend of General Vallejo, who then was "commandante" in these regions, he had, almost unwillingly, accepted a grant of more than twenty square miles, reaching from ridge to ridge, in the very centre of the magnificent valley. Almost a princely estate, such as many others possessed, but which the old pioneer contrived to keep from squatters and other covetous hands.

There was his humble but comfortable dwelling, near a rushing streamlet, which gave life and vigor to his orchards and vines. There he lived with his faithful wife, to whom I had united him

in the bonds of second marriage, in St. Mary's Hall, Sonoma, the very year of our grievous loss.

And there we had passed many days of our summer vacations. For three of his granddaughters had been under our care ever since the opening of St. Mary's Hall. I had baptized them, as well as his grandson, in the old Grace church, and so they were endeared to us by more than earthly ties.

In the home of this good man I spent a few days. Our loss was, of course, the subject of conversation. They knew my wish for other climate than San Francisco. One of the granddaughters was yet under my care. All this led to a proposal made by the good patriarch; he would donate me a fine tract of land, near the county road, where I might erect a building fit to receive a few scholars, plant a vineyard, have my own fruit, and contribute to the spiritual welfare of the many tenants who occupied his domain.

With this prospect in my mind, I returned to San Francisco, and was cheerfully received by my family, once more comfortably settled in their new, though smaller, quarters. The regular school business was resumed with the remaining scholars; and nearly every Sunday of that year I was engaged in one of the city churches.

The Napa proposal was in the meanwhile discussed. My wife, as ever, was not inclined to move again. Our friends were all in the city; there was my proper sphere of usefulness; why risk again a second Sonoma? Why, indeed?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE "PACIFIC CHURCHMAN."

One day in February, 1861, I received a visit from our friend, Col. Turner. He came on "business." "Our church," said he, "thanks to the unceasing efforts of the bishop, and the more or less effective ministrations of clergy ordained here, or come from the East, has at last assumed a 'position.' There is a diocese, and that a very large one; even Oregon has its missionary bishop; the Pacific Coast seems to need a 'representative,' a paper wherein the scattered sheep of the flock can find how matters stand east and west."

"Such a paper," continued the well-meaning Colonel, the old warden of my Grace church, "is a necessity. The various denominations have one, even the Romanists; we alone keep silence."

"Very well," said I, "my dear friend, but where is the publisher?"

"At hand," said he, introducing a gentleman, who till then had stood a listener. "He is willing and competent, and even desirous to lend his aid, and risk the undertaking."

I shook hands with the honest-looking son of Gutenberg, and could not help liking him.

"But then," said I, "where is the editor?"

"At hand, again," responded the Colonel smiling, "can not you take the responsibility?"

The proposal flattered me, I must confess. If I could not be understood, on account of my "foreign" accent, perhaps I might be clear enough in print. There may be some apparent bitterness in this remark, but I truly say just what passed through my mind that very morning.

"I'll try to think the matter over," said I.

"No thinking about it," answered my old warden, "here is a man, who comes with wife and child from Oregon to seek useful employment. He is competent and willing. Why think about it? Are you so very much engaged?"

"No indeed, my dear friend!" said I, "my scholars' term is out in a few weeks, but then we have an idea."

"An idea?" responded the colonel, almost impatiently.

"Yes, an idea. Is not our whole life made up of ideas? Some are carried out, some fail; and so life runs on."

"But what is your idea?" urged the colonel somewhat angrily. But really, I never saw him angry.

However, I explained to him our "rural" preoccupations, the proposal of Mr. Yount, the plan of a suitable dwelling for an establishment on a small scale; I even showed him the plan as already made by a competent architect, and the various bids on its construction, from $2000 up to $4000.

"Well," said he, "not so bad: but it would not interfere with the church paper. In the shade of

your rural abode, you might write your editorials. Your presence is not absolutely necessary. We want your pen, your knowledge of the Church's necessities."

And so talking and talking we came to the conclusion, that at any rate we should start the paper. My remuneration was not much considered. The paper once started, and popular, that question, somewhat important to me, would be settled.

That week I had to go to look about my new domain, which had been fenced in, and had to be put to some use. Under the hospitable roof of my old friend, I wrote the prospectus of the "Pacific Churchman," for such was the name to be given.

After a few days I returned, and set to work at the first issue of the "Churchman," which appeared on the fifteenth of March, 1861. More than common exertion probably did it, but that week I had another hemorrhage which weakened my only slowly recovering health.

However, I resumed the pen and "scissors," and the following week the second "Churchman" appeared. It seemed to please. There was an increase of subscribers; not enough to encourage our well-meaning publisher. Advertisements, those strong financial supports for any paper, were not so plenty in those days as now.

After six weeks, the publisher began to see that some "capital" is necessary for any enterprise; and as he had none, no more than I, and there

seemed not to be enough church spirit to create one, he looked somewhat forlorn.

Whatever was the cause, Dr. Thrall, the rector of Trinity church, was never much in favor of the paper. On some points our views were different. Though professing myself the so-called "high church" principles, I always advocated what is called "evangelical" tendencies. More so than my friend Thrall could approve. He being at that time the most influential clergyman in the city, Grace church having only a minister in charge, this brought about a spirit of wavering.

Wavering is losing. The publisher proposed a "monthly" issue, which might have been the best. But the end of it was, that the church's voice on the Pacific was suppressed, and it took *ten* years to try it again. Many have been the able men who have given their time to resuscitate what had lived but a few weeks. But even now, it seems there may be a doubt of its final success.

Whilst engaged in this work, which to me seemed *very* important, an old friend returned, whom last we saw when installed in General Vallejo's building, at Sonoma. Jas. Ward was the only remaining brother of three, who had always shown us true-hearted friendship. George, the eldest, had ever been our help in need, and when in the month of February, a severe attack of illness prostrated him, many, very many were the friends who attended his bed of suffering, but none more so than my wife, who was with him to the very last.

I was myself very weak, and when told that the "closing scene" was approaching, I made an effort, and went; hoping to give such comfort and advice as ministers are supposed to possess.

I was too late! My faithful wife sat near the dear friend, now asleep to our eyes, but alive for a higher, better world! The struggle had been short. With two friends in succession, he settled worldly business; then remained with the minister's wife, who prayed with him, and heard his last words for parents and brothers! For indeed he loved them, and if ever kind heart and manly honor deserved the grace of God, his certainly did.

We deeply mourned his loss; for a loss it was! But to see the host of friends, sorrowing as those alone can sorrow who feel that they have lost a friend indeed; to see them crowding the church, and with rapt attention listening to the eloquent Starr King; to see them taking their last leave of the mortal remains; it was, indeed, consoling to us who loved him so well.

Well do I remember the morning when his brother sat in my study, listening to the details which we could give. Well do I remember how his heart took in the consoling words of my faithful wife; and how, after that, he set to work to arrange his deceased brother's affairs.

Meanwhile he took a deep interest in ours. The plan of building in Napa valley seemed to him a risk. It would absorb the little which remained

of our property. So by degrees we discarded our "ruralizing" projects, and for the time, remained in *statu quo*. The "Pacific Churchman's" fate was not yet decided, and when that decision came at last, my health was much impaired. A few months residence in the country were advised, and I passed the summer and autumn under the roof of Mr. Yount.

CHAPTER XXV.

LA LOMITA.

"WHEAT does not pay," was the thought when I realized "nothing" out of the fine crop we had raised in our neatly-fenced domain. No! it did not pay! when the field was "harvested," that is to say mowed, thrashed and sacked, and nothing remained but the barren stumps of the graceful swaying stalks which often had excited my rural-izing admiration; when all this was done, and I expected some result, I was coolly told there was none. Plowing, sowing, harvesting, had absorbed all, and I had not a sack left to send to San Francisco as a trophy of my first experiment.

Who was to blame in this, I do not know; but it led me to the conclusion, that our little domain was not to be a wheat field but a vineyard.

Vineyards were productive. Did I not, when in Sonoma, realize $300 by the sale of the crops of twelve large arbor vines? Did I not sell my half share in the old vineyard behind the mansion, just four hundred old, very old, vines, did I not sell that half share for $700? What then could I not do when planting 15,000 such vines on my neatly-fenced plot?

I forgot the run of time; I forgot that vineyards were multiplying; I began to run out of the

track. Mine was not a "business" disposition. My diploma as doctor of mathematics and sciences, did not extend as far as the balance of profits and loss. I multiplied correctly, no doubt, but left out the little items of the daily routine of business. I might have calculated an eclipse to a second, but life's practical doings have more "perturbations" than the course of suns and planets!

Any how, I thought I could make my fifteen acres very productive. Slips I could have from my old friend Yount, and I soon found a man who was kind enough to cut down the beautiful oak-trees, which shaded my domain, just for the timber!

With this I came home, and passed the winter in San Francisco, preaching in some of the churches, and last in Advent on the second of May, 1862. The following Wednesday was Ash-Wednesday. I went to Trinity church, and there found my dear wife, praying, I was sure, that we might be directed according to God's will. For that "rural" establishment was again a turning point in my checkered life! And I know she felt not safe about it.

Whatsoever were our prayers during that silent afternoon service, the following day I left for "La Lomita." That was the name we gave our neatly-fenced fifteen acres.

I left with my youngest son Alfred, then fourteen years old, and soon was busily engaged with him in cutting slips, a monotonous operation, leaving ample room for silent thought.

The winter was very wet, plowing belated; and

so it was not before the fifteenth of April that we began to plant our first vines. Measuring and staking and planting kept us busy from early dawn till late at night. This, with a mile and a half walk to and from Mr. Yount's residence, gave us plenty exercise, but certainly contributed to a full restoration of my health.

It was Passion week. My daily work did not interfere with the thoughts that week must suggest. And glad I was, when on Saturday evening, on my return, I found a note from Mr. Hopkins, the senior warden of Christ church, Napa, requesting me to officiate and administer the holy sacrament on Easter Sunday. For at that time they had no rector, the Rev. Mr. Goodwin having accepted a call from Grace church, San Francisco. Though very weary, the letter gave me joy, and the following morning we were in the stage.

The beautiful little church at Napa had a peculiar interest for me. Six years before I had assisted at the laying of its corner-stone, and there uttered some words of thankful exhortation. Through the exertions of the faithful Goodwin, the congregation had increased; but since the civil war many had left; yet I found a numerous attendance, and distributed the bread of life to over thirty persons.

My preaching seemed to have given satisfaction, and I was kindly urged to continue my services. I consented to do so, when returned from a trip to Santa Cruz, where I had promised to be in the

month of May. For, a few days before, I had received a letter from Mr. J. Boston, residing at Santa Cruz. He was the brother of two sisters with whom I had become acquainted in the first years of my parochial ministrations. They were very young, and on their arrival in San Francisco prostrated with fever. The eldest received at my hands the last consolations, and found rest in the cemetery; the youngest, after a long illness, survived. The members of that family were always very dear to us, and when requested to unite the only brother in holy wedlock to his bride, I was glad to do so, though it interfered with my present engagements.

So returning with gladdened hearts to our Lomita, we set to work again, and in the first days of May, having accomplished our purpose, we returned home. For as yet our "home" was where the trusty wife and mother resided, surrounded by her children and friends. We gave a glowing account of our hard but successful labor. The beginning of a "fruitful" vineyard was started; my health improved; prospects of useful work in the Napa church. It would be necessary to "take care" of the place; also to be near my Sunday congregation; the country air would give me a new lease of life; and thus we concluded for the time to build, with our own hands, a little cottage, roomy enough for my Alfred and myself, and to give a few weeks' hospitality to the rest of the family.

Thus we planned. Thou knowest it, O Lord of our destinies! in the simplicity of our hearts, and Thou allowedst it, sure enough, that we might learn by experience, though what the experience had to profit me, I have been slow to learn. For surely it was hazardous, thus as it were to sever my connection with so many friends; to narrow my influence as a man of learning and a minister of Thy word, and to devote a large portion of my time to manual labor and temporal care. It was hazardous to place my chief interest, and the future support of my faithful wife, in fifteen acres of land. And I well remember the words of a Jewish rabbi, whom I highly esteemed, and with whom I passed many a pleasant hour. A few years thereafter I met him in the street.

"I wonder," said he, "that a man of your talents should thus bury himself."

I remember the words and the impression they left me. Though not believing in Thee, who to me art Truth, Thou allowedst him, O Source of Truth, to speak the truth.

But then, with restored health, and the vague plans in my mind, I started for Santa Cruz. The steamer to San José was pleasant enough; but the stage route over the steep hills and mountains I shall not easily forget! It was picturesque, certainly, but very trying, and many a mile I walked rather than expose myself to a tumble down. However, we arrived safely, and the hopeful bridegroom made me soon forget my nervous troubles.

I arrived on Friday. Mr. Boston and his family being faithful adherents to our church, wished very much that I should officiate on the following Sunday. Of course, I had no objection, and the arrangements were soon made to hold service with communion in the court-house.

There was a large congregation, and a goodly number of communicants. It was the first church service ever held in Santa Cruz, and little did I think that in a few years, through the exertions chiefly of my friend, a flourishing church should be built where then I officiated in the court-house. The afternoon service was equally well attended, and I remember that day as one of the most useful in my life.

A few days I passed under the roof of my hospitable friend, and on the fifteenth I performed the marriage service in the Presbyterian church, kindly offered by its minister. An hour thereafter we were on our way; the married couple on their wedding trip; myself for "home, sweet home." For such it was, notwithstanding plans and coming changes. A few days of rest and planning and preparations, and we were on our road to Napa valley.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HOUSE BUILDING.

The first day of June we arrived on our little property. We stretched our tent, built our camp-fire, and, whilst the pot was boiling, we looked around, where best to locate our future dwelling.

A small creek ran in the rear, and twisting round, made by its bubbling noise quite a picturesque locality. It gave us pure and ample water, as long at least as it did last, for in two months we found it dry. But that we did not know. Some stately oaks near by gave shade. So water and shade decided our choice, and we measured out the oblong square, where the foundation-posts of our dwelling had to come.

Whilst digging the holes and settling the supports of our future abode, the lumber came from Napa. It was not "seasoned." But of that important fact I was not aware. I saw it later, and then only began to appreciate the value of "seasoned" lumber. The ground-floor was soon laid. Then the corner sideboards were nailed on; for our house had to be a so-called "balloon" structure.

The name is good. The whole consists of boards. But, instead of air or gas, stiffening up the sides, it is the boards themselves, which, aided by battens and cross-beams, make the outer wall. My

son, who was the master builder, now building a *real* cottage, was speculating on the height we had to give our "parlor" ceiling. A very important point. For our side boards being only twelve feet long, our garret space depended somewhat on our "parlor" aspirations.

"Twelve feet is the least," I said, with more authority than became an "assistant" carpenter.

"But that leaves no side wall for the garret," said my young "boss."

"What of that?" I replied. "Who cares for the garret? Have we not room enough below? A parlor, sixteen feet square, and two bedrooms, eight by ten; one for you, and one for me?

"Yes," said my young "boss," "but suppose the family comes? we will have to be up stairs."

"Well, then take two feet off; less than ten feet the parlor ought *not* to be."

Alfred mused. He wanted to get more for his future retreat. Meantime what I lost in height of parlor, I gained in paternal admiration of the boy's practical foresight. I could not be jealous of his superiority in that respect!

"Who is coming, there!" I exclaimed, seeing through the boards, put up at intervals, a gentleman approaching with a carpet bag; "sure, he cannot suppose this to be an inn on the roadside!"

"Don't think so!" said Alfred sarcastically. "But don't you see, father," he added, jumping up with some alacrity, "it is Mr. James."

And so it was. He came to see how we got

along, to breathe the country air, to give a lift if there was occasion for it. The "boss" applied to him at once, in the matter of the parlor ceiling. Alfred was practical and did not want to lose a minute. We had a month's time, and then the family might come. He wanted eight feet for the parlor, I would not allow less than ten. But I left the decision to our friend, who after some consideration "split the difference," and advised nine feet, leaving three for the garret.

"Yet," he added, with a serious mien, "one foot would make a great difference in the garret."

I did not mind his last "innuendo," and nine feet it was made. But afterwards I often regretted it. One foot more or less in a garret side wall makes a great difference.

So the cross-planks were nailed, and the ceiling beams laid. We sawed and hammered with a will, materially aided by our second assistant. For he was so kind as to stay several days with us, partaking of our humble fare, and at night walking to the nearest inn: our tent being only large enough to hold two of us. He staid until side boards and upper floor were finished, and having been the first to sleep in our new house, departed, wishing us God speed.

In the meantime, every Sunday we went by stage to Napa, and there I officiated and preached the word of God. These services rendered my transition to rural life somewhat easier. Though working with hammer and spade, and thus be-

coming accustomed to the hard and arduous life I had to lead for many years, the day of rest remained holy, and devoted to my spiritual aspirations.

One Sunday night, on my return, I found a letter announcing the intended visit of my dear wife and daughter, with some friends, only for a few weeks. I was happy, but in a postscript mention was made of a veranda, to keep off the "hot sun."

"Ah!" exclaimed my young 'boss,' "just what I expected! And indeed, father, the sun is very hot in the afternoon."

So the necessary lumber for the veranda was ordered, and we set to work. I remember this so well, because I got a lesson from my young "carpenter."

The veranda had, of course, to rest on posts. I wanted making quick work of it, and, seeing my son reflecting longer than I thought necessary, I began to put up pieces of planks, blocks, etc., as the "all-sufficient" supports of those posts.

"That will do," said I, somewhat annoyed by his delay, "that will do, the weight of the roofing will keep them in place."

Young "boss" said nothing. I impatiently turned off to do something else, or perhaps to hide my impatience. I don't remember; but when later in the afternoon I returned, I found the posts resting on solid blocks, safely nestled in the deep soil.

I don't know whether I made amends. But after eleven years the posts remained steady, and reminded me of my son's quiet perseverance, in contrast with my fretful impatience.

The last of June arrived, and with it my family, bent upon having a real country holiday of six weeks. Not even the shingles were on the roof, but no matter of that in a country, where no drop of rain comes down for at least six months of the year. It was a real festival; cooking was done outside, and the attic was spread with hospitable mattresses. At evening we sat in the parlor, reading or telling stories, and in the early morning we roamed over the hills, and culled the exquisite wild flowers wherewith they abound in the first summer month. My guests admired the vineyard, which now began to show its first leaves, and though many were lacking, the rows were straight and green. An encouragement for the incipient vinegrower.

The six weeks were soon at an end, and I was left alone with my faithful Alfred. That summer we were hard at work removing trees, and making room for more vines; and in the beginning of October Mr. James paid us a visit, hunting hares and squirrels, which, at that time, were very abundant in my domain!

One evening we sat quietly on the veranda, when a messenger brought a telegram to my friend, requesting his immediate presence in the city. We supposed it was on business, and little

thought of the grief which was to come, and when the following morning he left, it was with the promise of soon repeating his visit. I never saw him since! For the message was in consequence of the sudden death of his dear mother, a loss which he felt with deep agony, and wherein we all took part; for though we never saw her, so intimate had been our relation with her sons, that she manifested a motherly affection for my wife.

Our friend left to console his bereaved father, and though our intercourse by letters has never ceased, yet we missed him, as those only can miss a friend whose lot is cast in a far-off country, where, with increasing population, the friends of "olden times" gradually disappear.

During all that time I continued faithfully my services in the church at Napa. I once alluded to the matter of some salary, but in vain. Yet I was glad to preach, and remember the day with joy, when I received, as it were, a token of God's approval of my zeal.

One of the ladies of the congregation, Mrs. Turner, presented me, in the name of several members, with a purse of seventy-five dollars. At the proposition of the superintendent, the scholars of Trinity Sunday-school appropriated their contributions to my use. It was about the same amount; whilst a member of the same church sent me a very handsome Christmas present. With these funds I saw my way clear. I needed a chimney, I needed some improvements in my

"mansion," a kitchen, a stove, etc. And with a light heart we began to build again.

And so the Christmas time of that year has always remained a joyful remembrance; the more so when it brought back to us an old friend, a dear friend, a brother in the early days of my pastoral work in San Francisco, the Rev. Dr. Wyatt.

That was joy indeed when we could talk over times past; when I could assist him in the chancel, where I preached sometimes for him; when he took his abode with my family, for a few months, whilst his dwelling was put in order; when we celebrated our anniversaries, succeeding each other with two days interval!

Truly, we are but too apt to forget the days of bliss and happiness, and to dwell upon the days of gloom and sorrow. We forget the sunshine, and allow too often the cloudy mists of disappointment to cover the whole of the past!

CHAPTER XXVII.

SETTLED IN THE COUNTRY.

The spring of 1863 was a busy time. My faithful helper in the "rural" business accompanied me, and we worked hard; he plowing and harrowing the vineyard, I planning and measuring an extension, and preparing the necessary slips.

When the new vines were in the ground, he began to prepare the remaining acres for planting corn. We expected to realize a nice amount! Nothing like "expectation" to keep people alive.

When all was ready, we returned to the city, leaving our domain to the care of Providence. An event we were expecting called us. And this time our "expectation" was not in vain! For towards the end of May we kept the anniversary of my beloved wife, and the day thereafter a daughter was born, who, as it were, took the place of the four angels gone to paradise.

And when in August my family paid a second visit to La Lomita, there was indeed "an angel in the house." A joy most intensely felt by those who have seen four angels leave at once the house of parents, to dwell forever in the house of Heaven! Thus God restored to us the joy of childhood's innocence.

When they had left us, we began to look out

for our rural crop. But alas! in this we were sadly disappointed. After all the labor of culling and husking and sacking and transporting, we found our profits less than sixteen dollars. It was better than the wheat, which left us nothing. But it was very little, and strengthened our purpose to clear the ground entirely for a vineyard.

In the meantime my relation with the Napa church had come to an end. The most influential members had left, partly owing to the civil war; the congregation had dwindled to very little, and I did not feel under obligation to continue my efforts. So, then, having arranged my "harvest," we went to the city, where I officiated when occasion offered, and once paid a visit to the State prison at San Quentin.

I was invited to preach for them. Six hundred were there assembled, old and young, of all nations. I addressed them first in English; and some of the old men I saw in tears. This encouraged me to address them in Spanish, as I saw many there who belonged to that nationality. God knows if my words did any good. But I could not help wishing that my Lomita were in their neighborhood; how gladly I would have brought to them the words of eternal life! Indeed, if anywhere, it is in those abodes of erring sin that the Word of God ought to be heard more frequently.

If that year had brought us the blessing of a daughter, it seemed to take one from us. For,

during that year, a young and promising lawyer, the son of General Seawell, of the United States army, had wooed and won the heart of our daughter Gertrude. The wedding day was on the twelfth of November, and in Trinity church they were united by our friend, Rev. Dr. Wyatt. It was a day of joy; for if we seemed to lose a daughter, we gave her in care of one who was indeed a "gentleman and a scholar."

That and the following month I preached in several churches, and was busily engaged with literary work; but the rural domain required my presence, and now came what long had been in our mind, the final resolution to remove to La Lomita.

Should the property increase in value, and give a reasonable support in time to come, there was a fair prospect of settling for the rest of my life in quiet and peace, devoting my time to such labor in the Lord's vineyard as circumstances might bring about. General Lippitt, with his little daughter, was to stay with us, a material help in expenses, and we had the prospect of one or more pupils.

It was altogether rash, I cannot say otherwise. It more or less broke my city relations, it encroached upon my clerical position; it was, in fact, the consequence of a mind weary, and without definite sphere of action, seeking a resting-point, where it was my duty to seek or to create labor.

So, then, my trusty "carpenter" set to work again to make such improvements in our humble

dwelling as might add to the comfort of our enlarged family. Whilst he was busy with hammer and saw, I did the papering; for until now the rough boards had been sufficient to keep out wind and dust. We worked hard, and in the month of February, 1864, were ready to receive our family and General Lippitt, with his little daughter.

Horses for the work, and cows for the milk and butter, a wagon and a second-hand rockaway, were necessary expenses for our future country life. This, with the continual outlay for improvements, soon absorbed our little means left from the burning ashes of St. Mary's Hall, and our fifteen acres with two years old vines, were now all we had to look for in the future?

But then, next year, our vines would be three years old, they would bear a crop; and our orchard would give ample supply of peaches, pears, and apples! Truly, the bliss of ignorance is some times great. Expectation, though followed by momentary disappointment, has its hours and days of real joy. And is not our whole life a continued expectation! Three times happy those who will not be disappointed when "reality" takes the place of transitory life?

I just mentioned our orchard. Yes, that spring I planted one, a gift from my reverend brother Dr. Wyatt, who paid us a visit not only, but even with his family passed a month in our neighborhood. All this, with our frequent intercourse with the patriarch Yount and his kindly wife, as well

as other neighbors, and the joy of trundling my little baby through the ups and downs of La Lomita, made that first year of our regular country residence pleasant; my health was vastly improved; I could attend to haying and pruning; on horseback, I felt young again; and truly it seemed as if "a new lease of life was given me," as a colored neighbor said once with kind sympathy, little thinking, that within a year his own stout and healthy frame would rest in death!

Too apt are we, in our memories, to dwell upon the days, or even hours of disappointment, forgetting the many, very many days of sunshine! An aged friend of mine, not long ago, reminded me of this; and but too well I felt the truth of her observation. May some of my readers take the hint, and try to count the days of real happiness; their sunshine will go far to lessen the gloom of sorrow; nay, they will be moved to thankfulness, that, with all their mistakes, errors, and shortcomings, a kind Providence has mixed so much sweetness to the bitter dregs of sin!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

AN OLD PATRIARCH GONE.

Thus 1864 passed, and left a pleasing remembrance, with some exceptions. For we lost a friend in General Lippitt whom business called to the East. Since our arrival in California, he had been a warm and trusty friend to us, whose assistance in matters of business was valuable, and whose genial society was indeed a rare treat, when as yet, there was a scarcity of talent, other than of the "money making" tendency. To lose him was to lose much, and to lose his only daughter Carrie, endeared to us as one of our own, made a gap in our country life, which was intensely felt.

Then we lost our "carpenter," our trusty Alfred, who had handled hammer, and saw, and plow, with persevering industry. With more than ordinary gifts, friends who knew him and took an interest in us, judged it time for him to enter business life. So he left us for the busy city; but his loss was keenly felt! For it would be difficult to say, what as a boy of fourteen and fifteen he had not done for us. Yea, even to the very last day which he passed under the roof which his own hands built, he was hard at work finishing before his departure a roomy barn.

The lumber he hauled, all alone, from the "mount-

ain ranch," 2000 feet high, and very difficult of access, a distance of more than twelve miles. Day after day he built, all alone, until it was ready for horses, wagon and hay. And this last he hauled, until the barn was filled. Then he left with my blessing.

I mention this with a feeling of gratitude. For thus it pleased God to reward me for the care I had bestowed upon my unfortunate, aged, and disabled father. "A parent-nursing son" I had been called; "a parent-nursing son" had been given me. Truly, the ways of Providence are clear enough to those who in simplicity acknowledge them! "Give, and it shall be given unto you," is a commandment with a promise, which at my advanced age I have never seen failing. "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," is a commandment and a promise, all important, alike for parents and children. For where the parents are "honorable," the children will "honor", and have their reward.

The Christmas days of that year we passed under the roof of our friend, the patriarch Yount. Little did we think it would be his last Christmas days on earth! For though he had long passed the "allotted" time of threescore and ten, yet he was hale and hearty. Often he rode on horseback to pay us a friendly visit. Often he went to Napa to attend the Masonic lodge, for he was a grand master, and an enthusiastic member of the craft. How

many evenings I had passed with him, reading to him the "war news!" For although he was a native of Virginia, he was a stanch adherent of the Union cause. How many Sundays I had seen him quietly sitting on the shady veranda of his house, reading the Holy Scriptures! His daughter I had baptized on her dying bed, all his grand-children I had baptized, and five of them had been my pupils in St. Mary's hall. Himself I had united in holy matrimony to a worthy lady from the East, whose faithful care did much to cheer his latter days. How many were the links between the venerable patriarch and ourselves!

His last ride on horseback was to our house, whence he went to take a bath in a mineral spring, not far off. This proved fatal to his already wavering constitution. Fevers came, and notwithstanding the care and skill of the physicians, in the first days of October, 1865, hope was given up.

This was a trying time for his wife, as well as for ourselves. For we loved him indeed, and it seemed as if with him so many, very many, remembrances would be lost.

On Thursday the fifth, he breathed his last. The daughter of his only son, who died young, was there. His wife was there. Mine was there. The frame of the sturdy hunter, who had faced death and danger so often, who had endeared himself to Mexican, Indian, and American, who had rendered service to many, injured never any one, it lay stark and cold, surrounded by many, many friends.

The Sunday following was appointed for the funeral. Numerous was the attendance. And strange were the feelings which came over me, when standing before the open coffin in the parlor, where so very often I had sat with him, before the cheering fire-place, listening to his narratives of olden times, or reading to him the war news, and oftener still, some chapter of the Bible.

With these feelings I performed the funeral service, and spoke some words which but faintly echoed what passed in my inmost heart.

About two miles from the house lies the picturesque town of Yountville; near it, on a sloping knoll, the cemetery. Thither the long procession went its way, escorted by the Masonic fraternity, who at the grave performed their usual impressive ceremonies.

There the old patriarch rests in peace, and near him the daughter whom I assisted in her last moments. There a simple monument, of which I made the design, shows the spot where the powerful hunter and the peaceful land-owner awaits the blessed resurrection.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CLOGGING THE WHEEL.

That year's vintage, so anxiously expected, fell short by a good deal of what we thought to realize. "They were three years old," we said, "they ought to have given more." I forgot the quaint saying of a Spanish lady of our acquaintance, who to my earnest question, whilst putting in my slips: "They bear the third year, not so?" answered with a smile: "*Si, un poco por dar consuelo a los pobres que plantan!*"

However, we disposed of the few hundred pounds we gathered, and I believe we had them made into a few gallons of wine. Our own wine! At least we thought so; ignorance is bliss; for they were probably mixed with others, as no wine maker puts less than a ton of grapes in his tank.

Then we reasoned, that the more vines the more grapes. So we took courage and planted more in the following spring. Besides that, I began to "improve" the surroundings of our dwelling. Ornamental plants, evergreens and roses, with graveled walks, certainly improved the general appearance. Perhaps I worked too hard; for in midsummer I was laid up with fever.

To my hard labor I added constant literary work. Translations, articles for some monthly;

yea, two or three volumes of "light reading," which went East, but never came West in printed form!

For our circumstances became narrowed. Life in the country is certainly cheaper than in the city. We had no house rent to pay; our cows gave milk and butter, chickens plenty of eggs; clothing did not amount to much, vegetables grew without expense; yet there were some things which had to be paid for; not least among them the hire of men and the wages of servants. And although we often and long dispensed with these, the vineyard required labor which I could not perform alone. Thus by degrees the debit side increased, and I looked with anxiety to the coming vintage.

It came in time, and certainly was a little better than the last one. What to do with it? From wine-makers there was as yet no demand; with marketing I was not acquainted; so I concluded to make an experiment.

Following the hints of a little book just sent to me, I made my own press, fetched my lever from the hills, constructed my crusher, and began to work.

Of course I needed barrels; I got some, but soon perceived that I did not need very many. Those baskets with luscious grapes dwindle so soon away under the crushing process! About one hundred and fifty gallons of wine were the result of my endeavors.

Having no cellar, I left them under the shade of some oak trees not far from the house. The result was that when some time thereafter I wanted to draw them off, I found two barrels empty, and the third one half-way gone. Yet the two empty barrels, and the one left half full, had their use in my "checkered" training!"

I had learned how to make wine, a wholesome beverage, if used with moderation.

I had learned a lesson of prudence, and not to have too high an opinion of human honesty in general, and of my surroundings in particular.

I had learned a lesson of gratitude, even to those exceptions of human honesty; for they left me enough wherewith to entertain an occasional guest.

And one we had, whom dearly we loved, and who was the first to give me the proud title of "grandfather." Our sweet Gertrude came to see us, with her little Harry, born that year. Sweet and pleasant is the remembrance of those days, when present care was, for a time at least, forgotten in loving affection, and "expectation" drowned the anxious forebodings of coming trouble.

For trouble there was at hand. Though not very "practical," I could not but see that expense ran ahead of income, and when the month of December came, it was with a heavy heart that I went to the city to keep a festival which is not of frequent occurrence.

Twenty-five years had passed since Adelaide had placed her hand in mine, and we had prom-

ised to each other love and faithfulness, "in sickness or in health, richer or poorer." Twenty-five years of a life full of changes, blessings and sorrows; twenty-five years since the blooming maiden said: "*Dieu le veut, je le veux;*" twenty-five years in the native country, on the Atlantic coast, and on the Pacific shores; twenty-five years of more or less enthusiastic struggle on my part, of faithful endearing love on hers!

At the house of our Gertrude, the first American born of our children, the mother of a grandson, we were to hold our family reunion. It was quiet and simple, and the venerable father of him to whom we confided our treasure, was the only guest. But our hearts were thankful, and I remember that day as one who would like to see its "duplicate" in a "golden" wedding!

Yet there was an undercurrent of anxious care in my mind. Remembering the joy, I always remember that care. For the day thereafter I succeeded in what I then considered a happy issue; but which in the end proved to be just what my sharp-seeing "carpenter" foretold, *the first clog in the wheel.*

On that day I succeeded in getting from Mr. Brennan a sum of seven hundred dollars on a mortgage on La Lomita, interest compounded at one and a half per cent. monthly. This seemed to me a small amount. The vintage would increase. But with this increase the expenses continued. Two years ran swiftly by. Then, not only capital with compound interest were due, but even more

was needed, and the mortgage increased to fifteen hundred dollars, which, in two years more, passed in blissful hope, compounding and compounding, made a mortgage of twenty-two hundred dollars. A heavy clog, indeed!

Why do I mention this? Why do I soil, as it were, these pages of simple record, with numbers and debts and usury? Just because it is a simple record. Yes, simple it is. Thou knowest it, Author of my life, under whose care and guidance I know to have been from the time I was born, and more especially from the time I listened to Thy voice; still more so from the time I was ordained a dispenser of Thy Word and Sacrament. Thou knowest it, in writing thus simply the story of my "checkered" life, I am willing to bear the blame of my fellow-beings, if only some of them may profit.

For not in the earthly vineyard I had to work, but in the church of God, which is His spiritual vineyard. There I had to plant and prune and graft; there I had to look for a blessed harvest. To Thee I ought to have left the care for my trusty wife and child, and Thou most certainly wouldst have cared for her.

Thus I look at it, now that years of disappointment, anxious care and fruitless expectations have taught me the lesson. Yet, in those years, Thy Spirit did not leave me alone. In my solitude Thou visitedst me. In my daily toil Thou calledst me. And even Thou gavest me occasion to do some work, in an humble way; yet, work it was, which may have sown some seed for eternity.

CHAPTER XXX.

COUNTRY PREACHING.

Nothing is more difficult than to excite religious interest in a wide-spread community of farmers, especially in a newly settled country. Their daily toil is incessant, their financial cares perplexing, their families generally large, and, I am sorry to say, their tastes far beyond the sphere of rural simplicity.

In fact, rural simplicity does not exist in the new States and Territories of the New World. Fashion and high notions, some way or other, take hold of those who, "lords of all they survey," ought to be most independent of the trammels of artificial society.

Then again, most have come from far, many have never enjoyed the blessing of domestic religion, and settling in a new county, often move again, and try here and there to better their circumstances. Their children grow up in positive religious ignorance. An occasional attendance at some "meeting-house," or at some noisy "camp-meeting," and there it rests. Now and then you find an elderly matron or a gray-haired farmer who yet enjoy the old family bible, and seem to realize a certain "responsibility." But these cases are rare, very rare.

Thus it has always been. Christianity was first preached in the larger cities, thence spread around, and but slowly took hold of the country people. Hence, the "heathen" called Gentiles in the Scriptures, were called "Pagans" after Christianity began to spread; that means "villagers."

It seems strange. It would seem that those who so entirely depend upon rain and sunshine, who so daily enjoy the fruit of their labor, aided by the care of Providence, who see so little of positive sin and wickedness, and comparatively so little of wretched poverty and criminal attempts to get the wealth of others; it would seem that they were the readiest to receive and enjoy the Gospel of Love and Truth.

Yet they are not. The monotonous routine of their daily life, the absence of striking sin and evil, creates an indifference, and I would almost say, a selfish indifference which actually and literally effaces the need of salvation and the aspirations to a higher future.

And therefore I verily believe that God allows the unceasing efforts of the Evil One, that we should "fight the good fight," and learn to conquer. For where there is no fight, there is no victory, there is no real peace; but only an appearance of rest, ending with the sleep of spiritual death.

Though often asked to perform a burial service at St. Helena and other surrounding places, only

once I was asked to baptize an infant, and that was the great-grandchild of the "patriarch," whose grandson I had baptized many years before.

If people seemed indifferent to "religious" teaching, they were fully awake to "secular" teaching. A handsome school had been erected at Oakville, and promised to be the nursery of many bright and intelligent boys and girls.

In midsummer, an "agent" made his appearance. There are many such in the country. "Agents" for sewing machines, for threshing machines, for distilling machines, for patent medicines, for newspapers, and so on, without end.

You see a man approaching with a valise; you look at the gate; there is his buggy; you are "prepared" to receive him. He makes himself at home; takes a chair, if none is offered, and opening his valise, begins to explain. You feel uneasy; you know it is all for nothing; you don't want anything. But the man goes on, and when convinced that nothing is to be done, asks a glass of water. If nothing better is at hand, you give it him whilst thinking of the "promise;" and with a relieved mind you wish him "good-by."

But the one who came in midsummer was an exception. He had a valise; but he never opened it. He quietly sat down on the chair I offered him, and began with a good-natured air of some importance:

"Doctor, I am an agent of the Sunday-school Association. Our aim is to establish Sunday-

schools; they are the nurseries of the Church; they are much needed in the country."

Here he paused. Though not quite agreeing with him, since, in my humble opinion, the Church ought to be the nursery of the so-called Sunday-school, I did not think it necessary to gainsay him, and merely bowed my assent.

"I have seen some of the neighboring families," he continued, "and they seem inclined to establish one in their new school-house. Only, they need some one to 'superintend,' and thought you might be willing to do so."

For once, and I may add for only once, an "agent" was welcome to me. He was the only exception, indeed.

"I fully agree with you," I said, with pastoral dignity, "that spiritual instruction is needed at least as much as secular. I am glad that an occasion is offered to do something in the Lord's vineyard, and, accepting the position, I promise to do all in my power to further the interests of the gospel."

The friendly agent left, and next Sunday was appointed for the organization and opening of the Oakville Sunday-school.

It was a bright summer morning, as all the summer mornings are in Napa valley, when the grounds around the school-house were crowded with men, women and children in Sunday attire, whilst buggies and horses stood under the trees. The school-room was soon filled, and when the

"doctor" came, he found a mixture of order and disorder. It was a pleasant sight to see so many, old and young, coming together for something else than grammar and arithmetic!

The candidates for the Sunday-school were soon catalogued and classified; some forty in all. Among them a half dozen who were approaching manhood. They had the privilege of the "doctor's" instruction. For the other classes I found ready teachers, more or less well qualified, but all desirous of doing their best. But of these forty scholars I found only *three* who had received baptism. This was a startling fact, and showed at once the "Christian status" of my congregation. For among the teachers I found none baptized, nor were all the parents conscious of ever having been "sprinkled" or "dipped."

To bring my church notions too prominently forward, would have been a bomb shell, and scattered them all away. I knew this, so I kept silence, hoping that instruction would by and by enlighten those minds, bright enough in worldly matters. When the classes were all heard, and my seniors had received their wholesome instruction, I used to address the whole school. Many were the parents and others who remained during these exercises, and took a lively part in the singing of appropriate hymns. This led at last to a regular Sunday sermon, wherein I tried my best to make those people attentive to their duties as Christian parents.

Did my words do any good? Was any seed sown, which hereafter may show some fruit? Thou knowest it, O God, we cannot tell. Thy Word I preached, but without the whole of Thy church's regular service.

In this I may have been wrong. But not one was there who had ever listened to our liturgy, few who had attended any church meeting at all. And in the fear of hindering the little good I could do, I omitted what it was perhaps my duty to do at all hazards. Only once, when most of my family were present, I administered the holy communion; but the bread of life passed by many without being received; only two men, who avowed, I believe, the Methodist society, partook and rejoiced my heart!

For nearly two years our services were kept up, then there came a change. The Yount's estate had been sold, farms had changed hands, others left, my own health was greatly impaired by severe and protracted illness, and the Oakville services were among the things of the "past."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MY FIRST-BORN.

Those who have read the first part of this Checkered Life may remember the joy I felt, when at Brussels my first-born gave me the precious title of father.

Of his younger brother, born on American soil, I have often spoken, perhaps with paternal egotism. But of him, whom I held in my arms, when for the last time catching a glimpse of the native shores, I have said nothing.

Named after him, whom I used to call my spiritual father, "the pastor of the Witness," he remained in all our changes the "first-born." What this means, only a father can understand. When under my guidance, too often interfered with by my constant labor of preaching and teaching, he had attained his fourteenth year, and made good progress in classical study, General Keyes offered to have him appointed a cadet at West Point.

It was at the time of our bereavement, when four had left us, and our bleeding hearts clung with the more yearning to the remaining ones. My wife in this proved again to have the better judgment. She was in favor of the sacrifice. And she was right! For, at that time, certainly,

no education could be obtained here to compare with the training at West Point; not to speak of the noble career of a soldier always ready to serve his country. But my weakness prevailed, and he remained with us, receiving a further education at Santa Clara college, and fitting himself for the science of engineering. With this he was practically engaged, when, through the kindness of a friend, he received an appointment in the Surveyor-General's office.

The civil war broke out, and a reduction in the clerical department became necessary. He was the last one retained, and when he too had to leave, he received, through the kindness of our friend James W., an appointment on the Coast Survey. A serious indisposition made him resign, but when recovered, he got an excellent position at the Provost-Marshal-General's office. There he became acquainted with General Mason, taking command in Arizona, who offered him a place on his staff as adjutant. He went and served a year, when General Mason left and wished him to remain with his successor; but his attachment to the General was great, and losing him, Arizona lost its attraction.

Not long after his return, he was struck with serious illness, and came to La Lomita, where outdoor exercise and country fare soon gave returning health. But why Arizona had no attraction for him just now, began to leak out. And so it happened that on the vernal equinox of 1868, to use

an astronomical term, I performed a marriage ceremony at La Lomita. For on that day I united my "first-born" in holy wedlock to the daughter of one of our oldest and most-esteemed citizens. A day not easily forgotten, and which we duly sanctified by the holy communion.

Thus I became indeed a "patriarch" in my own domain. My "first-born" and his wife dwelt for a short time with us under the roof which my "second-born" had built, and I need not say that my heart was thankful. For age began to tell, and the assistance of a young and able man was much for one who often was prostrated with serious illness.

Yet, I said, "for a short time," and so it was. For our fifteen acres did not seem to offer a sufficient field of action for one so strong and young. In vain he tried to get the lease or property of some adjoining land. The Younts' estate was not yet sold, and strange enough, no chance there was for anything, even at a distance. So, after aiding and comforting us during the summer, they left us for the city, where my son found soon employment.

Yet weak I was from a long spell of illness, when, on the fifth of October, five years had elapsed since the death of our dear "patriarch," the time he had by testament appointed for the sale of his estate.

I went to the sale. Though feverish and languid, I went. For long since I had speculated

upon the possibility of buying a tract of land adjoining my fifteen acres, a valley with perennial spring, enclosed by a range of hills, all covered with evergreens and manzanitas. This tract was marked out on the map as a separate portion to be sold. Just the thing. About forty acres, of which some thirty would make a splendid vineyard. From four to ten dollars the acre was the general estimate. My mind was set upon it. Without it our fifteen acres were little worth; with this addition La Lomita became a property worth having indeed! Fifteen or twenty acres in "foreign" vines would make a great addition!

And so I reasoned, forgetting the mortgage with accumulating interest, became due at the end of the same year. I went to that sale with an idea that it *had* to be bought. And, when perceiving that the bids were generally high, I concluded to go as far as twenty dollars per acre, not further. Up and up it went, and sure enough, twenty dollars bought it! There was a mixture of triumph and of anxiety in my unpractical mind, when signing the draft for one-tenth the amount. I came home as with glad tidings, yet there was a mingled feeling of anxiety. I remember that very well.

Then came the care and expense of fencing in the new domain, so as to keep out the roving cattle and horses; what trees to cut, what acres of "buckeyes" to clear; this was followed by the vintage, which I sold to the next wine maker, sold it

at a trifling price, scarcely paying for the trouble of gathering and carting.

During the vintage, my son came to see me with his family. For his first-born came, just to the day, a century after his great grandfather was born, and just to the day, sixty years after his grandfather saw the earthly light. The coincidence was strange, at least in my egotistical eyes and with my name, I hope this younger "Leno" will have good luck in the New World.

And the next one who came to multiply the family name, was a little girl, a few months old when the "family" came to see the "grand-parents" at La Lomita.

Advancing in years, we seem to live again in our children and grandchildren, and great was our joy in seeing the little ones trundled about by their "aunty," our seven-years-old Leonie, who came to take the place of our four departed angels. Great was our sorrow when seeing them leave, the allotted time for rest being past. But with the parting grief there was a gleam of hope.

For seeing my weakened health, and the incessant care before me, my "first-born" thought of giving up his position in the city, and joining us in our humble home. It seemed risky, but filial attraction prevailed; and though pressed hard by his kind employers, who appreciated his faithful and conscientious services, he concluded to leave and assist his aged parent.

Thus it pleased God to reward me for the care I had bestowed upon my suffering father! The "parent-nursing son," received his reward when age and trouble increased. My second-born had worked hard and long to aid me in La Lomita; my first-born sacrificed a safe and good position to aid me with his labor and means in making La Lomita a homestead for old age.

And with youthful ardor he worked at an extension of our "patriarchal dwelling," as my aged sister used to call it in her monthly letters from Europe. He improved the work of his younger brother, and, when once we were settled, he built with his own hands, a milk-house of concrete; and later in the course of the year, a wine cellar, which in its solid concrete walls could hold some twenty thousand gallons.

So that I could say, not without some pride, that whatsoever there was at La Lomita, of house, and barn, and stable, and cellars for wine and vinegar, for butter and milk, was built by the hands of my two sons. No wonder if my heart began to cling to the place!

When Christmas approached, the house being ready, the whole family was gathered under our roof. Our Gertrude, with her husband and son, our "first-born" with his wife and children, our faithful Alfred, all were there, and thankfully enjoyed the holy festival. And leaving us they left us not alone, for our son and daughter now remained with us.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN EXPERIMENT.

With joyful expectation we looked to our vineyard. Pruning and plowing, harrowing and clipping, suckering and sulphuring kept us busy during the spring of 1871. The weather was favorable. No blasting frost, and soon the greening vines gave a cheering promise, whilst the many roses and lilies in our "ornamental" grounds seemed to encourage us in our constant efforts.

But what to do with the forty acres bought and paid for, increasing my already appalling mortgage? Too late now for cultivation; not yet fenced in, and cattle roaming around, it was even not safe for pasture! My son had an idea, and a good one it was; but like all ideas, requiring "practice" to make it "bearing fruit."

Fowls are in demand, eggs are always marketable. So he built coops and fences, bought fowls, and soon the little valley near the spring was alive with all sorts of cackling hens and crowing roosters, from the common breed to the most dignified brahma. This gave him more care than one might think. But summer was coming, and our vineyard continued promising a large crop without much additional labor.

In the meantime I was laid on a bed of sickness

for a whole month. I was in my sixty-third year, the *murder year*, as the Netherlanders call it, and I often little thought that I would live long enough to write these lines three years later!

When recovering and gaining strength, I began to consider that momentous question: "What to do with my crop?"

The wine-makers offered *very* little, and that little at a disadvantage. I began to reason:

"Ten pounds of my good grapes will give me eight cents, if sold and humbly carried, at my expense, to the wine man. Ten pounds of my good grapes will make a gallon of good wine, worth at least thirty-seven cents. Why not make the wine? Common sense would say so."

Thus I reasoned, and in my simplicity concluded to follow common sense.

From an acquaintance, honest Mr. P., I gained information concerning the necessary things for "making wine." It was only a *little* more than I expected, but even that little I had not!

Yet, it seemed too hard to *lose* so much! Suppose my vintage was 100,000 pounds, and it promised that, selling to the wine-makers, would give me $800. Making wine myself, would give me at least $4000. Enough to pay off the mortgage and have something left.

No doubt! I had to make my crop into wine. And so I *began* my experiment, with a loan sufficient, as I thought, to pay the expenses, and which would be repaid as soon as the wine was made

and sold. The loan was obtained from a dear friend, whom I have already named.

And so the *tanks* were built, and the *press*, and the *lever*, and the *crusher*; and the *pipes* to hold the coming wine, were ordered. And the vintage proved to be what we expected. Ten thousand gallons of good wine was the yield of my fifteen acres that year.

It was even more than I really expected. But pipes were costly that year. The vintage was large everywhere; and the amount expended in the necessary implements and work was beyond my expectation. However, the cellar was full of wine. At the lowest valuation, and I had come down considerably, it would pay the expense and leave something to get along.

And so we passed the spring of 1872 in constant expectation. Some was sold, some was sent expecting to be sold; but at the moment I write this, more than one-third is waiting for sale!

My experiment did cost me dear. Not a man of "business," I reaped the fruit of my simplicity!

The "clog in the wheel" had become heavy; in fact, another "clog" had been added, and the year 1872 passed in anxious trouble, whilst my dear son's experiment in the "fowl" line was not more promising.

In the meantime interest had to be paid, and the vineyard cared for as if it had made me quite comfortable. All this induced my good son to

seek employment in the city, the more so as my health seemed improving.

He succeeded, and in the fall of that year, which I call my *année sinistre,* he left me with his dear family. Yet La Lomita, which had been honored with his marriage, was further honored with being the birthplace of his second son, whom I baptized with the name of my first ancestor, Rudolf de Hapsburg!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FAREWELL, LA LOMITA!

However, in the early spring of 1872, the experiment was not yet proven a failure, and with renewed health I began to improve the additional tract of our domain. Even should wine not pay, grapes would always be more profitable than waste land. And whilst my old vineyard consisted of two-thirds mission grapes, the new one, on a still better soil, would all be "foreign" of the best quality.

So to work I went. "Where the buckeye grows, the vine will thrive," is the saying. And a huge amount of buckeyes had to be removed, besides some thrifty live oaks. When the ground was cleared, the labor of plowing was not small. But at last the green and shady slopes were changed into light red loomy soil, ready to be staked and to receive the tender slips of foreign growth. Towards the end of April, the last of sixteen thousand slips were planted; and then began another "outlay" and another work.

For useless it was to plant, and leave the new vineyard exposed to the inroads of horses and cattle. Partly useless was the board fence protecting the bearing vineyard against animals, but not against the many "human" transgressors of

the eighth commandment. So we concluded to enclose the whole with picket fence, using the boards on the hill-top.

All this led to further outlay, increasing my liabilities. It was not prudent. It was relying too much on the profitable sale of the ten thousand gallons. And when time run on, no sale was made, nor any prospect dawned far off, my soul became weary, my body weak, and towards approaching vintage I was again prostrated, this time with pneumonia.

A month or more I was unable to leave my bed; at last, through the skillful care of Dr. Adams, of St. Helena, I slowly recovered. But it was very slow indeed, nor could I take any care of the vintage.

My trusty wife, in this as on many other occasions, showed me how blessed it is for an unpractical man to have a practical helpmate. With her own hands she packed and dispatched to market what there was of foreign grapes; and for the mission crop she went herself to make a contract with a wine man in the neighborhood; and a good contract she made, considering the time, as there was scarcely any demand for grapes.

When I had recovered sufficient strength, we went to pass the Christmas time with our daughter Gertrude. It did me good to see my brethren in the ministry, to hear once more the blessed liturgy, to preach once more the saving gospel when occasion offered. It did me good to see my chil-

dren and grandchildren; to meet often and often old parishioners who gladly recognized their old pastor. It did me good to be once more in the midst of the turmoil of city life; to speak a passing word of comfort, to hear a passing word of thankful recognition. The words of the rabbi came back to my mind. True, I was an old man now, but does the spirit know of years? And are the teachings of gray-headed experience less useful than those of less experienced, though talented, youth?

I had tried my best to secure an independency; a home for my wife and remaining child. Indeed I had worked hard, and cheerfully submitted to many privations. But success had not crowned my efforts; probably because I was not in my proper sphere. Anyhow, the providence of God had allowed it, and my many years of partial seclusion had borne their fruit. For, in the silent hours of country life, the mind is free from external impressions, and seems more easily drawn to the source of truth. Human opinions and devices lose their influence, and the plains of Galilee were more apt to produce the stern, though simple-minded, apostles, than would have been the noisy streets of Jerusalem with their sharp contending Pharisees and Sadducees.

These thoughts were in my mind and the subject of our converse, when in the spring of 1873 returning to La Lomita. This time I seemed to have come to the right decision, for she approved

of it at once. And experience had taught me to put great reliance on her opinion!

During the summer months we attended as usual to our duties. But either rent, or sale, of La Lomita was decided upon. Our friends were in favor of sale. It would cancel our indebtedness, and perhaps leave something over. Now and then a silent sigh would escape, when looking round at the blooming grounds and promising vines; now and then we would remember the many years passed in labor and privation; then again the many blessings we had enjoyed in the home we were to leave.

But when our first-born wrote: "Come to us, and cheer our home; there is a room and a cozy study for your meditations. Come to us, and let us enjoy Thanksgiving-day together;" then we began to stir and to move. A reliable person was put in charge until a sale was effected, and soon from the cars we saw La Lomita with its hills and vineyard and cozy dwelling vanish from our sight.

Just thirty years before I stood on the "Josephine," watching the vanishing shores of France, my "first-born" in my arms. Now my "first-born" was to fold his aged father in his arms! And seeing the hills disappear, I repeated the same encouraging words of the psalmist: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

CONCLUSION.

Twelve years ago, having finished my record of the Old World, I laid down my pen, "not weary," but fearing to weary others.

Now I confess to being "weary," and glad to have come to the end of my task. In all simplicity I have related the course of my life in the New World, with its trials and blessings, its mistakes and its good works. I have passed nothing, hidden nothing, and tried to make it clear where I erred, clear also where the hand of Providence came to my rescue.

And it often did! For from childhood to old age, in various countries of Europe, on the Atlantic coast and on the Pacific shores, the providence of God gave me friends and helpers. Enemies I never had; if so, I never knew them. But friends I had many! Some are gone to rest; a few may read these lines.

The Baron and Lady Marie are gone; her last letter to me was one of loving affection, in 1868. My eldest pupils, Adolphe and Charles, are gone; Charles's last letter came in 1871. The Chevalier is gone; his last loving letter came in 1866. Professor Tydeman is gone; his last letter came in

1862. The Pastor of the Witness is gone; his last letter of love to us came in 1864.

But with his daughter Melinda we have yet sweet intercourse by letter; and so with Eleonore, my first pupil, the loving sister of Adelaide; and last, not least, with Emily, my aged sister, who, thirty years ago, left us at Burlington.

And now I look with solemn reflection upon the years gone by. They seem a short time; yet in that short time what have I done?

When, in the Old World, I gave up worldly prospects, to devote myself to the Christian education of youth, my intention was good.

When, in the New World, I gave up kind friends and their help, to serve the cause of Christ in the Church, my intention was good.

When I gave up a sweet home and congenial associations in the East, to be a missionary in the far-off West, my intention was good.

When I gave up my parish in San Francisco, to found the first Christian school for the daughters of the Church, my intention was good.

When, ruined by fire, I tried to make a homestead for my wife, my intention was good.

Good intentions have their value in the balance of God—not in that of human justice.

And this is the only balm to sweeten the regret of so many years, apparently passed without result. So many years? Yes, they are many; for take them only twenty-eight times, and you come to the Cross on Calvary!

Without result? Who knows? *Times lose no time.* Many a seed may have borne fruit without my knowledge, through the grace of God. His way of "building up" a human soul is hidden from our sight. Enough for me that I am "built," and am a "stone" in His Holy Temple! Enough for me that she, whom He gave to me *for all eternity,* is "built," and that together we may pray and praise His Holy Name!

JUNE, 1874.

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